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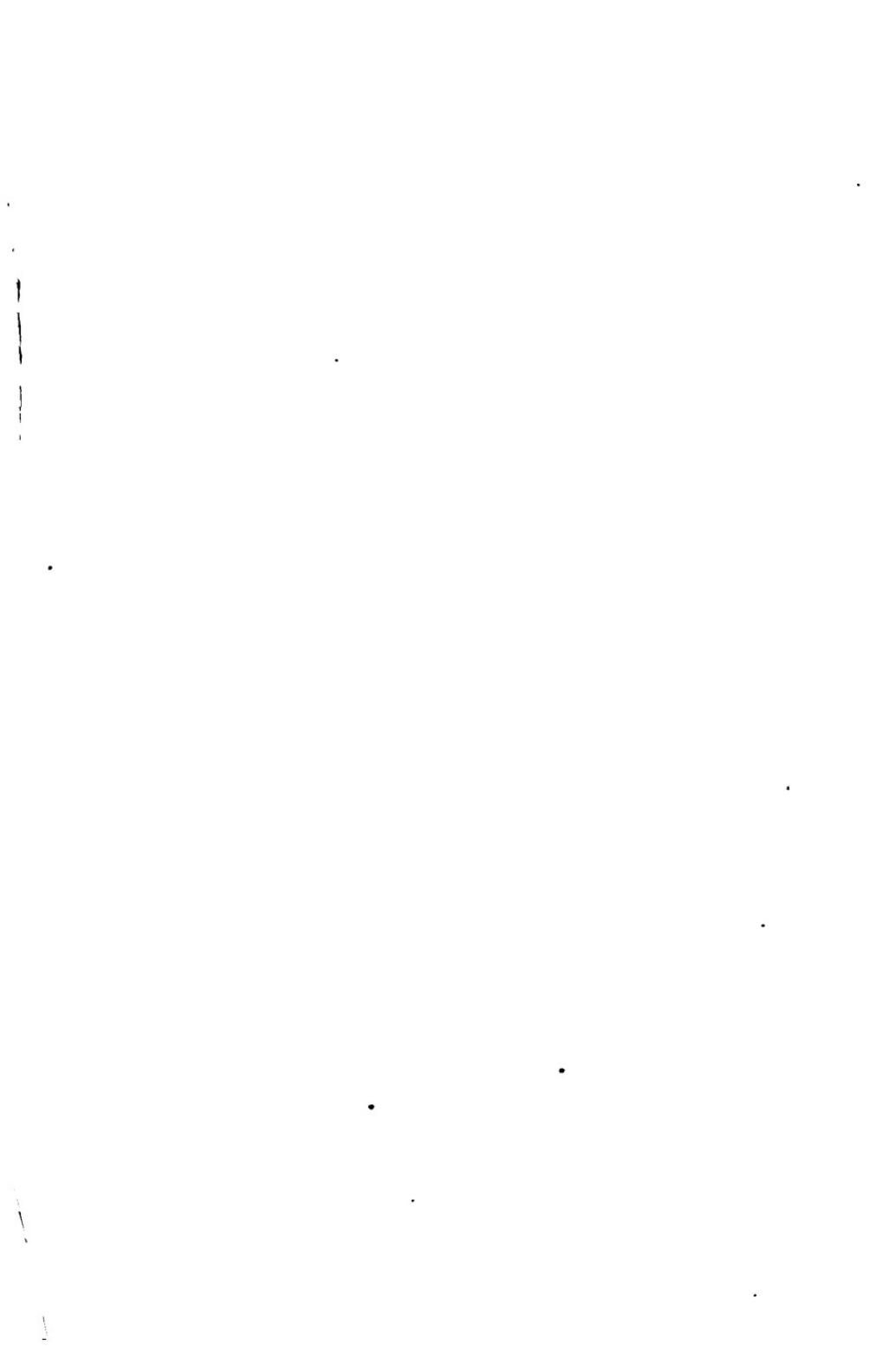
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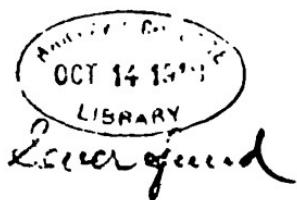
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

A Christmas Dream	Page
A Forgotten Essayist	510
A Group of Historical Portraits	117
An Irish Excuse	323
An Opportunity for Ireland	438
Aspects of Space from our Planet	424
A Tepid Bath	239
A Vexed Question	225
A Visit to the Land's-End	343
A Walk through Paris	492
	387
 Bay Leaves	 257
Bricks from Babel	178
 Cheap Photographs	 114
Classic Manogany, The	24
Concerning a Little Boy in the Rolls	509
 Dead Reckoning	 405
Doctors, The First	190, 266
 Every Inch a King	 53
 Fisherman of Skerries, The	 148
Finnish Mythology	520
 Glimpses of Ghost-Land	 459
 Honoria Deane	 35
How I Married a Countess	480
 Is He Dead?	 48
Island Legends	105
 Kilmainham and Its Associations	 352
 "Last of the Bards," The	 298
Life—The Brain	59
Lilie Browne	249, 309
Lost and Found	411
 Mechanism of Terrestrial Chemistry, The	 155
Nostalgia ; or, Home Sickness	202
Not as Black as Painted	432

				age
Once Upon a Time	81
Our National Treasure-House	215
Out-Quarters of St. Andrew's Priory. The	...	1, 97, 193, 289, 369,	449	
Over the Seas and Far Away	171
Oysters and Oyster-Culture	336
Paralyzed Industry	305
Pascal—A Study	379
Past Times and their Repasts	275
Queensland and Emigration	12
Reviews	91, 282, 363, 447,	523
Robson—a Memoir	137
Royal Hibernian Academy, The	72
Seagull Lodge	128
Too Short by Half	319
Traditions of the Fourth Estate	474
Translators and Translations	467
Woman and Her Mission	397

ORIGINAL POETRY.

August Sonnets	113
Autumn Leaves	474
Flight of the Earls, The	161
Floral Lyrics	235,	340
Flowers from Foreign Fields	403
Forest Life	237
Gray Knight, The	68
Happy Christmases	513
July Garland, A	45
Madeline	22
Old Bible, The	315
Viewless, The	362

P154.4

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CONTENTS.

No. 7.

- THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.
QUEENSLAND AND EMIGRATION.
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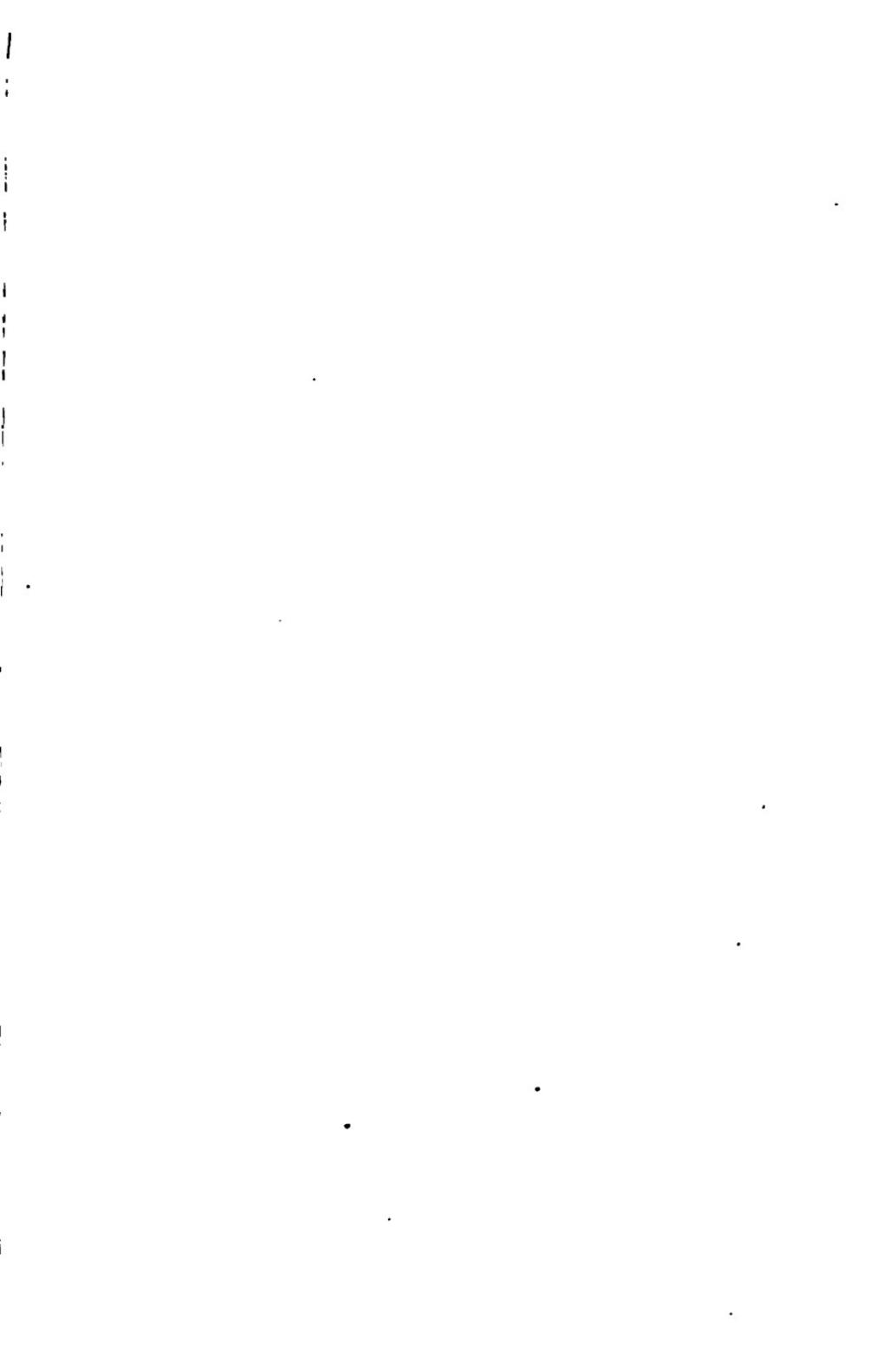
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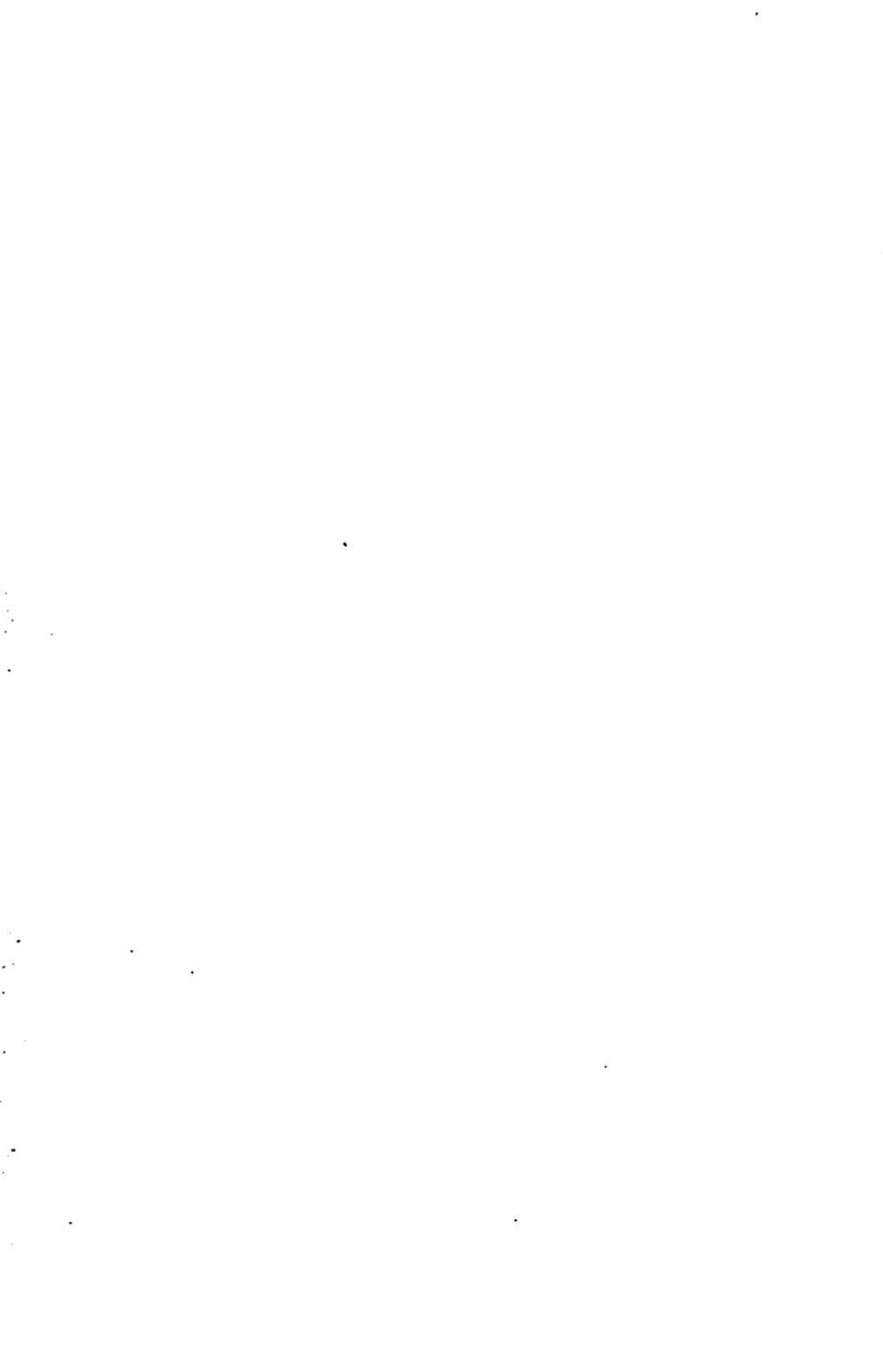
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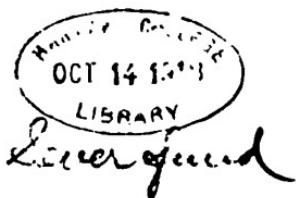
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
A Christmas Dream ...	500
A Forgotten Essayist ...	117
A Group of Historical Portraits ...	323
An Irish Excuse ...	438
An Opportunity for Ireland ...	424
Aspects of Space from our Planet ...	239
A Tepid Bath ...	225
A Vexed Question ...	343
A Visit to the Land's-End ...	492
A Walk through Paris ...	387
 Bay Leaves ...	257
Bricks from Babel ...	178
 Cheap Photographs ...	114
<i>Cocobolo, The</i> ...	24
<i>Concerning a Little Boy in the Rolls</i> ...	509
 <i>Concerning</i> ...	405
<i>The First</i> ...	190, 266
 <i>Concerning a King</i> ...	53
<i>Concerning the Skerries, The</i> ...	148
<i>Concerning a Boy</i> ...	520
 <i>Concerning a Land</i> ...	459
 <i>Concerning a Man</i> ...	35
<i>Concerning a Princess</i> ...	480
 <i>Concerning a Matchless</i> ...	48
<i>Concerning a Matchless Princess</i> ...	105
 <i>Concerning a Merchant</i> ...	352
<i>Concerning a Merchant's Wife</i> ...	298
<i>Concerning a Merchant's Wife's Son</i> ...	59
<i>Concerning a Merchant's Wife's Son's Son</i> ...	249, 309
<i>Concerning a Merchant's Wife's Son's Son's Son</i> ...	411
 <i>Concerning a Thief</i> ...	155
<i>Concerning a Thief's Wife</i> ...	202
<i>Concerning a Thief's Wife's Son</i> ...	432

P 154.4



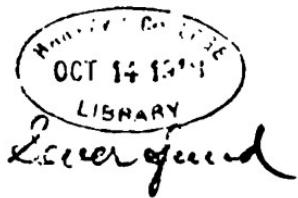
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6
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N 17

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

			<i>Page</i>
A Christmas Dream	500
A Forgotten Essayist	117
A Group of Historical Portraits	323
An Irish Excuse	438
An Opportunity for Ireland	424
Aspects of Space from our Planet	239
A Tepid Bath	225
A Vexed Question	343
A Visit to the Land's-End	492
A Walk through Paris	387
 Bay Leaves	257
Bricks from Babel	178
 Cheap Photographs	114
Classic Mahogany, The	24
Concerning a Little Boy in the Rolls	509
 Dead Reckoning	405
Doctors, The First	190, 266
 Every Inch a King	53
 Fisherman of Skerries, The	148
Finnish Mythology	520
 Glimpses of Ghost-Land	459
 Honoria Deane	35
How I Married a Countess	480
 Is He Dead?	48
Island Legends	105
 Kilmainham and Its Associations	352
 "Last of the Bards," The	298
Life—The Brain	59
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Not as Black as Painted	432

P 154.4



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6
1976
N 17

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

A Christmas Dream	500
A Forgotten Essayist	117
A Group of Historical Portraits	323
An Irish Excuse	438
An Opportunity for Ireland	424
Aspects of Space from our Planet	239
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Nostalgia; or, Home Sickness	202
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				age
Once Upon a Time	81
Our National Treasure-House	215
Out-Quarters of St. Andrew's Priory, The	..	1, 97, 193, 289, 369,	449	
Over the Seas and Far Away	171
Oysters and Oyster-Culture	336
Paralyzed Industry	305
Pascal—A Study	379
Past Times and their Repasts	275
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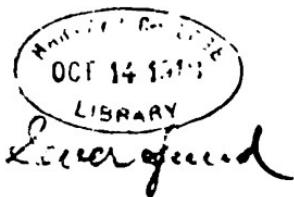
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
A Christmas Dream	500
A Forgotten Essayist	117
A Group of Historical Portraits	323
An Irish Excuse	438
An Opportunity for Ireland	424
Aspects of Space from our Planet	239
A Tepid Bath	225
A Vexed Question	343
A Visit to the Land's-End	492
A Walk through Paris	387
 Bay Leaves	257
Bricks from Babel	178
 Cheap Photographs	114
Classic Manogamy, The	24
Concerning a Little Boy in the Rolls	509
 Dead Reckoning	405
Doctors, The First	190, 266
 Every Inch a King	53
 Fisherman of Skerries, The	148
Finnish Mythology	520
 Glimpses of Ghost-Land	459
 Honoria Deane	35
How I Married a Countess	460
 Is He Dead ?	48
Island Legends	105
 Kilmarnham and Its Associations	352
 "Last of the Bards," The	298
Life—The Brain	59
Lillie Browne	249, 309
Lost and Found	411
 Mechanism of Terrestrial Chemistry, The	155
Nostalgia ; or, Home Sicknes	202
Not as Black as Painted	432

				age
Once Upon a Time	81
Our National Treasure-House	215
Out-Quarters of St. Andrew's Priory, The	...	1, 97, 193, 289, 369,	449	
Over the Seas and Far Away	171
Oysters and Oyster-Culture	336
Paralyzed Industry	305
Pascal—A Study	379
Past Times and their Repasts	275
Queen Island and Emigration	12
Reviews	91, 282, 363, 447,	523
Robson—a Memoir	137
Royal Hibernian Academy, The	72
Seagull Lodge	128
Too Short by Half	319
Traditions of the Fourth Estate	474
Translators and Translations	467
Woman and Her Mission	397

ORIGINAL POETRY.

August Sonnets	113
Autumn Leaves	474
Flight of the Earls, The	161
Floral Lyrics	235,	340
Flowers from Foreign Fields	403
Forest Life	237
Gray Knight, The	68
Happy Christmases	513
July Garland, A	45
Madeline	22
Old Bible, The	315
Viewless, The	362

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CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE ENCOUNTER.

The moor, alluded to in the last chapter, extended for several miles right and left. It was a wild, open place, without a tree or habitation to break its monotonous extent. Exposed to every wind that blew, its vegetation was scanty, presenting to the eye a bleak and barren picture. Here on this dreary heath, long before the morning light had broken upon the scene, a horseman, well-armed and muffled, was stationed. The expectation of seeing a certain traveller pass that way had drawn him to the spot, whilst the darkness of the hour, and the loneliness of the place, but too clearly indicated the reason of his being there. The chilling blast swept across the plain, but it seemed to make no impression upon him, his fevered brain was heated with excitement, and buoyed up with a feeling of determination to perish, sooner than fail in his attempt. He had already waited long, and a faint streak of morning light began to edge the horizon ; he grew impatient, and hearkened to the slightest sound that portended an approaching step ; but all was silent—silent as death. He dismounted, and paced backwards and forwards on the sandy turf that bordered the narrow road. "Where is he?" he at length exclaimed, with an oath. "Has he changed his intention, or delayed his journey, or taken some other route?" A momentary thought, a-kin to hope, flashed across his guilty breast that some such mischance might foil his desperate purpose, not from any apprehension as to its success, but from an ill-concealed consciousness of the enormity of the act he was about to engage in. The assistance, however, of a fiery draught, with which he had provided himself to keep out the cold, soon settled all other feelings than those of impatience for the arrival of his destined victim.

He listened again and again with an increased anxiety. His eyes ran down the dingy road, which was just perceptible through the sombre twilight, but nothing could be there discern : all was wrapped in gloom.

and stillness. At length, on the sudden lull of the whistling blast, the distant tramp of a horse's hoof broke on his ear. "That is he, by Jove!" cried the excited listener, hastily resuming his seat and adjusting his weapons. A dark object was now faintly perceived in the distance, and as it neared the spot, disclosed a horseman, well mounted, advancing at an easy pace. He that had been in wait for him now halted, and with his eyes rivetted on the approaching form, tried to see if he could recognise his outline, but this he was totally unable to do, owing to the obscurity that still prevailed; he, therefore, wheeled round and proceeded slowly onwards.

According to his pre-arranged plan, he allowed the unsuspecting traveller to pass him by, but no sooner had he done so than, rushing forward, he again overtook him, and, placing a pistol at the horse's head, shot it dead on the spot. The astounded rider fell with the animal heavily to the ground: and, before he could recover from the shock, a second pistol was placed at his breast, whilst the words, "Out with thy gold," fell on his startled ear.

"Villain," retorted the prostrate man, "move off your murderous hand, you shall not have my life so cheaply," upon saying which, he grasped the muzzle of the pistol, and, though he could not wrench it from him, succeeded in turning it aside, so that its contents, which went off in the struggle, only ploughed up the earth without doing further mischief.

The assaulted traveller having now, by dint of great exertion gained his feet; and being a man of muscular frame, and plenty of nerve, he soon had the advantage over the slight person of his assailant, whom he resolutely seized, and endeavoured to bear down. Any hopes of succour, at that early hour and lonely spot, were in vain. Strength of limb must alone decide the deadly conflict: neither would yield; each man's life was at stake. At length, the highwayman, conscious of his inferiority in point of force, and knowing he must soon succumb, had recourse to an expedient which served his purpose but too well. By a last and desperate effort, he succeeded in forcing himself from the gripe of his opponent: and profiting by the critical moment, he laid hold of the discharged pistol which had fallen at his feet, and, with its but-end, dealt such a crashing blow on the temple of his adversary as to prostrate him without further resistance, senseless to the ground!

Out of breath, and nearly suffocated with rage and exertion, the guilty man found himself incapable of following up his savage deed, till he had paused a few seconds to compose his agitation. Then, giving a rapid glance right and left, to ascertain that the coast was clear, he commenced his search for booty. This he found in a less quantity than he expected, but, having secured what there was, he hastily mounted his horse, and, without one thought of commiseration for his victim, he took a side path across the moor and disappeared.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMMISSION.

WEARIED and disheartened, Alice Marsdale was seen to return for the fourth time from the sea-shore without having met as she had hitherto done, her much-loved Urcella Trevillers. This unusual absence from her favorite haunt filled her with surprise and some little anxiety. Was it illness kept her away or some other cause? How much she wished she could go to the Priory, and there ascertain the true reason of this disappearance, but she would not disobey her father's orders; they had been peremptory, and to her that was more than sufficient. Another circumstance contributed to increase her disappointment; and this was her inability to fulfil a promise she had made to Gerald, on his leaving Tregonas, to remit a small packet into the hands of Sir Algernon's daughter at their next meeting on the sands. This commission she now saw little chance of executing, and full of chagrin at the *contre temps*, she resolved to go to the old woman Trenchard, who, she remembered, was well known at the Priory, and inquire what had become of her missing friend. She accordingly, without further delay, directed her steps towards the poor woman's dwelling.

"Good morning, worthy dame," said Alice, throwing herself wearily on a seat. "I have been walking far, and would gladly take a little repose. How fares it with yourself and granddaughter?"

"Right well, sweet lady," was the grateful reply.

Having seated herself in one of the good woman's comfortable, high-back chairs, Alice began making inquiries about Sir Algernon's daughter, saying that she no longer ever met her in her favorite rambles on the shore, that she feared she was ill."

"Mistress Urcella is not ill," said Dame Trenchard, gravely.

"Then what can keep her away? I feel confident that nothing but indisposition would withdraw her from the society of one whom she knows well loves her with all her heart."

Mrs. Trenchard was silent.

"Speak my good woman," continued Alice, "you know more than you are willing to impart, keep me not in suspense."

"If you insist upon my speaking you must pardon me if I say aught that might give you offence. You are, no doubt, acquainted with the measures which your respected father has thought proper to adopt towards Sir Algernon Trevillers, and which have called down the severity of the law upon his house. You cannot, therefore, be surprised that his daughter should hold back from further intimacy with any member of a family who was seeking the ruin of her beloved parent."

"Oh! Urcella knows me too well," exclaimed Alice, with much warmth, "to imagine for a moment that I had aught to do with that unhappy business. Tell her I lament it as much as she can do herself, and that if a heart knows how to feel sympathy for another's sorrow it is mine."

"But, dear lady," resumed Mrs. Trenchard, "Mistress Urcella has got a father, one who knows thee not, but knows full well the weight of the restrictions laid upon *his* movements, through the means of thy kinsmen."

"Ah, true," said Alice thoughtfully. "How could I expect her to have acted otherwise? I ought to have foreseen this," and the remembrance of her brother's request passed discouragingly across her mind, she dared not allude to it after what had passed, and began preparing to take her leave, when the good old woman perceiving a look of disappointment diffused over her gentle countenance, immediately informed her that it was her intention to go to the Priory on the morrow, and that she would have much pleasure in conveying to Mistress Urcella her many expressions of sympathy.

Alice could not resist so favourable an opportunity of obliging her dear Gerald, and drawing forth the little packet, earnestly requested it might be delivered.

Mrs. Trenchard looked surprised when she learnt from what quarter it came, and Alice feared she was going to decline being the bearer, but after a moment's reflection her countenance brightened, and she promised to execute her commission, adding that she had so frequently witnessed Mr. Gerald's kind attentions towards the injured gentleman under her care, that she should be glad to have this means of doing him a service.

"Then fail not, my good woman to remember him," said Alice. "With respect to the poor injured man, to whom you just now alluded, we are most anxious to learn what has become of him. My father constantly speaks of him, and seems to fear that he has not sufficiently marked his obligations to him; but he left his abode so unexpectedly, and so much sooner than we had reason to imagine it were possible from his weak state, that my father lost the pleasure he had anticipated of obtaining a second interview; and since that time we have been unable to gain any tidings of him."

"He appeared a man of retired habits," said Mrs. Trenchard, "and unwilling to obtain notoriety."

"My father was much struck with the benign expression of his countenance, and though he had seen him but once, he felt assured that he could never fail to recognise him, when or wheresoever he might chance to meet him."

On leaving the cottage Alice turned her steps homewards. In the long avenue she was joined by Mr. Treverbyn, who was returning from inspecting the building of some alms-houses to replace those that had fallen in ruins. Alice was glad to see the young minister, the warm regard he had ever evinced for her favorite brother had long won her approbation, whilst his never-tiring zeal and charity for the surrounding poor, commanded her respect and esteem.

The conversation soon turned upon the absent Gerald. "What makes him leave us so frequently?" said Mr. Treverbyn, "he has no sooner accomplished one expedition than he is off again upon another."

"My brother is gone to see a friend at some little distance," replied Alice.

"Would it not be as well that he were at Tregona just now?"

"I think not," rejoined Alice, "though I am unwilling to acknowledge it."

"Ah! how so?" said the minister with a look of surprise.

"Why," said Alice, with some little hesitation, "Gerald possesses, as you may well remember, a sensitive disposition not wholly free from pride, and as he cannot bring himself to approve of his father's late proceedings against Sir Algernon, he feels himself in an awkward position when that unfortunate business is brought forward, particularly when done so in a tone of exultation."

"True," said Mr. Treverbyn, "I can easily enter into the feelings of a man, who, unable to approve of certain proceedings is restrained from stating his objections from a sense of duty to his parent, whose actions he well knows are backed by conscience and the law. Still, if I am permitted to give expression to my thoughts, I would say that his presence at home might on many occasions be of service in checking the impetuosity of his younger brother, who is often led to do those things which in his calmer moments he might see cause to regret. It is for this reason and from no selfish motives of my own that I am anxious his discreet counsels should be less often missing."

"Nay," replied Alice, "it is to you, Mr. Treverbyn, that Gerald looks forward to impart good advice to his home circle during his absence; he knows the extent of your influence, and places his reliance on its good results."

"Your brother gives me credit for more, I fear, than I possess. As far as lies in my power, I hope to be ever ready to lend my humble endeavours towards the promotion of peace and sociability amongst those who reside around me. But at the present moment I am inclined to think that the friendly suggestions of an elder brother would tend to insure more favorable effects than the grave admonitions of a clerical monitor, however well intended. At all events, there is one point in which we have no difficulty in coinciding, and that is the pleasure his safe return will afford us."

"In that we certainly agree," said Alice, smiling, "and may I be allowed to add my hopes, that these frequent departures of my truant brother will not deter the Rev. Mr. Treverbyn from affording those left at home as much of his society as if his old college friend were amongst them; as he ought to know that Gerald was not the only person who knew how to give him a special welcome at Tregona." On saying which Alice gave him a playful obeisance, and vanished through a side wicket which led from the avenue to the garden. And so quickly did she disappear, that Mr. Treverbyn had no time to reply, but he was anything but displeased at what he had heard; and as he stood for a moment gazing at the closed wicket, certain pleasant castles in the air flitted across his imagination, contributing to raise him up in his own estimation and induce him to come to the determination of not losing sight of an invitation so flattering in every way to his vanity.

On reaching home, Alice found all in confusion. Her father had re-

ceived intelligence that his friend, Master Merris, had been attacked on the highway, robbed, and grievously wounded. That he was lying without signs of recovery at a small inn on the road side. Mr. Marsdale, who had been instrumental in inducing his friend to undertake the above journey, was distressed beyond description at its appalling results, and insisted upon setting off instantly to the bedside of his old ally, leaving orders that everything should be prepared for his accommodation, should he find it possible to have him removed.

C H A P T E R X X I L .

NATURAL CONCLUSIONS.

ALL those who, at the period of our narrative, had not conformed to the newly-established creed of the country, lived in a constant state of anxiety, lest their non-observance of the statutes should be discovered. Even after indictment, for simple "non-conformity," there were other degrees of criminality in the exercise of the forbidden faith, which were considered of such enormity as to draw down upon the offender's head the forfeit of his life. That of entertaining or harbouring any of his own ecclesiastics, who, after receiving a foreign education, returned to their native country, was one of these; such an act was considered by the law *treasonable*, and punished accordingly.

Notwithstanding so awful a retribution, the risk was not unfrequently attempted by those families who adhered to the old creed. That of Sir Algernon Trevillers had done so, and was at this moment entertaining a brother of the order of Jesuits under his own roof, where, in the greatest secrecy, he was imparting the benefits of his ministry to his beloved family and their dependents.

Under the above circumstances, it was no great matter of surprise that the least incident differing from the usual routine about the neighbourhood of the Priory, should create uneasiness within its anxious circle. Such was the case when they were informed that a stranger had been observed loitering, more than once, in the immediate vicinity of Sir Algernon's dwelling; and on one occasion had been seen to enter and remain for a considerable time in the cot of one of his labourers. This circumstance, insignificant in itself, became a matter worthy of notice to the cautious inmates of the Priory; and it was suggested by Mistress Anne Trevillers that no time should be lost in ascertaining, if possible, the object of this intruder's seeming "espionage."

The asperity shown by Humphrey towards Sir Algernon, since the defeat of his father's suit, gave reason to fear that he still meditated further annoyance, and was seeking information to enable him to do so. Impressed with this idea, Mistress Trevillers and her neice Urcella proceeded immediately to make what discoveries they could at the above-mentioned cottage, situated at no great distance from the gates of the Priory.

As they pursued their way towards the spot, the conversation turned,

naturally, upon their redoubtable neighbour and his two sons. "Of the latter," said Mistress Trevillers, "I am inclined to think the youngest is the least objectionable of the two. An open foe is always less to be feared than a hidden one."

"No one can deny that," said her niece, "but may you not, dearest aunt, be under some misapprehension respecting the real sentiments of the eldest? As for myself, I cannot charge Gerald Marsdale with hypocrisy without more substantial proof. I will, however, not deny that a somewhat perplexing cloud hangs over his conduct with regard to the sessions; but his previous assurances to me were of so friendly a nature, and marked with so much deference towards the well-being of my dear father and ourselves that I feel it impossible they could have emanated from a treacherous heart."

"I would gladly join in the favorable opinion you have formed of this young man," said Mistress Trevillers, "had not circumstances come to light of so very suspicious a complexion as to preclude me from doing so. What can be said in justification of his having delivered over your uncle's Rosary to a justice of the peace, an act which might have occasioned the penalty of *præmunire* to have fallen on your poor father's head; and which misfortune was only averted by the failure in proving its owner, or from whence it originally came. Had this young man detained the Rosary in his own custody till some opportunity presented itself of placing it into safe hands, he would then have given us a proof of his *sincere* wish to befriend us, and my opinion of him would then have been such as you could have wished dear Urcella." This latter sentence was said with a significant look and smile.

Urcella was silent; she knew not how to explain away this unaccountable inconsistency of Gerald Marsdale. The fact spoke for itself, and she could do no more than ponder over the anomaly in a spirit of disappointment.

Having reached the cottage, they were welcomed in by an honest-looking, elderly man, who brought forward two oaken stools for their accommodation. Mistress Trevillers lost no time in commencing her inquiries respecting the stranger who had been with him on the preceding day.

"True enough," commenced the cottager, "my humble roof was honoured with the presence of one I had never seen before last evening."

"Was this stranger young, or advanced in years; of what class did he appear to belong? I have important reasons for asking these questions," said Mistress Trevillers, "therefore, I trust you will answer me correctly."

"Certainly," replied the old man, "I have no reason to do otherwise; on the contrary, I feel too glad to have an opportunity of showing my readiness to obey any member of my respected master's family. The stranger did not belong to the poor class; his appearance and manner told quite a contrary tale; he was young, and his voice sweet-toned."

"And knew you not who he was?" said Urcella.

"No, I did not; I only thought it probable it was a son of Mr. Marsdale. In truth, I addressed him as such, and receiving no correction, I concluded I was right."

"And what brought him to your cottage?" continued the inquirer.

"That is what I could not make out, unless it was owing to a strange curiosity to become acquainted with all that was going on at the Priory."

"At the Priory?" reiterated Mistress Trevillers, looking anxiously at the speaker.

"Yes," replied the old man, "every question he made me had reference to that place, and its owner. I was surprised at his wish to learn what so little concerned him, and felt unwilling to answer his many queries. I also declined accepting a gratuity which he offered me, as it was accompanied with words which seemed to command my silence, and this I could not understand, having said no more than the truth, and that required no remuneration."

"What were the interrogatories he put to you?"

"He inquired whether any changes had taken place in the household of late—Whether my master had given any signs of his being likely to conform to the state religion, since his conviction at the sessions—Whether his daughter had any intimacies in the neighbourhood; *Who* mostly frequented the Priory—*When*, it was thought, Sir Algernon would leave the place for foreign parts, and such like."

"Who could it have been?" said Urcella, thoughtfully; "I can attribute such espionage to no other than to Humphrey Marsdale, who, with some sinister plan in view, is endeavouring to make himself acquainted with our familiar movements."

"No, my good lady," said the old man, quickly, "it was not Mr. Humphrey Marsdale; his person is well known to me; I frequently saw him during the time this strip of land on which my cottage stands was under dispute, he was frequently here at that time, and I had occasion to speak to him often."

"What was his general appearance? What the colour of his garb?"

"My sight is somewhat imperfect," said the old man, "but from what I was able to observe, I should say, his appearance was all in his favor. His hair was of a lightish brown, his doublet of a dark green colour, with a cloak of the same, a leathern belt fastened in the centre by a clasp of silver."

At this description the eyes of Urcella met those of her aunt; and though it only detailed what was the general costume of the young men of the day, still, it tallied so completely with that worn by Gerald, when seen by Urcella at the house of Mrs. Trenchard, that very little doubt remained who the prying individual could be; and this doubt was further removed on the production of a silken kerchief which the interrogator had left behind, and upon which was seen the letter "G," traced in golden threads at its edge.

Gerald having only lately returned from abroad, this incident decided the matter at once—and both parties left the cottage under the same impression. Mistress Trevillers, who had for some time entertained suspicions respecting the sincerity of Gerald Marsdale's friendly professions, only required some such proof as the above to justify the opinion she had formed

of him. As for Urcella, she was taken by surprise ; at first she knew not what to believe, but after a little reflection, she could not but own, however reluctantly, that her eyes were at length opened, and that she could no longer raise her voice in favor of one so unworthy of her approbation. How could she ever again place any confidence in Gerald, after the affair of the *Rosary*? Everything told against him. She had been completely misled by his frank manner and open countenance ; and, in future, must yield to the better penetration of her aunt. With this resolution she endeavoured to change the subject of conversation, and at once extinguish the recollection of a discovery so distasteful to her feelings. This was, however, not so easily done, the subject returned to her mind again, and again. How blindly, thought she, have I been deceiving myself, with this young Gerald's fair words ! so full of kindness and consideration, and yet so hollow ! How foolishly did I think that I had found in the enemy's camp a friend, who would assist us, by his influence with his parent, in case of need, and protect us from that threatening storm which, at any day, might burst over our heads ; but, alas ! what have my hopes turned out but a fallacy ? and the safe haven which my poor imagination had conjured up—a mere phantom !

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED INCIDENT.

THE injury inflicted on the preceptor did not prove to be of so serious a nature, as was at first apprehended. Skill and care brought him round by degrees, till he was once more enabled to resume his easy post at Tregona. A diligent search had been made for his savage assailant, but without success ; no information could be gained as to the direction of his flight, notwithstanding the untiring exertions made for the purpose. At length, all further hopes of his capture were given up, and the subject, like every other peculiar event, had its day and was then forgotten. Gerald was still absent ; and Mr. Marsdale having retired to his study, Alice took the opportunity of paying old Mrs. Trenchard a visit, and making inquiries respecting the missing Urcella, and the result of the little commission she had given her.

"Tell me all that passed," said the young girl, "I trust my fears are not realised that Sir Algernon's daughter is indisposed or that she has forsaken me."

"Mistress Urcella is, thank God, in good health, and most thankful for the many expressions of affection you sent to her ; she is fully convinced that you had naught to do with the harsh measures carried out against her beloved father, and bids me assure you, that should any further oppression from the same quarter visit her house, she should ever regard her sweet Mistress Alice as exempt from the slightest participation therein."

"And did she say all this?" said the pleased and affectionate girl.

"How happy I am that she should be so thoroughly assured of my sympathy in her regard. It is just as I hoped it might be; and my commission, you executed that also?"

Mrs. Trenchard busied herself about the room as if she had not heard the question, but it being repeated, she gravely replied, "I had almost hoped, dear lady, that you had forgotten this part of my mission, indeed I would fain have passed it over in silence."

"In silence!" exclaimed Alice, with surprise, "I do not understand you. Has aught happened to the little packet, so as to have prevented you delivering it as you promised; keep me not in suspense, tell me my good woman what you have done with it?"

"I delivered it safely," said Mrs. Trenchard, "but it has not been retained. It is returned to you unopened."

"Unopened?" exclaimed Alice, "surely, Urcella did not refuse to look at it?"

"Mistress Urcella took it from me eagerly, but when I mentioned the name of your respected brother, her countenance became instantly clouded with an expression of disapprobation; she examined the superscription for some seconds in silence, and then, as if suddenly making up her mind, she took her pencil and wrote a few words beneath it."

"Let me see quickly," said Alice, "what Urcella can have written to justify a proceeding so unlike herself." Whereupon Mrs. Trenchard drew slowly from an old chest the returned packet, and presented it to her young mistress.

"Ah!" said the astonished girl, as her eyes ran over the pencilled words, "what do I see here?

"He that dissembles once may dissemble twice."

"Is this most unjust reproach intended for my brother? he who is candour and honesty itself. How little does Urcella know his true character! and how grossly has he been misrepresented to occasion her to think so ill of him. At all events," continued Alice, "dear Gerald shall never behold this unjust accusation."

On saying which she disengaged the string that confined the packet, and taking its outward cover threw it on the glowing embers of the cottage, hearth. "There," said she, watching the flame it created, "Let the recollection of words so untrue, so unkind, be as quickly annihilated as the paper on which they were written.

Having exhausted her natural feelings of indignation, she gathered up the disordered little packet, which the above proceeding had disturbed, and was about closing it up, when it occurred to her that it was a good opportunity of letting Mrs. Trenchard see its contents, feeling sure she would not fail to report the same in the quarter she most wished. She accordingly unfolded the remaining envelope, and drawing forth a small but curiously wrought cross of gold, she held it up to Mrs. Trenchard, "here," said Alice, "is the little offering that has been returned with so much asperity."

Then, with a smile that marked her forgiveness, she read aloud the few lines that accompanied the above, saying she did not think that Urcella would have accused her brother of hypocrisy if she had only opened the packet and seen its contents."

The lines were as follows:—"With deep respect, Gerald Marsdale begs "to be allowed to present the enclosed cross to Mistress Urcella. It was "taken from the ruins of the small chapel adjoining the house, a sanctuary, "where had knelt for successive ages many of her knightly sires professing "a creed, now but too faithfully maintained by their last and youthful "descendant."

Having read aloud the above, Alice took the little cross, and passing a silken cord through its ring suspended it round her own neck, saying that it should remain there, till *she*, for whom it was intended was fully convinced of the sincerity of him who had ventured to present it.

Mrs. Trenchard looked on, but said nothing; she kept her opinions to herself.

"I think," resumed Alice, "that I can discern the cause that has called forth these strange misconceptions on the part of my poor Urcella, and if my surmises be correct, why should I blame her for the grievous mistake into which she has fallen. The total ignorance in which my brother Gerald had been kept respecting the intended prosecution of Sir Algernon Trevillers, had made him, no doubt, express himself in such a manner in her presence as to lead the confiding girl to imagine that he was giving an assurance that no further annoyance would accrue from his family. Ought I therefore, to be surprised at her indignation, when a few days after her conversation with my brother, her father was summoned to the sessions, and there heavily fined through the means of those same persons whom she had been made to believe would pursue a friendly course in future. It was, indeed, almost natural that dear Urcella should view with distrust any new attention proceeding from the same quarter."

"Time, dear lady," said the good old woman, at length breaking silence, "will unravel these awkward events."

"I sincerely trust they will," replied Alice, "but in the meanwhile it is hard that false impressions should exist without the possibility of interpreting them in their true sense. Farewell my good woman, I will see you again soon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEENSLAND AND EMIGRATION.

AMID the work-day world of Europe, earning their daily bread after their accustomed manner, living after their accustomed fashion—the artisan by his handicraft—the merchant by his venture—the official by his rank, surrounded by old associations and old ties—there are few who give themselves the care to think upon the enterprise of those who have gone out to found new communities at the ends of the earth. Yet the subject is worthy of consideration. It involves all the eventualities that may arise from the extension of civilization and the birth of nascent empires. There is not concerned in it alone the fate of individuals—there is a greater concern by far. The men who colonize the lone places of the world may be the founders of royal peoples, whose commerce is yet to sweep the seas—whose cities, rising tower above tower, by streams, where the savage roams wild to-day, may, in a future time, receive tribute from many an humbled or dependent nation, and whose edicts may be heard, in times to come, with reverence wherever they are promulgated.

For us, in Ireland, there is a dearer interest than this great abstract and remote interest. There is no home in our land which does not number among those who have gathered at its hearth, some wanderer, now far away. If there be no relative lost to us in willing exile, it may be some dear friend whom we remember, whilst his footsteps leave their track in the tall grass of Southern Savannahs, amid the wild under-growths of northern forests, or on the desert sands of Austral shores. Amid the humbler classes of our people, such associations are bound up with another consideration. The tide of emigration sweeps them with a constant flow from their native land. They have a present or prospective concern in solitudes, south or west. They seek out fertile plains, where rich harvests may reward their labour; genial climes, where health may not be robbed from them in the midst of their toil; a promising country, where, in due season, the tribes of a people may gather and find room. The breath of war, which now sweeps with its fierce miasma the great continent that was once a tranquil asylum for their race, checks the Irish emigrant's hope from its wonted direction. Impelled from the green shores of Innisfail by causes which it is not our province to discuss, more at present, perhaps, than at any other period have they begun to weigh the vast advantages offered them by Australia, as a field for their toil. No wonder that they shoul.

Situate in meridional parallels, which afford it all the delight of genial airs,—large as Europe in extent—possessing districts of unsurpassed fertility great as many European kingdoms—its climate favourable to human longevity—free from periodical or local diseases—Australia presents a combination of qualifications not afforded by any other land under the sun. The native tribes are few, and not hostile to the settler. There are no terrible massacres to fear, such as those which the pioneers encountered from the wrath of the red men of America, whose homes they invaded.

The heats of summer are not extreme ; the chill of winter is not so nipping as in our own land. Surrounded by many harbours—in the midst of an ocean, whose currents pass the shores where the wealth of the tropics abounds,—lands of silk, lands of spice, lands of gems—rich with corn, wine, gold, and oil itself,—Australia spreads its paths to the feet of the adventurer, as if to woo him to its possession. Before the discovery of the gold fields it presented all the requirements of a great pastoral country, where herds increased marvellously and flocks thrrove beyond belief. Its greatest capabilities were utilised or unexplored under this condition. It was not peopled ; and without a people there was no stimulus to the development of its resources. Up to that time its only markets were in Europe, and the way was long and the profit slow for its ventures. A few ship-loads of wool in the year constituted its exports. The bones of slaughtered cattle, their hides and their fat, sent annually to London, formed its traffic. A thousand pounds more, or a thousand pounds less, made up its balance of profit or of loss. In this way there was but little promise of the wondrous wealth, prowess, and commerce Australia has attained since. Life was easy in its solitudes, however. Men, sick of the struggle at home with us—in Ireland, in England, or in Scotland—chose to separate themselves far from their fellows, far from bustle, and trouble, and anxiety, and settle down in the land of Kangaroos. A few government officials, who had connexion with the convict establishments, and to whom habit had been second nature, felt loath to leave a country where the best part of life had gone by, under the most silent of skies, amid the most lovely of lands. The inducements which influenced them to their settlement, were the same as those which prevailed with the fathers of mankind in the East—grazing for their cattle—soil where their corn might grow—peacefulness where they might reap it in due time. It can be understood, that such being the promise afforded by Australia to the settler, its growth was but slow for many a long year. It was far from the shores of Europe—the desire of gain was more potent with members of our old communities, where gain represented the *matériel* of happiness, at least, in giving the power to obtain all the pleasures and luxury of life. When, therefore, dissatisfaction with their condition at home—hard necessity—or the ambition of advancement, in wider fields, drew men from the households of the western world, to follow the track of colonization, they rather sought the settled places of America, than the wilds of other lands. Thus it happened that Australia, crowned with all wealth, happy in a beneficent sky, and a soil, hardly needing the tiller's care, was left to the convict, or the savage, or the misanthrope, its resources undeveloped, and its land a desert. So it remained, comparatively, until the burst of the news of the gold discovery reached the shores of Europe, and attracted men of all ranks, artist and student, noble and peasant, to delve the soil for its teeming wealth. City after city was raised high in air by the hands of the adventurers. States rather than colonies were founded at once, and the mart and the villa sprang up with a magic as wonderful as the palace of Aladin. Trade was initiated, and the land was peopled. Commerce spread its white wings abroad upon the solitary seas

of the vast lone Pacific, and the world beheld with wonder the beginning of great nations leaping matured, powerful, and sublime into being.

It is not our province to follow out the history of that mental epidemic, well called the "gold fever." Like other fevers, it had its reaction, however. If, under its influence, crowds flocked from Europe to the mining districts, filled with the flush of expectation of ready fortune, it happened in time, that the labourers became too many, and the miners trod too close in the modern regions, that rivalled Ophir, to find room for each other. The quantity of hands which abounded worked up the "claims" where gold was plenty, and the enterprise of gold-digging, came to have as much certainty as a game of chance, in rewarding the industry of those who followed it. In this state of things there was many a host to be fed, and few labourers in the field whence food was to be derived. Yet the land spread far and wide untilled and unsubdued to the purpose of man. Vast sweeps of pasture invited the browsing herd to gather on their succulent breadths, but the ploughman and the herd were wanting to take the task which might win them wealth. They were not long wanting. Disappointed miners took to bullock-driving—members of learned professions, and men who have been called by agitators, "bloated aristocrats," stood in the handles of a plough along the Australian plains. Things found their level in this way at last. Amid the incitements of the honest toil of pastoral, and not in the fever of the hazardous speculation of mining districts, grew the desire to develop the natural resources of the land. The immediate prospect afforded by such a purpose might be less glittering, but its fortunate event was infinitely more certain, than that which first drew the men who undertook it to the country. The cities which had grown up offered a market for home produce, where the producer was paid at a lavish rate for his thrifty toil in obtaining it. The capital was in the country waiting only to be claimed in the ordinary course of its exchange ; and when this was at last understood, it was astonishing how soon the producers were found. In nooks and corners, far in the bush, the squatter settled with his herd of cattle and his flock of sheep. His hut rose amid the loneliness near some stream, as near a path to wealth. He enclosed his arable land—he dug it and sowed it—and when his harvest was gathered, his wain of bullocks drew the grain to market at the nearest emporium ; the wool of his flocks was consigned to his agent ; his cattle were sold in blooming condition ; he returned to his station, a wealthy and a wise man, to renew the process of alchemy by which all he touched, Midas-like, was turned into gold. Examples like this oft repeated, opened the road to prosperity for others. Ambitious of a like fortune, they sought out the fertile places of the land to take possession of them. Rumours of rich soils, as yet all but waste, reached the inhabitants of the older and more thickly peopled settlements. They girded themselves up, and, like the father of Lia, bringing their household gods with them, set out for the wealthy places more profitable than El Dorado.

Amid those attractive resorts, tidings came of one great province, rich as a "salt or silver mine," stretching far beyond the range of mountains which rise many an hundred mile north-east of Sydney, and extend from

Point Danger almost to the 141st meridian of longitude. This was Queensland. When the immigrants reached it they found it all that had been described to them. It is a noble territory truly—three times as large as France—bounded west by a line defined by the 141st meridian and the Gulf of Carpentaria, it extends itself into Cape York, up to the Strait of Torres, which bounds it on the north; east, the rich Pacific washes its shores; and south, the Macpherson range of mountains, and the 29th parallel of latitude divide it from New South Wales. Irrigated by many a broad river, it possesses abundance of water, the value of which can be only estimated at its price by the settlers in Australia and the Arabs in the desert. Forming a territory as nearly as possible triangular, the longest side of which is next the sea—open to its showers and its breezes—the air is tempered to the freshness of an island clime; the soil is enriched by the breath and dewy exhalations yielded by the ocean. So much for the coast district in relation to climate and temperature. The interior of the country is, at all events so far as exploration has extended, even more advantageous. In a line parallel with the coast, and sixty miles distant from it, arises a chain of mountains, stretched out almost across the whole territory from south to north, and dividing the parts adjacent to the sea from the inland districts. Beyond this highland country extend vast table lands, covered with luxuriant herbage, irrigated by the streams that descend from the hills in great profusion, varied by woodland and plain, shaded dell and picturesque height. Here the airs have the breath of mountain coolness upon them, and the heats which would otherwise prevail are tempered by the bracy influence of the heights. Never was there a country or a clime more suited for pastoral purposes. Deep ponds, fed from the rivers in the upland, settle down along the grassy sweeps. Wide enough to catch the winter fall, they preserve the plains from inundation. The soil, a rich dark loam, throws up grass in unwonted luxuriance. In winter it is still filled with growth, and in summer the herds must be many, and the flocks numerous, that would nip it bare. This continuance of vegetation is the consequence of the influence of the climate. Observations were taken to ascertain the mean temperature of the territory at Brisbane, the seat of the government and capital. The investigation was conducted by S. Barton, the house-surgeon of the Brisbane Hospital. His statistics gave the mean temperature of the colony at the following figures:—

MEAN TEMPERATURE—

Spring, from September 23rd to December 22nd.....	71.9.
Summer, from December 22nd to March 20th.....	77.4.
Autumn, from March 20th to June 24th.....	64.4.
Winter, from June 24th to September 23rd.....	61.1.
Mean Temperature of the year	68.7.

Now, taking this temperature in comparison with that of Funchal, in Madeira, long reputed as possessing the most healthy climate in the world, we find that the difference is a shade in figures, the mean annual temperature of that locality being 68.5. The summer in Queensland is, however, some

few degrees hotter than that of Funchal, and the winter colder in the same time. The one, however, must be regarded just as favourable to life as the other. The diseases endemic to the country are few and rare. There are none of those terrible fevers—the pest of warm climates, nor those, and one dread pest of our own is utterly unknown there. Consumption never will be naturalised in Queensland; and there is no doubt that its air is calculated to remove the scrofulous taint in any shape in the constitution.

Such being the influence of the clime upon health, we find also, its influence upon the soil to be eminently conducive to prolific reproduction. The characteristics of the agricultural qualities of the province are but little varied, considering its vast extent. Still, there is some variety; cereal crops have their favourite localities; pasturage, too, has its suitable districts, and other growths not known, except as exotics, in Europe, are fitted to particular spots over the territory. The dividing range of mountains, to which we have before alluded, mark the varied capabilities of the soil, probably, in most distinctness. Those scrub and forest lands, which are in the vicinity of the numerous rivers, and which lie upon the eastern side of the chain, excel in the production of every species of grain, fruit, and spices peculiar to the temperature of the tropics. The broad table lands and great sweeps of plain, lying west of those hills, yield in abundance all the produce of the temperate zone. However, it is not to be supposed that the characteristics of the varied agricultural distinctions are very singularly marked. The wheat and oats of Ireland, the cabbage of our kitchen-gardens, the potato, the turnip, and all the ordinary vegetable tribe of our country, are found beside the rich growths of more glowing climes, such as the pine apple, the banana, sugar cane, and arrow-root. Wheat, oats, and barley, flourish upon both sides of the mountains, and yield abundant crops. In the newly cleared soils, rich, and untonched, several successive crops of wheat may be produced, and no manure is required to aid the fertile soil. When the first growth of wheat has been reaped, and removed, the colonists are accustomed to plant potatoes in the field where it was gathered. To our ears, the story may seem strange, when we are first told that two crops are dug of this productive esculent, in the same year; but, nevertheless, it is but simple truth. The autumn crop is dug in the month of June, having been planted in March; and the Summer crop is dug in November, having been planted in June. Along the district marked by the coast line, and backed by the mountains, extending from the river Clarence, to the northern boundary of occupation, most of the productions of India, South America, and many of those of Africa are yielded in wondrous luxuriance. These portions of the slopes on the dividing range, which have been cultivated, grow the vine and olive. The tamarind lifts itself there, loaded with its luscious fruit; the tea-tree unfolds its aromatic leaf; cinnamon, allspice, and the rich orange, spring and bloom in a wealth of vegetation; the berry of the coffee ripens upon the full bough, and the cotton plant lifts its downy burden along the land. Beside those wonders of production upon the heights, rivalling the growths of Ceylon, those of the plantations of Louisiana, the gardens of Delhi, or of the most lovely lands of

Southern Europe—in the valleys of the rivers near the coast arrow-root, that competes with the product of Bermuda for excellence, tobacco, that vies with the leaf of Virginia, and Bananas that Hindostan cannot surpass, reward the hand that tills the soil with a bounteous wealth. This is a rich country indeed, presenting the widest range of inducements to win a population to gather its profit. Perhaps, one of the most promising signs of its capabilities is that the cotton plant attains a degree of perfection equalled nowhere else. There is no doubt of the bias of the spirit of English commerce, to foster the enterprise of cotton production elsewhere than in America, in consequence of the interruption caused to trade by recent events on that continent; and this is the only country, in all the British dependencies, which has yielded samples of cotton of a quality equalling, if not surpassing, the product of the finest yield of Southern America. The Indian growths are coarse, and not capable of producing a fabric like that by which the looms of Lancashire have attained their fame, but the cotton of Queensland is of the very finest description. Mr. Bazely, M.P., some time since delivered a speech at Manchester, in which he stated some facts that prove this to be the case. Five years ago, some bags of Moreton-bay cotton, caught his eye at Liverpool, whither they were shipped to be sold. This eminent manufacturer at once saw that yarn of a finer description than any that was manufactured in India, or Great Britain, could be produced from it. He purchased the cotton; had it conveyed to Manchester, and there spun into "exquisitely fine yarn." So exceedingly delicate was it, that the weavers of Lancashire could not work it to produce a fabric from its fibre; Mr. Bazley tried the weavers of Scotland, who were just as unfortunate, and it occurred to him to try the weavers of France. Those had just the same success as the weavers of Lancashire, and, as a last resource, it was sent to Calcutta for the purpose of manufacture. In a sufficient period, to admit of transmission, manufacture, and reshipment of the article, it was returned in the shape of the finest muslin ever manufactured, produced by the skill of the Hindoos, from the Queensland cotton. The fabric was exhibited at the Paris exhibition, and was generally admired. Upon the authority of Mr. Bazely, we find that an acre of the land is capable of producing 600lbs. yearly, of this very valuable cotton, for the soil produces two crops, and the value of this would be forty pounds, sterling. "Forty pounds per acre," says Mr. Bazely, "is an enormous yield for any agricultural product, and I do not think such a profitable return could be obtained in any other country. Judging by what is done in the United States, a man, with his family, in Queensland, could cultivate ten acres of land which would yield £400 per annum—a very high rate of profit."

Already the colonists have become alive to this fact, and cotton cultivation forms one of the agricultural occupations of Queensland. During the year 1860, two local companies were established for the purposes of carrying on this branch of local industry. The undertaking is begun on a broad, and extensive scale, and its operations have already actively been pushed forward. One of those companies was originated at Brisbane, and

it has established its plantation on the Cabulture river, a small stream which empties itself into Moreton-bay, twenty miles northward of the embouchure of the river Brisbane, and consists of cleared land, which had not been used up to the time of its occupation by the company. The second of those establishments was originated at the town of Ipswich, and has been for some time in active work, as it was fortunate enough to gain the acquisition of a property consisting of cleared land, ready in every respect for immediate occupation, upon which it went to work at once. There are besides those joint-stock efforts at large cotton cultivation, others which were undertaken by private individuals. Many allotments of land for this purpose have been taken on the banks of the rivers Mary and Calliope; and there has also been a cotton company started in England, with the same object in view. Under those circumstances, there is every promise that cotton will be largely cultivated in Queensland at no distant date, and will form one of the most important sources of its industrial profit. The great value of such a branch of cultivation, to create the first advantages of a settlement, which are constituted in the attraction of gainful commerce to its shores, cannot be over-estimated. The comparative cheapness of production, too, will also aid in this development of trade, and initiate what must only be the beginning of a long and prosperous career of operative progress.

If the profitable resources of this great province consisted only in the agricultural advantages, and climatic characteristics enumerated, they would be amply sufficient to demonstrate the rich field open in this portion of the world for industrial enterprise. Three tons per acre of the potato crop, calculated at the average price of that esculent in Queensland, gives £18 per acre for the land in which it is cultivated. One crop of maize will be given in the same year by the soil whence the potato was dug—the average yield of this cereal is forty bushels per acre, and the price per bushel in the market is 4s. 6d. This makes nine pounds more per acre, and shows the yearly return of that measurement, out of unexhausted lands, to be twenty-seven pounds sterling. On new land, the crop of maize is larger than this, and reaches sometimes eighty bushels per acre. The farina of arrow-root is produced at the average rate of one ton per acre, and is sold in the market at Sydney at one shilling per pound in bulk. The banana is produced at an ordinary average of three hundred bunches to the acre, and, as there are four dozen bananas on each bunch, which sell for 9d. per dozen, the money value of an acre of the crop is £45. On the uplands west of the mountains the finest wheat is produced, at the average of thirty bushels to the acre, which, when manufactured into flour, is sold at the rate of £30 per ton. Those are the ordinary crops, and we give their results. There are others whose cultivation requires greater care. The sugar cane, the pine apple, and the delicate fruits of warm climes, form a topic of consideration for the agricultural settler, but their management not being so well understood to those versed in Irish husbandry, we forbear to examine their details. The land, be it remembered, is free. Orders are given to each adult emigrant, male and female, for the possession of an allotment

of soil to the value of £30, in any part of the country chosen, and a grant is given to every child of the age of four, and not exceeding fourteen years equivalent in value to £15. This is a grant—substituting acres for pounds—of thirty acres in perpetuity to every adult, and fifteen for every child. The government price of land being one pound per acre. In addition to this, if a settler purchases from the government any quantity of land, at the usual price of one pound per acre, he is entitled to claim three times the quantity purchased by him, on a lease of five years, at the rent of 6d. per acre, enjoying the right of purchase of the rented portion within that time. The only condition placed upon him in this case being residence upon the land, and to fence it in any manner within the first eighteen months of his occupation. Beside those enjoyments there are others, in the way of the temporary tenure of grazing lands. For sheep or cattle runs the government grant fourteen years' leases of grounds, subject to the condition, that if the soil be sold for *agricultural or public purposes*, the grazier is to give up his holding, but that the lease is to stand good against the squatting, as the runs are called, being set for any other use. The quantity of country held in one block is fixed *never to exceed* one hundred square miles, and must be stocked in the first year, at the least, to one fourth of its estimated capabilities. The lands for grazing purposes are estimated to feed and fatten one hundred sheep, or twenty head of cattle per square mile. The rent is fixed, for the first four years, at ten shillings per square mile, during the first of the two succeeding periods not less than £25, or more than £50, for the block containing *twenty five square miles*; and during the second period of five years, not less than £30, nor more than £70 the block of same area.

It is easy to understand how much those arrangements tend to develop the resources, agricultural and pastoral, of Queensland, but its sources of wealth are not limited to those advantages. The wealth of mineral ore—that great source of trade to a growing people, and of power to a matured nation—is lavished with equal fortune upon its soil. In that tract of country lying between the Bremer and Brisbane rivers, and the great dividing range, the geological formation teems with coal. For many years past one of those upon the Brisbane has been worked at Redbank, from which hundreds of tons weekly are raised. The value of a resource like this to a manufacturing country, such as Queensland will yet become, is beyond all price. Deposits of copper ore have been found largely spread around the country, near Port Curtis, Rockhampton, the Calliope, and the mountain ranges. Those are now being worked, and the import table of England will show, in the present year, some hundred tons of copper raised in Queensland. Tin has been discovered, gold has shown itself, and iron is plenty amongst the mountains, needing only the industry of human hands and human brain to render it available as a source of wealth—as the means upon which to build up a great and mighty commerce, rivalling in the Southern World the old glories, the vast wealth, and gigantic power of the most fortunate of the trading communities of the Western hemisphere.

All this sounds like a fairy tale. Inexhaustible riches seem to be the

burthen of its periods—glowing promise breathes through every word, and yet it is merely a recapitulation of the details of blue books, governmental reports, and official correspondence for the information of the Colonial Secretary. But one great proof of the truth of the relation is found in the rapid increase of population in the territory. Sixteen years ago the entire population of Queensland was 2,257 souls. These people were resident in the Moreton bay district, and there were only two townships in existence in the land. In ten years afterwards it was found that there were 17,082 persons in Queensland, according to the actual returns—a circumstance upon which the Registrar-General, in his report, comments. He states that “the very high average of the increase in population in the Moreton bay districts is attributable to no gold discovery, but solely to the inherent richness of their resources, and to the high spirit of enterprise for which the occupants and explorers of those districts have been so remarkable.” Besides, it must be remembered, as a testimony of additional value, that at the time Queensland was a portion of the province of New South Wales, and the natural policy of the local government of that province led it to induce concentration of people—as concentration of capital and industry nearer to the seat of authority, rather than in the remote neighbourhood of Queensland, where population would, as it has actually done, scarce create rivalry in progress and the race for wealth. From 1856 to 1861 this increase was the more remarkable, as the census showed in the latter year that the population had increased to thirty thousand, or nearly doubled within five years.* No argument, and no evidence could be so strong as this in proof of the estimate in which its resources are held, or the great promise which Queensland affords of fortune to those who colonize its soil. Still, however, what a solitude it must be, having only thirty thousand inhabitants to possess its extent. Three times as large as France, with her thirty millions of inhabitants, and ten times as large as England and Wales, how long must be the time until it is peopled to its content. Ages must have swept away

* WAGES IN BRISBANE.

Stonemasons, 10s. to 11s. per day.
 Bricklayers, 10s. to 11s.
 Carpenters and Joiners, 9s. to 10s.
 Plasterers, 9s. to 10s.
 Painters, 9s. to 10s.
 Blacksmiths, 10s. to 11s.
 Masons' and Bricklayers' labourers,
 5s. 6d. to 6s.
 Quarrymen, per day of 10 hours, 8s.
 to 9s.
 Labourers, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 8d.*
 Tinamiths, £2 to £3 per week.
 Upholsterers, per day, 9s.
 Female Cooks, £30 to £40 a year.
 Tailors, 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.

Milliners, £40 to £80 per annum.
Dressmakers, £30 to £60.
Needlewomen, £30 to £40.
Shoemakers, per week, £2 to £3.
Coopers, per day, 15s.
Printers (Compositors), 1s. 3d. per 1000.
Shepherds, per year, with rations, £30 to £35.
Grooms, do. do., £40 to £45.
Farm servants, do. do., £35 to £40.
Married couples, with services of wife, double rations, £45 to £55.
Servant maids, per year, with board and lodging, £18 to £25.

* Persons who are disposed to hire as shepherds, or general servants, in the interior, may obtain much higher wages than those above-mentioned.

over the world, and many a generation of the earth gone down to the grave numerous "as leaves in Vallombrosa."

It would hardly be within the limits of our space to follow up the details of this land of promise further than to indicate the class of persons by whom its advantages would be calculated to be obtained.* In a young country, the first settlers are most successful in agricultural pursuits. It is always the tiller of the soil who lays the foundation of an empire. Before Rome had her cities she had her farms, before her statesmen and merchants, her generals and princes burst upon the dazzled sight of a wondering world, she had her ploughmen and her shepherds. The order of society never changes. In our daily progress we go back to primeval forms. In the far south, then, it is the herdsmen and the peasant who will be sure of rapid independence. We do not mean to say that there is not a field for artizans in this growing country. In the settlements where towns have sprung up, they can find a fair field before them. Those whose cunning of trade is in the most necessary occupations are sure of success. Workers in iron and in wood, such as suit a growing community for the supply of its necessities. The smith, with his brawny arms and veined hands, the mason, the carpenter, are those whom such a community most requires, and are those about whose fortune and prosperity there can be no doubt. There is a fair field for others, too, but Queensland is no place for a discontented idler, or thriftless "ne'er-do well." Popinjays with nice manners, good education, fine clothing, and no money, no profession, no trade; characters whose *tout ensemble* is best described by negatives, are much better off in Europe than in a new country like this. But the man of strong arm, brave heart, and industry, can lift himself beyond the frowns of adversity or the

* It may be well, as we have before given the rate of wages in Queensland, to give also the prices of commodities generally; this we do in the following:—

AVERAGE PRICES OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE AND FARMING STOCK:

Wheat, per bushel, 9s.	
Maize, do., 4s. 6d.	
Potatoes, per ton, £6.	
Hay, do., £8.	
Bananas, per dozen, 8d. to 1s.	
Grapes, per lb., 1s.	
Pines, per dozen, from 2s. to £1.	
Arrowroot, in bulk, per lb., 1s.	

Cotton, per lb., 10d. to 2s. 9d.
A good cart horse, about £30.
A serviceable riding horse, £20.
Yoke of oxen, £18.
A good Milch cow, £6.
Farmer's cart, £20.
American plough, £5 to £7 10s.

PRICES OF PROVISIONS AND CLOTHING.

Fresh beef, per lb., 4d.	Cheese (Colonial), per lb., 1s.
Best fresh mutton, per lb., 4d.	Eggs, per dozen, 1s. 6d. to 2s.
Salt beef, per lb., 3d.	Bread (best wheaten 2 lb loaf), 6d.
Tea, per lb., 2s. to 3s.	Flour (best), per cwt., 23s.
Bacon, per lb., 1s. 2d. to 2s. 6d.	Flour (2nd), per cwt., 19s.
Salt butter (best), per lb., 1s. 4d. to 2s.	Candles (composition), per lb., 1s. 8d.
Fresh do., 2s. to 2s. 6d.	Candles (tallow), per lb., 9d.
Milk (new), per quart, 6d.	Soap (Colonial), per lb., 5d.
Cheese (English), per lb., 1s. 6d.	Starch, per lb., 9d.

The price of Clothing is about one-fourth more than in England.

fear of fate. Well remunerated for his labour, there is no dread of his coming to want. Living under a bright sky, and in the prospect of the land before him, he may indulge the hope of sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, and going down the vale of years, whilst a nation lifts itself into maturity around him, prosperous and happy.

For us there is no more to say of this great country. If the time ever comes, when Europe grows effete, as Asia has become, one of the seats of future empire, must be this southern land. Its climate indicates its favourable influence to the human constitution, its position promises all the advantages of commerce. Enjoying a free constitution, it has the advantage of connection with the wealthiest nation on the earth to guard its infancy. A home legislature bestows the pride of independence, and the germ of lasting prosperity in its fostering care, and all it needs for its development is a people. May it soon possess this.

M A D E L I N E .

Fawn-eyed, rose-lipped, raven-haired,
A lawn scarf round her shoulders blown,
Daintily-braided locks of hair
Dropped on an alabaster throat,—
A black crow 'gainst the morning air—
A jasper shaft, with vine o'er-grown.
Down by the terrace, garden-aired,
I saw her satin vestments float ;
I saw her eyes—her eyes divine,
Fawn-eyed, rose-lipped, Madeline.

Down by the terrace, to the sea
That babbled to the marble brim
Of cool white steps, descending slow,
With shadowy sweeps across their breadth,
Like pine trunks stretched on April snow ;
She passed, as passeth a low hymn,
As winds a morning melody—
A purple gust from purple heath—
A sunbeam poured through vased wine,
Delicate, ariel, Madeline.

And sat amid the sand and shells—
Rare broidered shells of diverse hue ;
Some wreathed rich as Dian's horn,
And lipped with ivory and jet ;
Some golden as unsickled corn,

Some laced with dragon's blood—some blue
As the blue moss round Druid wells—

Prankt like a rain-streak't violet.

Shell, sand, and shard around her shine,
Spirit-like, pensive, Madeline.

Bright-hairèd weeds lay fringed and close,
Rimming the brown sand round her feet,—

The creamy-ambered satin slid

A winking bloom along her arm ;

Shy shadows in its dimples hid,

And peeped across her bosom sweet.

The passion-flower flashed through the rose,

That damasked half her pure cheeks' charm—

Her blanched face turned upon the brine—

Bright-haired, black-locked, Madeline.

Or in dark gardens, statued, cool,

And steeped in golden silences,

(Save when the bird's throat bubbled low,)

I've seen her by the fountain sit,

And watched the spirit Fancy glow,

Pulsing her blood in ecstasies,

And wreathing her mouth, beautiful

With smiles, the blossoms of sweet wit,—

Laughing below the branched pine,

Happy-spirited, Madeline.

Yet I have seen her fairer still,

When death knocked at her sister's door,

And stole the urn of life away ;

O then in weeds and wimples dim,

And forehead fringed with linen gray,

Her dusky trains have swept the floor,

As she slid past, her clear face chill

As lily in a freshet's brim,

Or freezing raiu on a cold shrine,

Beautiful, holy, Madeline.

To-day, within the arbour's gloom,

She sits in lilaced-silkeness ;

The sunshine trickles on her head,

And drops a glory from her ear.

By morrow's noon she will be wed ;

Long veils, in drooping bashfulness,

Shall hide her intermittent bloom,

As with a gorgeous atmosphere.

Ah ! happy he who calls thee "mine,"

Dreamful, thoughtful, Madeline.

Go with her, heaven ; on roofs and eaves,
 The dove is murmurous of rest,
 The moon looks through the meagereon,
 And lights a lamp in yonder fount.
 Go with her, and, till comes the dawn,
 Snick visions out of east and west ;
 Awhile she sleeps below the leaves,
 And dreams of one love paramount.
 Go with her, heaven, for she is thine—
 My child—my angel, Madeline.

C.

THE CLASSIC MAHOGANY.

THE gentlemen who think it worth their while to devote scores of pages of the *Quarterly Review* to grave and profound considerations on the art of dining, are not so sensually ridiculous as the ascetics would have them. The dinner bell has been called "the tocsin of the soul;" for its sound has been dear to the ears of man for ages of generations. Callous, indeed, must that wretch be who can listen to its "tintinabulation" without a sense of deep and mystical delight—a delicious yearning springing from the highest reason and necessity, to be satiated in the replenishment of all good things. I envy Charles Lamb the condition of gastronomic coms, which must have inspired the succulent, spicy revelation of the origin of roast pig. The odour of the glowing animal must have been in his nose in more senses than one—must have penetrated his intellect like a steam drawn out of subtlest essences, kindled his fancies and enriched his wit. Posterity will yet find that the apotheosis of roast pig is the foundation of his fame; may we lay bases as plump and juicy before we die. Happy, too, must John Keats have felt in the conception of that miraculous banquet, which lies in the midet of *Lamia*, as a smoking, gravy-exuding sirloin doth repose itself amongst the smaller and less noble adjuncts of a pleasant spread. How he dwells with a divine misery that he cannot enjoy them on the censers fed with myrrh and spiced wood, giving up their "fifty wreaths" of incense; the "twelve sphered tables" alcoved in rosy silk, and resting on libbards' paws; and on the sponging and anointing of the ante-chamber, where the guests were robed in white by ministering slaves! A pagan could not have flung himself into the idealisation of a superb feed with more luscious enthusiasm. To understand the aesthetic side of dining, we must first regard it as a science holding an important and well-deserved place in the luminous aggregate of positive speculations. We may dispense with craniology, phrenology, botany, and the still more sublime astronomy; but without dining none of these can be. A judiciously-provisioned stomach underlies all greatness of character. The finest wit, eloquence, or imagination is but the distilled essence of a given quantity of gastric

juice, operating upon certain ponderable, nutritive elements. Battles have been lost, books spoiled, tragedies damned, matches broken off, and lives squandered, because people will not appreciate the imperial functions discharged by the stomach. We knew a gentleman of independent fortune, to walk into the Grand Canal through eating a kidney without butter, and a clever fellow who worked himself into a government appointment on a deliciously-prepared lobster salad. As has been said in a better place—let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter—Food is life, the stomach the radiating centre of all intelligent sensation. To neglect either, means decay, mawkishness, joylessness, and death. And for a good example of the moralising influence of wholesome diet on the physical and intellectual systems, let us remember that criminals, intent on graceful death, eat heartily on the morning of execution; and it is related of a wise man, who had the hangman in his antechamber, that he sent back his chop to the gaol cook with a request that it might get another turn. Moreover, antiquity abounds with seasonable testimonies to the value of food; and we are of opinion that the philosopher rejected beans, only because in that early stage of gasteronomic science, they were indigestible. Antiquity, we say, overflows with evidences, showing the high estimation in which this golden science was held by the ancients. Suppose we lift the curtain a little, and see who sit behind.

Plato, the comic writer, not he of the word-perplexing cosmos, describes the banquet of Philaxenus, the Leucadian, and calls that portion of his essay “a wondrous book.” Dining, at this time, must have been in its infancy, for we find that the spread began with onions roasted in ashes, and ended with tunny fish. The story of the gentleman who dined backwards, beginning with bread and cheese, and eating back to the soup, will recur to the reader. This was the pre-knife-and-fork age; and it is well worth relating the ingenious schemes which the epicures of the day devised to accustom their mouths and fingers to the hot meat. In the bath they made it a practice to plunge their hands into the seething water, and hold mouthfuls of it a considerable time, in order that both organs might suffer less from the heat of the viands. Therefore it is that Archytas is represented as boasting that he had fingers to take up hot meat, a throat to devour it; that he was more like a kitchen flue than a man, and delighted in devils and curries. And Clearchus, says Seneca, was so great an exquisitc, that he had a covering made of skin fitted to his tongue, which he wrapped up when not in use, and sharpened the delicacy thereof with a piece of fish skin when preparing to dine. He it was who first wore fingerstalls, an innovation which convulsed the social life of Greece a whole epoch. It may be well to mention Apicus, known as the Tiberian. Of him it would be wrong to state that whatever came to his net was fish; on the contrary, he spent myriads of drachmas, says Athenaeus, on very expensive crawfish fetched from Minturna, and even sailed to Africa, where, he heard, finer ones might be procured. When Trajan was in Parthea, he sent him fresh oysters, preserved by a secret process, for many days' journey. And the narrator takes care to tell us that they

were real, not like the sham anchovies, made of the female turnip, with which the cook of Nicomedes deceived his master, but true succulent bivalves, such as an emperor might feast on. By the way, those turnip anchovies, were the means of extracting from the king an epigram, which deserves to be carved upon plates of gold and committed to furthest posterity. Thus spake the ruler—"A cook is quite as useful as a poet," (hear this ye Tennysons and Kingsleys!) "and quite as wise, and these anchovies show it." Commenting on this, Athenaeus, with admirable philosophy and common sense observes, "Bards make offerings which give no smoke;" meaning thereby to convey the substantial difference between a chop and a sonnet, between a sirloin and an ode to the moon. We shall see that Homer himself had but a contemptible opinion of the value of a noble repast. Unfortunately for his heroes they were ignorant of the art of boiling; with them, it was roast and roast. Chines of beef, to say it with true special dignity, were all the go with the Iliadists; such things as forced meats, cheesecakes, or omelettes were unknown to them. Agamemnon feasted Ajax on a rump steak; and Nestor sacrificed beef to Neptune in behalf of his friends; whereupon we are told that beef is the holiest offering in the eyes of the gods. We greatly fear, looking impartially into the circumstances of the case, that Homer was a man of low taste, and mean gastronomic capacity. The harbours of Ithaca were rich in prime fish, and the island abounded with game and fruit. Who but a poet could have described a Greek dinner, in which, with these noble occasions to hand, the only joint served up is a monotonous *piece de resistance*? Scurvily, too, does he treat the gods who must needs content themselves with nectar, ambrosia, and other Olympian slops and caudles; and to them he sacrifices but steaks and entrails, while the myrrh bush grew at his feet, and frankincense was to had for the asking! The use of wine he almost decries except medicinally, or at solemn feasts, for he tells us it relaxes the constitution, and impairs the mind. To say that Homer had a narrow conception of the dignity of eating, is to render him the fullest justice. The heroes cook their own food, and Ulysses even brags of his dexterity in cutting up meat and lighting the fire. Besides, they never recline at their banquets, but sit bolt upright, on the principle, we suppose, that a standing sack is best filled. How much more refinement was shown at the banquet given by Alexander to his six thousand captains, for whom he prepared as many silver couches covered with purple! With the progress of taste, the bath became indispensable to the feast; and what will Dr. Barter say, when we tell him that his Turkish importation was known in Greece ages before Blarney, at least, was colonized? The witty Antiphanes complains that the bath has "boiled him up," and bereft him of nerve and strength; and Thermippus gravely asserts that there are two ordinary methods of self-slaughter, "one, constantly plunging hot wine down one's throat, t'other, plunging in up to one's throat in boiling water." By-and-bye, the bath from a hygienic agent became an instrument of luxury, and men indulged in baths of perfume, a practice wisely and bitterly reprehended by the less effeminate Greeks.

It was the direct consequence of a civilization, grown fat from absorbing all the wealth around it, that whim should usurp the place of taste, and a wholesome eclecticism in food degenerate into debauchery of the palate. Accordingly, the ancient epicures did not rest satisfied with what came next to hand. Gluttony became a state evil; and the national mind in Rome and Greece abandoned itself to an exquisitely sensitive intemperance. Camels' and dromedary flesh were imported from the remote East; even monkeys' flesh fetched a high premium; and if Pliny deserves to be believed, formed the principal food of Maecenas. With these delicacies were introduced the deep rich cuttings of the African wild ass, the taste of which was considered finer than that of game. Chancellor Duprel made an experiment with the latter, but the result did not answer his expectations. Amongst the dainties were also included wild swine and young boars, which were sumptuously fed for the table, and slaughtered with a horrible refinement of cruelty. According to Plintarch, the pregnant sow was stamped to death by the feet of slaves; and the meat so prepared was esteemed worthy of the gods themselves. In order to kill the sucking pig, without wasting its blood, to which a thousand fictitious qualities were ascribed, it was customary to penetrate the wretched animal with a red hot iron; and then stuffed with larks, pigeons, and swallows, seasoned with assafotida. The cube of the fox, fed upon grapes and figs; bears' whelps and puppies were exceedingly relished; and birds were brought incredible distances to minister to the depraved appetite. Colchis furnished a rare description of pheasant, which was laid in Falernian wine, until the bouquet of the vintage had entirely evaporated, or was assimilated with its flesh. Indeed, some consular families, to show their enthusiasm for feathered delicacies, added the name of the bird to which they were most attached to their names; and a Ptolemaic king is said to have wept himself to death because he had never tasted a Colchian pheasant. Samos, an island, renowned for better things, became celebrated for the plumpness and tenderness of its peacocks, as well as for the gorgeous splendour of their plumage. The trade in those fowls was estimated by Varro at something like £3,000 per annum. Guinea fowls, too, were in high request, and more than one classic establishment was exclusively devoted to their breeding. The Romans, and Greeks (we excel them by one dish at least) never ate turkey, the discovery and introduction of that bird being quite a modern piece of good fortune; but they managed to catch the ostrich, the brain of which fetched enormous prices. Heliogabalus patronized, and made it fashionable; and it was prescribed as a remedy in various diseases, which baffled the standard resources of the physicians. The ostrich, however, held a place far inferior to the flamingo. Not only was its flesh regarded as a most exquisite delicacy; but when a guest felt his appetite slacken, a slave was employed to tickle his palate with one of its feathers in order to restore its piquancy. Fish was a prime element of a classic dinner. The muraena, six thousand of which were presented by Hurtius to Julius Caesar, was bred in fresh ponds, from which it was taken when fattened; and it is related of Vitellius that he was passionately fond of the roe when

impregnated with spices ; the scipenser sturio was an imperial fish, brought to table with a vast amount of pomp and formality, and its division was uniformly reserved to himself by the giver of the feast. Domitian, on the occasion of a turbot being brought to Ancona, saluted the fish as a gift from the gods, and summoned the assembled senate to admire it. In truth, its appearance produced as much excitement in the metropolis, as did the gorilla a short time since in London. It is rather remarkable that the premier, ever ripe for a lark, failed to invite the commons to visit "the black man of the forest;" he might have imitated the example of the Emperor in worse ways than this. Soles were called sons of the gods ; the doraden was especially sacred to Venus ; Jupiter's brain (O Pallas !) was the name bestowed on the libius scarus, whose odour, when boiled, was thought enough potent to make the teeth of the highest gods water with desire. The finest sauce was composed of the entrails and blood of the mackerel, and sciaena umbra reduced to a pulp. Few epicures of the present time would relish this extraordinary preparation, yet we are assured on the faith of Galen, that it was held in such estimation, that even a portion fetched two-thousand pieces of silver. Garum was the name by which it was popularly known ; we may fancy the value set upon it, when we learn that patricians of the first rank, their wives and daughters, used to carry it suspended from their necks, in little cabinets of gold and onyx. Even mussels were not despised. Fulvius Hesperius earned immortality for himself by learning how to increase their weight and flavour, which was accomplished by feeding them with bread-crumbs mixed with bran. Little Horace, whom nothing seems to have escaped, mentions their being brought to table broiled, and fastened to rungs of silver ; and that they smoothed and increased the appetite for wine. The best mussels were imported from Naples and Temento. England supplied oysters. With all their refinement the ancients had no bread, but a mass of unfermented paste, resembling the modern polenta. Epicharmus, the Greek, admits shell-fish into his poem of "The Marriage."

The breakfast of a Roman lady of fashion was a simple but elegant repast, the description of which may astound the female philosophers of the temperance movement. The Domina rose at noon ; and as she was seated at her toilet, under the care of the unhappy slaves whose duty it was to pare her nails and arrange her hair, the door opened, and two beautiful pages, dressed in the finest Egyptian linen, their long curls flowing over their shoulders, approached, one bore a silver kettle of boiling water, the other a golden basket, in which eight Callisthruian figs, so prized for their rose-coloured seeds, are laid upon fresh vine leaves. With him he also brought a polished salver of African citron wood supporting an exquisitely-shaped flask of choice wine, and a pair of silver goblets, one for hot water, the other for the wine. The lady ate the figs, drank the wine and water, and was prepared on that slender meal to face the excitement of a Roman holiday. Of a very different character was the dinner. Perhaps no better instance of the excesses by which it was marked can be cited than the description of the feast of Trimalchio in Petronius Arbiter. The host was a man

who had risen from low estate to the senate ; let us see how, through the mere contagion of example, he entertained his guests. First, they are invited to enter the bath, where, after being "sluiced" with perfumes, they are dried in blankets of the softest and finest wool. At the door of the house stands the porter, dressed in green, with a cherry-coloured sash, and on the lintel a magpie in a golden cage, trained to salute the guests as they enter. The walls are covered with inscriptions, illustrating various stages in the life of the proprietor, amongst which is one recording in gilt letters, the first day he dined abroad. The servants are most strictly desired to see that each guest, on crossing the threshold of the banqueting-room, puts the right leg forward, for it is an unlucky omen when one enters otherwise. As they are seated, the chamber is invaded by a number of Egyptian boys, who pour snow-water on their hands and pick their nails, singing all the time. -The first course is served up ; Trimalchio does not appear, but the place of honor, on the middle couch of the triclinium is reserved for him. Whilst the first course is being served, let us glance at the table. In the centre is the figure of an ass in Corinthian metal, supporting panniers filled with black and white olives. Close to him are two enormous dishes of silver ; and a number of salvers also of silver, bearing dormice furnished with poppy seed and honey, are laid at regular intervals along the board ; besides which, sausages heaped on silver gridirons smoke at either end. A burst of music resounds through the hall, and Trimalchio enters. He is dressed in a scarlet mantle, and under his chin is a napkin, bordered with fringes and the broad purple of the senate. Rings of immense value ornament his fingers, and his arms are clasped with bracelets of ivory and gold. He says he has only come to apologise for his absence ; and when he has satisfied his conscience in this respect leaves the room, followed by a boy bearing a draught-board of juniperwood and crystal dice. He has scarcely disappeared when a wooden hen with extended wings is placed upon the table, and the servants, searching in the straw upon which she broods, discover a number of peafowls' eggs, and distribute them among the guests. Again the host enters, and at the desire of the company two Ethiopians pour wine from leathern bottles on the hands of the guests. An unhappy servant, happening to let fall a dish, has his ears boxed by his master, at whose command the groom of the chamber enters and sweeps off the silver utensils with a broom. The guests are now placed at separate tables ; and Trimalchio, who reclines upon his couch, propped up with a number of small pillows, gives a signal, at which glass jars, labelled "OPIMIAN FALERNIAN, A HUNDRED YEARS OLD," are brought in, and placed before the guests, "O dear, O dear," cried the host, "to think that wine should be longer lived than we poor manikins * * * I did not put so good on my table yesterday, and I had much more respectable men than you to dine with me." The courtesy and candour of his last observation are above all praise, Douglas Jerrold could not exceed it for open-mindedness. And now comes the second course. It consists of a large tray, ornamented with the twelve signs of the zodiac, on each of which the structor had placed some emblematic dish : on Aries, ram's-head pies ; on Taurus, a piece of roast

beef; on Gemini, kidneys and a lamb's fry; on Cancer, a crown; on Leo, African figs; on Virgo, a young sow's paslet; on Libra, a pair of scales, in one of which were tarts, in the other cheese-cakes; on Scorpio, a little sea-fish of the same name; on Sagittarius, a hare; on Capricorn, a lobster; on Aquarius, a goose; on Pisces, two mullets, and on the middle there is a green turf, on which lay a honeycomb. Hardly has this rare invention been placed before the guests, then an Egyptian slave, chaunting a hymn, the subject of which is wine, flavored with Laserpitium, a plant of great value with the ancients, but unknown to modern botany; and when he has set down a portable oven of bread on the table, the host cries out, "Pray, gentlemen, fall to; you see your dinner." The company are amazed at being invited to partake of so sorry a dish, and grumblings are beginning to circulate, when four attendants lift the cover of the oven and reveal beneath it a delicious spread of crammed fowls, sow's paps, and a hare, ingeniously modelled after the conventional figure of Pegasus. At the corners of the tray are placed statuettes of Marsyas, squirting in the viands the *garum piperatum*, which Pliny calls "an exquisite liquor," and Seneca "a precious sanies." "Cut," exclaims Trimalchio, and the order is obeyed by a fellow who carves with a rythmical movement, and a variety of gestures, with which all present are delighted and amused. Conversation becomes general, and the host gravely tells the schoolmen and wranglers that they were born under the sign of the Ram, himself under the Crab, and women, run-aways, and jail-birds, under Virgo. He is stopped by the entrance of servants, who spread tapestry, representing hunting scenes, before the couches. Suddenly the chamber re-echoes with the deep bayings of dogs, and a pack of Spartan hounds rush into the room, gallop around the tables, and disappear. Now, for a fresh wonder. A wild boar, capped, and garnished with sweetmeats, with baskets of Syrian and Theban dates hanging from its tusks, is borne in; the carver plunges his long knife into its side, liberating a swarm of field-fares, which flutter about the room until caught on reeds anointed with bird lime. Trimalchio seizes the moment to deliver some moral reflections on the shortness of life, the instability of fortune, "We," he says, "are mere blown bladders on two legs, less than flies; they are good for something, and we are no better than bubbles." Crysanthus, a friend of his, is being buried, and the survivor consoles himself by remembering that the dead was "carried out on the bed he used to lie on, covered with good blankets." The conduct of Chrysanthus' wife was not all he could wish, and thereupon he falls to moralizing on her sex, in a strain of most fastidious compliment. "Woman," he observes, "is a sort of kite, a man ought never waste the least kindness on one of the sex; it is the same as throwing it into a well." After a pause, which gives him time to wash his forehead with perfume, there are carried in three white hogs, with bells about their necks, and one being chosen by the guests, is sent to the kitchen to be cooked. It would be a pity to omit the last remark of Trimalchio, intended for a comment on the story told now by his neighbour Agamemnon. "If the fact is so," said he, "it

admits of no controversy—if it is not so, there's an end of the matter.” Admirable logician!

The laughter roused by this fine sally, had not wholly subsided when they were startled by a fresh surprise. This is the hog, which is laid upon the table, feet uppermost. Trimalchio springs to his feet and claps his hands in agony, calling to Hercules to witness that the rascally cook has not disembowelled the animal. The Roman soyer is called in, confesses that he forgot to open the boar, and is sentenced to be flogged for his neglect. Whilst the company are pleading for his pardon, the master of the house smiles, and turning to the culprit, “Come,” he says, “you, with the short memory, let us see if you can bowel him before us!” At the word, the cook slashes the smoking sides, and out comes a wealth of sausages and puddings; his dexterity is rewarded with a crown of silver leaf, and a drinking cup on a Corinthian salver. A slave drops a cup, at which Trimalchio addresses him in these considerate words, “Go and kill yourself instantly, for you are careless.” At the intercession of the guests, the man is pardoned, and he directly begins dancing and shouting, “Out of doors with the water and in with the wine.” An obscene dance is proposed, but the suggestion is overruled. Acrobats are introduced, and one falls from the top of a ladder on the head of the host, by whom he is forgiven, and made a freeman, that it might not be said a man of such consequence had been made black and blue by a slave. In strange contrast with this piece of generosity, a slave is soundly thrashed for binding his master’s arm in white instead of purple flannel. To this interlude succeeds a lottery, the tickets, all prizes, being drawn from a cup. The joke of the entertainment lies in the curious names, having still stranger significations, written on the slips of parchment. “A pillow” means a scrag of mutton; “pears and peaches,” a whip and a knife; “sparrows and a fly-trap,” raisins and Attic honey; “a lamprey and a letter,” a mouse tied to a frog and a bundle of beet-root; and so on until the devices exhausted all the ingenuity of the lottery-holder. One of the guests happening to laugh, is rebuked in terms of the lowest scurrility by a freed man of Trimalchio. “What are you laughing at, you sheep? is not my master’s entertainment to your worshipful taste? * * * you brat, with the milk in your nose, you pipkin, you strip of soaked leather. What are you gaping at, like a buck-goat in a field of vetches?” Finally, Trimalchio, delighted with the eloquence of his freed-man, interposes and commands silence, acutely observing that the vanquished in *such* strife is victor still. A company of actors known as Homerists are admitted; and in the course of a short performance, illustrating a passage from the Iliad, Ajax cuts up a calf, and presents the guests with a fragment apiece on the point of his sword. Suddenly, the beams of the ceiling divide, and from the dome above them, is let down a silver hoop, hung with gold crowns and perfumes in pots of alabaster. A glance at the table discovers a fresh supply of sweetmeats, and the statue of an impure deity bearing apples and grapes. The cakes have been hollowed and filled with saffron water, which exudes from them at the slightest pressure of the hand. The guests cram them into their bosoms and napkins, until they are interrupted by the

entrance of three white-robed slaves, carrying the family lares, the bullæ, and the bust of Trimalchio, which latter is kissed by all present. At this stage of the banquet, a lictor, followed by a number of persons, appears at the table, and sits down without asking leave to the crammed fowls and chaperoned goose-eggs, with which the table has been newly provided. "This," says Trimalchio, "is Habinnas the Servir; he is a mason, and excels in making monuments." Habinnas, who has just returned from a funeral, is drunk, and his wife, Scintella, by whom he is accompanied, is rather put about by too much indulgence. At the request of Trimalchio, he gives a sketch of the funeral feast, tells how half the wine had to be poured upon the dead bones, of the hog crowned with a pudding, and garnished with fritters and giblets; cold tarts steeped in Spanish honey, with which latter he pleasantly besmeared himself; then there is a wilderness of fruits, including apples and lupines, a bear's ham, cream, cheese, grape jelly, a snail apiece, chitterlings, livers in pâté pans, turups, mustard, beans, and salted olives. When he has finished, Trimalchio looks at the slaves, and says, "If you have anything in the way of dessert bring it in." Thrushes in pastry stuffed with raisins and nuts are handed round, and then a disgusting dish made out of a hog. Oysters are next served up, with snails roasted upon silver gridirons, and to crown all, rich perfume is carried about by long-haired boys, who anoint the guests therewith, having first bound their heads, hands, and feet with flowers. Trimalchio discourses about his tomb with Habinnas, to whom he hands a laudatory inscription, which he wishes to have placed on his monument. A bath winds up a debauch, than which no stronger proof could be adduced of the depth of sensuality and coarseness to which the social life of Rome had been reduced by Paganism.

Greece was not so wholly debased. The intellect, at least, took precedence of the stomach; and when the money-holders sat down to a magnificent spread, an attempt was made to give it an air of refinement. Plato dilates on the pleasures of a feast, where the guests are gentlemanly and well-educated, and no flute-playing women or dancing-women are admitted but decency is observed everywhere, even, he adds, "if they drink a great deal of wine." He appears to consider conversation capital sauce for a banquet, and describes those who reject it for dancing and mumming as living the life of mollusks. Excesses naturally prevailed in the absence of a controlling element; but the picture of Greek festive life is by far brighter than that sketched by the polite pen of Petronius. The story of the marriage feast which Caranus made in Macedonia will furnish a curious pendant to the banquet of Trimalchio. Twenty guests were invited, to each of whom when they were seated, and crowned with golden chaplets, valued at five pieces, the entertainer presented a silver bowl, a loaf in a Corinthian salver, poultry, and ducks, pigeons, a goose, which they gave to their slaves when they had satisfied themselves. Platters of silver holding bread, hares, kids, doves, partridges and "every other kind of bird imaginable," were next given them, which were disposed of in the same way as the salvers; and to these followed fresh chaplets of flowers, twisted around circlets of gold.

As the company were amusing themselves with elegant trifles there came in flute-playing women, sambula-players, and women having each a gold and silver phial of perfume, with which they severally presented the guests. For supper there was served up a silver platter, upon which enclosed in a golden egg of great thickness, lay a huge roast boar stuffed with roasted thrushes and pannches, fig-pickers, and oysters covered with the yolk of eggs ; and to every one present was given a boar thus encased. Wine was then offered, and a hot kid and a golden spoon was laid before each of the invited. Caranus seeing that his guests were embarrassed from want of stowage, desired them to be furnished with baskets of twisted ivory, and second pairs of cruets, and clapping his hands there appeared dancers and jugglers, who amused the revellers by standing on their heads and vomiting fire from their mouths. Thasian, Mendæan, and Leeban wines in golden goblets succeeded the exhibition, and to them glass goblets of great size stuffed with roasted fishes. Nor did the bounty of Caranus end here, for he presented his guests with triplicates of the phials of perfume, and silver baskets of Cappadocian bread ; and when one of them swallowed a gallon of Thasian wine, exclaiming, “ He who drinks most, will be the happiest,” he told him to keep the “ cup,” and gave one of the same pattern and value to each of his friends. Fresh chaplets and golden circlets double the weight of the former he also bestowed, and when this part of the ceremony was over, a hundred men walked around the tables singing an epithalamium, with dancing girls costumed to represent the nymphs and nereids. The slaves being ordered to bring the wine round rapidly, Mandrogenia, the buffoon danced a measure with his wife, a woman more than eighty years of age, their gestures and contortions, causing unbounded laughter. The pair disappeared at a given signal, and sweetmeats in baskets of plaited ivory were handed round, and also Cretan cheesecakes. This wound up the entertainment, and the guests went home loaded with the treasures they had received during the evening. It was much the custom to ridicule the moderation which characterised the Attic banquets. Lynceus, in his “ Centaur,” represents them as chiefly consisting of garlic, sea urchins, cockles, and caviare, with a chance of oysters. Mateon is more complimentary to the people of Attica, and in a description of one of their banquets, mentions white loaves, oysters, sea urchins, anchovies, pinneæ, fat cockles, turbots, mullets, cuttle fishes, congers, eels, perch, black tails, tunny, shark, (which he prizes,) a cestrea sargi, amias, chrysophrys, crabs, lampreys, soles, and sturgeons, sea-thrushes, a ham, (the division of which caused much uproar,) black broth, pig’s feet, turkey ; and furthermore, perfumes, garlands and wine ! so that, after all, and despite the ridicule of the wits, Attica, appears to have known what a feast should be. It is related of a Lacedæmonian General, Pausanias, that on the capture of the Imperial tent of Xerxes, he ordered the slaves to prepare a feast, such as the fugitive monarch was accustomed to sit to ; and at the same time desired his people to prepare one of their own fashion. And when both were ready he called in his generals, pointing to the luxury of the former, and saying it was impossible that a man who lived so sumptuously and

delicately, could make a good soldier. Indeed, so frugal were the Lacedæmonians that a citizen of Sybaris is reported to have used these words, "It is natural enough for the Lacedæmonians to be the bravest of men, for any man in his senses would rather die ten thousand times over than live in such a miserable way as this." Nevertheless, although Plato held them up as examples of temperance to the rest of Greece, they soon fell out of their austere ways, and about the time Cleomenes, competed with the Persians in luxury and extravagance. The hard benches whereon they were used to recline during meals, were exchanged for richly-adorned couches furnished with pillows and embroidered curtains; they even descended to the use of perfume and garlands. Cleomenes contributed by the force of his own example to reform the national manners, but his success was questionable. The people had tasted the flesh-pots, and were disgusted thenceforth with the republican lentiles. We are told that Alexander the Great spent a hundred minæ every day in entertaining his friends; he was rivalled by the king of Persia, who supped with fifteen thousand men at the cost of four hundred talents, a story which will appear incredible when we remember that Menander estimates the greatest cost of a banquet including meats, wines, perfumes, ointments, dancers, and singers, at a single talent. Plato, the author of *Phoen* gives the following sketch of the preliminaries of a banquet in his day, and which is given, translated with a latitude of freedom, excusable, because of the unintelligibility of the original :—

" And then two slaves brought in a well-rubbed table,
 And then another and another, till
 The room was filled, and then the hanging lamps
 Beamed bright, and shone upon the festive crowns,
 And herbs, and dishes of rich delicacies,
 And then all arts were put in requisition
 To furnish forth a most luxurious meal.
 Barley-cakes white as snow did fill the baskets,
 And then were served up not coarse, vulgar pots,
 But well-shaped dishes, whose well-ordered breadth
 Filled the rich board, eels and well-stuffed congor,
 A dish fit for the gods. Then came a platter
 Of equal size, with dainty sword-fish fraught,
 Then fat cuttle-fish, and the savoury tribes
 Of the long, hairy polypus. After this
 Another orb appeared upon the table,
 Rival of that just brought from off the fire,
 Fragrant with spicy odour. And on that
 Again were famous cuttle-fish, and these
 Fair maids, the honeyed squills, and dainty cakes,
 Sweet to the palate, and large buns of wheat
 Large as a partridge, sweet, and round, which you
 Do know the taste of well. And if you ask
 What more was there, I'd speak of luscious chine,
 And loin of pork, and head of boar, all hot,
 Cutlets of kid, and well-boiled pettitoes,
 And ribs of beef, and heads and snouts of tails.
 Then kid again, and lambs, and hares, and poultry,
 Partridges, and the birds from Phasis' stream ;

And golden honey, and clotted cream was there,
 And cheese, which I did join with all in calling,
 Most tender fare. And when we all had reached
 Satiety of food and wine, the slaves
 Bore off the still full tables ; and some others
 Brought us warm water for to wash our hands."

Cleopatra, after all, appears to have outdone every one in the banquets she prepared for Antony. Every dish was of gold, inlaid with precious stones ; the walls were hung in purple, embroidered with gold, all of which she presented to him when the feast was over. On the second day when he came, accompanied by his captains, he sat down to a banquet to which the other, in the words of Socrates, the Rhodian, "appeared contemptible." Each captain took away the couch on which he had reclined, and the goblet he had used. And to some she gave slaves and palanquins, to others horses with golden furniture ; and the floor on the fourth day was strewn a cubit deep with roses covered over with silk nettings, on which her guests lay, the flowers alone being worth more than a talent. All the boasted splendour of Persian luxury looks trivial, compared with the costliness and bounty of this queenly entertainment.

It will be seen that on the whole, the ancients were capable of appreciating a capital dinner, and knew the way to make their friends happiest. It was princely liberality, which not only entertained you for a whole night, with a multitude of dishes, in which extravagance and invention ran riot, but insisted on your leaving loaded with sacks of gold goblets and silver platters. We have changed all this. At a wedding party now, it is usual to give, instead of receive ; and your respectability runs the hazard of being measured by the richness of your offering. No one says to you, "Oblige me by taking home this little vase," or "Pray, accept of this Dresden trifle ;" on the contrary, a domestic espionage is established over the plate, and your host thinks it necessary when you have left to count up the spoons. Nevertheless, altered manners do not prevent us reducing, or rather elevating the grand necessity of existence to the rank of a science. Human nature applauds it daily and hourly by the pealing of dinner-bells, from one end of the world to the other. "Those be our golden watches," dear to our very soul, innovation though they be on the mysterious formalities which clustered round the classic mahogany.

HONORIA DEANE.

A MOORLAND TALE.

BY RUTH MILLAIS.

PART II.

It is Sunday evening. Michael Deane has gone for a gossiping ramble with one or two of the other politicians of Lettergesach. Honoria sits in the house alone, with her arms resting on the kitchen table. Her hair is as tidy as

ever, and her gown as neat, but where is the bit of rosy ribbon that was wont to light up her dusky beauty on Sunday evenings? There it is, tying up a little bundle that lies before her on the table.

The January sun stretches itself upon the floor, and falls to her feet. She can see where she sits the smiling brown moors, with the purple shades stealing down their sides, and the valley river coming tripping along in the sunshine, showing its sweet white feet glancing here and there through a gap in a broken bank, or a lurch in the uncertain upland. Everything is still, and glad, and at rest. Honoria has somewhere read, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," and she tries to have faith.

Half a dozen hot, heavy tears rain into her lap. Startled and angry at their unbidden appearance, she shakes them from her apron, winks their dew from her eyelashes, and looks straight out through the door again. There is an invisible path leading round that distant, mighty old headland, with the royal robe of purple, and the golden crown of whins. Where does it lead to? Letthereen. Following Honoria's eyes, we have hit on her thought. Willie must get Letthereen. That is it.

Willie must get Letthereen to till and to make fruitful, to gladden his heart, and to shelter his wife; and how he is to get it, is what Honoria must think of and plan for, while she has quiet and leisure to think, and before it be too late. Her sober judgment has convinced her of the truth of Willie's words. Her father's anger will burst with a terrible crash on his head, when what has happened can be no longer hidden from him. He will, no doubt, revenge his mortified pride by depriving Willie of Letthereen. Unless—and Honoria breathes thick as she thinks of that unless—he can be induced to give it to him before he knows what has passed between them. In that case, the self-same pride would forbid him to withdraw a gift made before the eyes of the world; and if there be anger to be borne with, Honoria will bear the brunt of it. She will use all her wits, her very utmost power and strength to win that farm for Willie.

For a dire picture has risen before her eyes, and haunted her since that night. Willie, a broken-down, dispirited man, toiling at his day's spade-labor for a pittance of wages, when he can get it, in scanty Lettergesch; often going hungry for want of even so much. Sorrow of her own she can endure, but not the thought of Willie's suffering. Her father does not want Letthereen, even were she married and settled there, he would be loath to part the old walls, or stir from the spot his habits have grown to. It is only for her he wants it, and she will not have it. She wants no dowry, for she will wed no husband. She has vowed never again to see Letthereen, and shall the tide carry it from the cliffs, or the rain soak in the thatch, and make ponds of the rooms, for want of a caretaking presence about its walls? No, no; she must set all her woman's ingenuity to work, to induce her father to bestow his gift at once.

The sun fades upon the floor, the brook has ceased to dance, the clouds begin to gather, and the winds to sob. The short January day is nearly spent.

Honoria's eyes fall now upon her little packet. She takes it in her

hand to the fire-place, and sits down upon the hearth. A blaze is stirred, and over it Honoria's hand is raised, when she draws it back, once more unfastens and looks on its contents. Behold the materials for a funeral pile, whereon are to be consumed the ashes of a dead hope. Ah! high-born lady, you who smile over your scented billets, and value as the apple of your eye, yon rich casket of wedding jewels, how would you despise this humble treasure of poor Honoria's, this Koh-i-noor of the peasant girl's heart! There are few letters, for Willie was seldom absent for long at a time, and those few are written on coarse blue paper, and creased and stained with constant reading and hiding in apron pockets. There is the bit of palm he got for her on last Easter Sunday, and the violets that they plucked on their way, while strolling round by Letthereen. There is—but it is no use laying bare so unsparingly what Honoria would have died, rather than acknowledge to any living creature. One by one they are held over the blaze, and watched, and paused over, till each has been separately consumed, till the blessed branch has ceased to crackle, and falls away in dust, and the last spark has gone crinkling through the blackened paper, and left it indistinguishable from the turf ashes on the hearth. Last of all the string is burnt. Honoria will wear no more gay ribbons. That duty has been unflinchingly done, and Honoria rises and begins to set out the table for the evening meal.

"Honor," said old Michael, as they sat silently by the fire, "you're pale these days, an' you've never a song, nor a blithe word. What's the matter, girleen?"

Honoria's heart stood still. Here was the longed-for opportunity, yet for a moment she shrank from seizing it. But the strong will conquered.

"Troth, father," said she "I'll tell the truth. I'm frettin' about Willie!"

Michael Deane smiled from under his wrinkled brows. It was good. Here was Honoria, who had feigned indifference and independence so long grown anxious and love-sick at last. He would tease her a little.

"Hoot, girl," said he, "what are you grumblin' about? What's the matter with the boy? Is'n he strong an' well, an' a good prospect before him? You're time enough to be marryin' yet."

"I don't want to marry," said Honoria, "we're both young, an' we've no business to be marryin', but I will say that it's hard on Willie, always workin' among strangers, for next to nothin'. Where's the use of tillin' another man's lan' and your own lyin' by? You ought to give him Letthereen, that you promised him, at wanst, and let him be makin' much o'it. It would make a new man o' him, so it would."

There it was out! Honoria paused, hot and breathless. But there was nothing to fear. The old man only smiled and shook his head.

"You'd ha' made a good soldier, if you had been a boy," said he, "for you can fight when you take the cause to heart; nobody could beat you. You'd go through thick an' thin till you'd manage your point, but I'm not goin' to fight you. Willie shall have the farm. I'll not stan' his dull looks, an' your pale face. Take the key o' the ould brown chest, an' fetch

the papers when you list, they're made out an' lawyered long ago, an' give them to Willie when you see him again."

Honorria was shocked into silence. She felt like a criminal; the very easiness and suddenness of the victory, which she had hoped to gain only by time and perseverance, filled her with remorse for the part she was acting. The conquest was made without a struggle, and there sat the generous old foe, vanquished and smiling behind his tobacco wreath. In happier days, at such a kindly act, the impulsive girl would have hugged the old man in her joy, and thanked him eloquently, but now the consciousness of deceit embarrassed her tongue, and paralyzed her actions. She only stooped her guilty face over the dear old rough hand, as it lay on the chair-arm, and kissed it hurriedly, as if ashamed of the action, while she murmured, "You're very good to me, father; you're too good to me."

Michael Deane laughed the rare musical laugh of gladdened old age, and stroked his daughter's bent head.

"The girleen's cracked," said he, "she's lost her sassy tongue, an' taken to blarneyin' her ould father."

Honorria kept her face from the light, but took the key that was placed in her hand. She did not quickly raise her head, something was telling her (and these presentiments do visit us sometimes) that it would be long ere she should be fondled so again. Never had she felt a child's love so strong in her heart as just then. She had almost let her tears flow, and told him all, but that was only the mad impulse of a moment, and was jostled aside by the next quick-coming thought. There was a bitter conflict in her heart, love pitted against love, remorse venting its useless passion upon an unflinching purpose. A fight that could only end one way, when all the combatants were faint and exhausted. She sat on the floor so long with bowed head, that Michael thought she slept.

"Don't sleep here, asthore," he said, kindly, "I'm ready to go too, an' it's time for bed."

Honorria obeyed, but stopped him as he left the kitchen.

"Father, have you any objection to my goin' over to-morrow to my aunt Peggy's? I can see Willie there, an' give him the papers."

"Not a bit, not a bit: go this minit if you like, for fear them same papers might burn your fingers," and laughing his pleased laugh again, old Michael Deane closed his door.

I wonder if the winter is so beautiful in every other highland as it is in our lone, lone Connemara! Singular people that we are, suffering cannot crush out of us the admiration of our mother Nature, even in her most terrible aspect. Whether she comes, robed in ermine, ice-crowned, fiery-eyed, and relentless, to torment us with pinching cold, or like Niobe, wailing, with tears, for the pains of her children; still there is beauty in her mien, and, in sorrow and privation, we worship it.

Honorria worshipped in spirit as she went along her wet way that January morning, holding the hood of her red cloak firmly under her chin. It was one of those days common to our highlands, which I always asso-

ciate with a certain human mood, when fatigue, more of spirit than frame, has blanched the face, and deadened and darkened the eyes, and fettered the will with a heavy langour. Nature sat pale with mist, still and passive, nashed tears dimming her eyes, and a host of muttered complainings stifled in her breast. The moors lay waiting, waiting for the judgment day, as ever, with folded hands in silence, while the years and centuries roll on, and turn up other lands with their golden wheels, laying bare treasure to the world. Have these moors had any talent given them, and where have they hidden it?

Honorria liked this day. Its drear quiet suited her better than sunshine. She paused on the brow of the hill, and looked afar, afar. East, west, south, north, which way did the mighty world lie? For Honoria was feeling a vague yearning to leave Lettergesch and her youth behind, with their past joy, and present pain, and seek out that great world, of whose existence she knew, but of whose strife and surge she had never even heard the faint echoings. The outer world! Where? So isolated are we of the wilds, so hemmed in by mountain, cloud, and breaker, that we can scarcely at times believe in the existence of any other world than that of mist and heather, and weird legend around us, except it be that of star and angel, and soul-sustaining promise above our heads.

It was falling night when Honoria reached the house where she knew Willie was to be found. The door was fastened, but she saw through the window a picture that did her no good, for it seemed the reverse of another, which haunted her memory. Willie was there, and by his side a fair head, instead of her own dark one, the head of a gentle-faced, soft-haired girl. In the corner, sat an aged woman, in the chair where (as it seemed) her old deceived father ought to sit. These three figures made the picture, and there was the fire-light as of old, vaguely shadowing forth the details, and lighting and harmonizing the whole. For the first time, a bitter sense of wrong swelled in her heart. Till now, in all her trouble, grief had been kept under by a siding with Willie, a sympathy for him, because she knew all the world else would blame him. In her misfortune she had only realized one agent, but now here was another before her eyes, that other who had elbowed her from her pleasant path, and whose shadow had darkened her life. Suddenly and mercilessly anger gnawed at her life-strings, and the idea of evil for evil sprang up in her heart like a scathing light. One minute's indulgence of this new horrible sensation, and the papers had been torn in her hands, and she had returned home with her errand undone. But the habit of self-control, which seemed inherent to Honoria's nature stood her friend now, she turned from the window, and stood with her face uplifted to the now beating rain, praying that it might extinguish the unholy fire in her breast. Then, dashing thought aside, she knocked sharply at the door. Some one opened it, she dared not look to see who, but merely asked for Willie Glen. She heard low voices, and then Willie's feet coming. She thrust the papers into his hand, without looking at him, saying, "Father sent you these with his blessin'; take them, an' make use o' them at wanst." She did not

wait a moment to hear what Willie's answer might be ; it seemed as if the household spirit of that cabin had crept out like a serpent, and stung her feet on the threshold, for she sprang from the doorway, and was lost in the thickening dark.

Honorria stopped all night at her aunt Peggy's, and next evening found her wending her way homeward, trying to assume a cheerful countenance, and coining pleasant speeches, to prevent her father suspecting the truth. Her mind was easier, now Willie had got the farm past recall, she trusted to time and her own ingenuity, to break the real state of affairs to the old man, and reconcile him to what was inevitable. It never struck her that he might chance to hear the news through some other channel, that others besides herself already knew of Willie Glen's faithlessness.

Drawing near the house she saw her father's figure standing in the doorway, and hurried onward. Approaching closer, she looked up, shrank, and would have fled away had it been in her nature to fly from any trial or danger. As it was, she raised her fearful eyes to her father's face, and saw thunder on his brows, and lightning in his eyes. Seemingly not able to trust himself with speech, he beckoned her in, and made room for her to pass. Shuddering and trembling, at she knew not what, Honorria stood on the kitchen floor, mechanically unfastening her dripping cloak. At last Michael's wrath found words.

"So you've come," he began, in a voice portentous in its husky indistinctness. "You've come home afther your night's work, to the father you've desaved, an' the home you've ruined. Just as if Willie Glen hadn't married another woman, an' you knowin' it, an' bribin' him to it, for your own cursed ends, whatever they are, bribin' him with the bit out o' your ould father's mouth, an' the sweat off his brow. Just as if you hadn't robbed him of every penny he had, an' made away with it to them that should be worse to you than the stranger. As if you hadn't made a beggar of him in his old age, without a roof to cover'him!"

"Oh ! I didn't know," moaned Honorria, piteously, as she sank into a seat.

" Didn't know ?" cried Michael, his white hair shaking with passion. " Was I goin' to tell the world that every penny I possessed, an' more, was sunk in Letthereen, to make it rich and comfortable for—for—? Was I goin' to tell there is debt on this house, an' debt on this lan', more than ever I'll pay now, if I sell every stick and stock we have ? May be you don't know, Honor Deane, that you're a beggar, an' so am I, that toiled an' sweated for your good, an' all through an ongrateful, onnatural child ! My curses——"

The words that should have followed sank in an indistinct gurgling sound in the old man's throat, he stared, gasped, clutched at the table, and fell heavily to the ground, stricken by the withering hand of paralysis.

With a wild cry, Honorria sprang to his side, and hardly more sensible than he, chafed his hands and tore open his neckcloth. Finding her efforts vain to restore him, and crazed by the horrible fear that he had died in cursing her, she dragged him to his bed, and flew to summon assistance.

Midnight came, and the little dwelling was wrapped in gloom. The doctor had come and gone, shaking his head. The priest's visit was also over, and he spoke a parting word to Honoria on the threshold.

"Watch by his side all night," he said, "for I fear the turn of the morning for him."

And Honoria watched the night through, and the breaking clouds of a new morning showed her wan and worn.

Michael stirred just as the darkness was growing gray. He opened his eyes, and fixed them on Honoria. In a few moments he spoke sensibly, though with difficulty.

"Somethin' has happened me," he said, "I know that I'm dyin'. Whisht, darlin', don't be cryin'. I wish Willie was here; but give him my love an' blessin', he'll be a good husband to you."

God, in mercifully dealing this blow, had abstracted the one bitter drop in the cup of death. Memory's dimming mirror showed the old man nothing that had lately happened. He was loving, and peaceful, and happy.

"Kiss me, avourneen," he whispered, "and God bless my darlin'. Willie an' you'll be snug in Lethereen. I'm dyin' happy. I toiled for it, but the Lord's rest's comin'. Glory be to God! Kiss me again, asthore, an' let me rest, for I'm worn out."

Honoria did kiss him, and bent over him in an anguish that he, in his serene death, knew not. And the full dawn found two white faces side by side on the bed. One was claimed by Death, who stood by in fair robes of hope, but of the other, Life had not yet loosened its hold.

Let us think of how swiftly half a dozen years fly by, how soon the little occurrences that fill up their moments and hours are forgotten, how eagerly we look forward to the future lying beyond each as it passes us, and we will find it easy to pass in silence over so much time in our story, and take it up at a new period.

There was once a year that came on us like God's curse, dyeing Time's wing with a darker stain than human blood ever left upon it. It came, like a great moving cloud from space, heralded by weeping rains, and passionate winds, and the spoliation and barrenness of our mother earth. It came, passing harmless over sinful cities and God-forgetting lands, and burst with unutterable fury over this faithfulest province in God's faithfulest isle. That was the famine year, whose history I am not going to write, for my pen shrinks from the record, and the ink grows red under my eyes. But the famine came, and people in the world outside believe they knew it came, as if any one who did not suffer or see, could know.

When Honoria Deane quitted her father's grave and sold his possessions, and paid his debts, and when recruited strength had furnished her with sufficient energy and resolution, she turned her face outward, and sought that mighty world which she had longed to visit. Hard-working and cheerful she had found favour among strangers, and wanted for nothing that the body needs. But that terrible year came, and in a distant city Honoria heard with a shuddering heart of the monster that was slaying

her kin in her far-off, fondly-remembered Lettergesch, making of the moors one vast unearthened charnel-house for the unburied dead.

Honoraria's industry had hoarded a little money, and with the quick impulse of her strong nature, she determined to seek her old home with full hands, and relieve all the suffering that her means would allow. With a heart full of anxious mercy she returned to the wilds, and arrived one desolate morning in the village where in olden days she had gone with her father to purchase her little household treasures.

But how changed! The little shops all shut up, a melancholy silence reigning in the streets, gaunt men, and famishing children walking about idly, and looking piteously in one another's faces. One house, where they said people were giving out scanty relief, was besieged by a ravenous, complaining crowd, and this spot seemed the focus, whence all the feeble life of the place seemed to radiate. Honoraria left her bulky baggage at the deserted inn, and taking with her one well-stored hamper in a cart, set out for Lettergesch.

And oh! what a terrible journey that was. Wasted, discoloured forms met her at intervals on the road, some were already corpses, others struggled in the last agonies of the horrid death by hunger. White faces, imploring eyes, surrounded her path like the terrifying phantoms of a nightmare. Her progress was slow, for no one whom she could help was passed without some morsel to stay the tearing claws of the vulture starvation.

It was dark when she reached her destination. Whither was she bending her steps? To Letthereen, where else? To see that Willie and his family wanted for nothing that she could give them. She had prayed God to remit that rash promise made in her misery long ago, that she would never again set foot in Letthereen; and now she was seeking it in love and mercy.

There was no light to overwhelm memory, no time for thought. In the darkness she knocked again and again, but no one replied to her summons. The windows did not show the faintest thread of light, neither did the chinks of the door. There was no life about the place, it stood utterly empty, dark, and abandoned in the stormy night.

Sorrowing she turned away. Were they then all dead? Swept away by the terrible famine fever? Forced to seek for a night's shelter, she found the road again, and travelled on, looking vainly on every side for a light on the dreary moors. Hopeless and half frozen, she had asked herself was she to journey thus the night through, when all at once, close by the roadside, she saw the gray gleaming wall of a cabin. Again she knocked at a door, but this time the call was answered. A man opened the door.

"I cannot turn you away," he said, in reply to her request for shelter, "but you had better not come in, unless you want to catch the fever. We're all down except myself."

"Never mind!" said Honoraria, for even in that light, and through his altered looks, she recognised Willie.

She took her hamper from the cart, and had it carried into the cabin, and then she fastened the door, and looked about her. The place was bare

of everything but firing, turf there was, however, that one true friend that the poor man finds on the moor. She seized on it, and built a goodly fire, coaxing the embers into a blaze. When the light sprung up, it showed her Willie's wife, stretched on a pallet in the corner, two little children and a baby by her side. With fast running tears Honoria opened her hamper, which was well stored with good meats and bread, and some wine. She cut a sparing slice and held it towards Willie.

He had sat passive, whilst she stirred about the cabin, as if after her coming at all, he had ceased to wonder at any thing his strange visiter might choose to do. But as she handed him the bread, the light discovered her face, and Willie uttered the sharp cry, "Honor!"

"Aye! Willie," said she, soothingly, "I'm Honor, come back. Have you no welcome for me? I'm come in love and friendliness to save ye all."

Willie's head fell despondently on his breast. "It's too late," said he; "too late. You robbed yourself an' them that's gone wanst before for us, and now we're past your help. Them that's lyin' there'll never rise again."

"Don't say so," cried Honoria, vehemently, "trust in God that sent me here. Through His mercy it'll all be well with them yet."

"Aye! in heaven!" was Willie Glen's answer.

He was right. Hunger and disease had worn out the poor mother and her little ones, and with all Honoria's tender care, the fever would only make way for death. Willie's wife and children were swept from him the next day, only the little baby remained, and when the dead were decently buried, Honoria strained the little lovely thing to her breast, and promised to be a mother to it.

When Willie Glen had been in some measure roused from the stupor in which grief and want had sunk him, Honoria heard with grave sympathy the tale of his misfortunes. Lethereen had never thriven with him. One petty trouble after another had reduced its value, wet seasons killed the crops, and cold and disease the cattle, and when at last the hard times came, and the potatoes blackened in the ground, he was forced to sell the farm for little or nothing, in order to procure the necessaries of life for his family. No work was to be had, and the scarce food was ruinously dear, so that a few months found him empty-handed again. In fact, it was the old, old story common to the times.

Honoria said, "Willie you must go and shake the sorrow off you in another land; you must leave this unfortunate country. The sun's shinin' yet, though it isn't on Connemara."

Willie shook his head. "Where have I the means to stir from this? No, no; my grave's dug, like the rest. I fought it out long, like ever a man among them, but God said it, an' they had to give in, an' so must I. Them I would ha' died to save are gone, and why shouldn't I follow them?"

"I tell you, no, Willie!" said Honor. "God hasn't said you're to die, when he sends you the means of life, and points you out the road to the busy world, where you may work and live like thousands of

others. I have money enough, take it, you'll pay me some other day, when you're strong and hearty. Go off to America, an' earn plenty, an' grow stout an' thrifty, an' I'll keep the chil' till you come or send for her."

Thus, half by force, and half by persuasion, did Honoria succeed in sending Willie from his stricken home, away, away, across the seas.

Honoria staid ou in the cabin where she had found him. She returned no more to the outer world, but devoted herself to do what good she could in Lettergesch. While she had a morsel, it was shared with the starving, and many a dying pang did Honoria soothe, and many a lonely grave her hands dug and filled.

Self-denying, strong of heart, fearless of pain, her life of charity suited her. There was something Joan-of-Arc-like in her character. Danger dared, privation endured for the solace of others, cleared her brow, and brightened her eye.

At length God turned his face upon the sorrowing land. Famine relaxed its deadly gripe, leaving only its dire scars behind. Then, with a calmer mind, Honoria laboured late and early, to raise a thrifty homestead around her. Carrying rack, of wild nights, from the sea-shore, to manure her bit of land, spinning and knitting, and rearing cattle, and through all her labours, cheered by the smiles of the darling child, who was at once her care and her comfort. Her toil was blessed, and she reaped its fruits. As the years wore on, her cabin had a sonsy aspect; her ears of corn were well filled, and her spinning wheel was always busy. Her home was soon by far the neatest in Lettergesch. One little improvement after another was quietly made, till the whole looked pleasant and flourishing.

Seven years had the grass grown on the famine graves. Time had dealt lovingly with Honoria Deane, and left her still fresh and comely. She had tasted the weariness of age in early years, and now her youth seemed to linger fondly around her. Her hair was still gravely dark, nor had her figure lost its graceful roundness. On bright evenings she would sit in her doorway, and look peacefully out on the moors, with their hidden harvest of forgotten graves, feeling almost thankful for that woful memory that had risen up between her and an earlier one, and not blotting out the latter, had shown it to her through a softening vista, teaching her to bear willingly a solitary sorrow.

Spring had come, with the short nights that are so soon summoned from their starry dream by the soft echoing notes of the cuckoo, heralding dawn; with the mornings that smile on us through rosy cloud, and dazzling sun-mist, and the moons that brood over us with smiles, so warm and grateful, that we fancy Nature loves us too well ever to pain or harm us again. A soft purple bloom clothed the moors, and tormented rivers found relief and flowed on with smiling ease, murmuring their joy to the world as they went. Primroses and tender violets, nestled among ruined walls, and bloomed upon cabin floors and hearthstones, that had been quick with life and warmth when our story opened.

Mid-day was reigning, regal, lavish, golden, over the thankful land, when a well-dressed stranger, in the prime of life, crossed the hills, taking

the path to Lettergesch. He paused and looked at every brambly ruin that met him on his glad way, like so many skeletons at spring's feast of sunshine. Whence came he, for he looked not on Connemara with a stranger's eyes?

Honoria's day's work was done. She had lingered long at the doorway, watching the sun go down, and the moon rise young and fair over that far Atlantic, whose waters met the horizon with a white foaming line. The curlew had screamed his farewell from the rocks, and the night had gathered mild and serene, tracing with its mystic finger bright arabesques of stars over the dim curtain of the sky.

Honoria knelt at her prayers, with Willie's child slumbering beside her. A sound startled her. She looked up to see a strange shadow, coming between her and the stars.

Honoria rose to her feet, and, wondering, advanced to have her two hands clasped, and her ear filled by a well-known, long-silent voice. It was Willie Glen.

Willie, no longer drooping and dejected, but stalwart and erect, with frank, kindly speech, and a gentleman's bearing, as poor Honoria thought, and was awed.

Willie, with years of prosperity hanging around him like a mantle, too rich and vivid for Honoria's homely eyes to look on. Willie, holding her hands, and asking her to welcome him home. Oh! she had welcome to give him in a measure full and overflowing, but she had then no means of pouring it out at his feet.

She led him to the sleeping child, who was quickly roused by her father's kisses; and then the strange feeling has thawed away, and all the old stories were told, and God's special mercies counted and compared.

They sat at the door in the starlight. "Honor," said Willie, when many things had been talked over, and many dear graves visited reverently, in spirit, "I have one question to ask you, and if your answer be not the one my heart covets, I'll just say good-bye, and go across the sea again, where I come from."

And he asked his question in a lowered voice that none but herself had any right to hear. Again Honoria's hands were taken and held. She left them in Willie's, and said, looking frankly into his eyes—

"So help me God, Willie Glen, I'll be a good wife to you, and a mother to your child."

It was very late when Honoria closed her door upon Willie's retreating footsteps, and was alone with her God and her great comfort.

Letthereen was repurchased with Willie's far-fetched gold, and thrice and flourished, and joy rewarded Honoria's deep truth and faith by abiding with her, even to the brink of an eternity of Hope.

A JULY GARLAND.

THE PLAINT OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

" A little western flower.

Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."

" The fresh stream ran by her and echoed her moans."

SHAKSPEARE.

Tho' Summer, in a blaze of charms,
Hath woed me from my sadness,
Tho' Autumne meek salute my cheek,
And promise hours of gladness ;
Alas ! my grief is far too deep
From either joy to borrow ;
Will falling tears of many years
Be dried by hopes to-morrow ?

To me the sweet birds' notes are lost,
I cannot give them heeding ;
'Tis vain to sing or comfort bring,
My love, my Love Lies Bleeding ;
And tears afford more balm to grief
Than Summer's utmost splendour ;
And dirges low more suit my woe
Than Autumn's lyre can render.

What flow'r could wreath her face with smiles,
Her heart with cause for weeping ?
Ah ! knew you why this gory dye
My faithful breast is steeping,
You would not wonder that I'm sad
And droop in hopeless sorrow ;
And strange 'twill be, if e'er for me,
Come joy with coming morrow.

'Twas on a lovely summer eve,
The loveliest e'er was given,
I thought that hour ne cloud could low'r,
It had so much of heaven ;
But just as came my fairy love,
Upon a sunbeam splendid,
An envious thing, with poisoned sting,
His life and my hope ended.

It pierced him through his loving heart
 While at my fond side lying,
 The purple flood of his life blood.
 My snowy bosom dying !
 And now my only joy is grief,
 Of pleasure all unheeding.
 And thus you know my cause for woe,
 And wherefore Love Lies Bleeding.

SONG OF THE VINE.

"The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throag'd around———
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the muse's painting,
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, rais'd, refined."

COLLINS.

Ho ! I'm the Vine !
 Father of wine,
 And reeling sire of pleasure ;
 The purple tips
 Of my ripe lips
 Glow with my juicy treasure.

Come, who'll kiss me
 Shall happy be,
 And nothing know of sadness ;
 I smile, and lo !
 The face of woe
 Is bright with kindling gladness.

The vales prolong
 My Bacchant song,
 And gay Nymphs swell the chorus,
 In saltant ring
 The Satyrs sing
 And Orëads dance before us.

The lover fond,
 The mistress bland,
 The hermit in his cold crypt,
 Priest, statesman, brave,
 The freeman, slave,
 And scholar o'er an old script,

Will each, in turn,
 For Vine's kiss burn ;
 It rarifies man's leaven,
 And all agree
 In ecstasy,
 The Vine, the Vine makes heaven !

The queenly rose
 But dew drink knows—
 A tasteless, chilling slime 'tis ;
 Ho ! my veins' sluice
 Pours out joy's juice,
 Earth's nectar, glorious wine is !

Ho ! I'm that Vine,
 Father of wine,
 And reeling sire of pleasure ;
 The purple tips
 Of my ripe lips
 Glow with mantling pleasure.

IS HE DEAD ?

A CENTURY has elapsed since the important office of Prime Minister of England was held by Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, and of all the men who have occupied that powerful position, there never has been one whose name is more unimportant, or whose career is less calculated to enable the historian to notice any one great measure or any one great personal characteristic for the guidance or imitation of a British statesman. William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, was one of his colleagues, and they worked most harmoniously ; Pitt desired only such power as might be exercised by a high-minded, proud, self-respecting man ; he wished to keep his hands clean from either giving or receiving the wages of corruption. Newcastle, on the contrary, had a natural inclination for trafficking, and, like the impure birds of the Eastern deserts, manifested the strongest appetite for the strongest food. He strenuously insisted that he, and he alone, should have the disposal of the secret service money, and he felt more happy in securing the vote of a stray country gentleman by the promise of a gaugership for an illegitimate son, than in standing by his sovereign's throne whilst the representatives of the highest powers in Europe sought the Royal presence. Had Pitt been a peasant boy, he would have become a goat-herd, and leading his flock to pure and elevated localities, his desire would be to see his care—

“ Dumosa pendere procul de rupe.”

Newcastle, if born a peasant, would have taken to tending swine, and his only fault in such a pursuit would be that he would never cleanse the styes.

But, as ministers of the British Crown, the dissimilarity of their dispositions prevented the collisions which would naturally occur between men following the same objects through the same motives. When they met, Newcastle evinced a most agreeable pliancy in reference to Pitt's policy, and Pitt, aspiring to make himself the Great Commoner of England, and to render his name familiar as household words in every court in Europe, left the distribution of official garbage to the jobbing duke.

In 1754, Newcastle was busily engaged in using, to the best advantage, all the ministerial patronage, with a view to increase his adherents in the House of Commons, the Parliament having been dissolved. At the same time, Pitt was most anxious to employ all the influence of the British Government to promote the election of the Archduke Joseph as King of the Romans, in case of the death of the Emperor Francis I. The Duke was thinking of the Cornish boroughs : the Commoner was engrossed with the maintenance or augmentation of British influence on the continent, and only revolving how he could most effectually smite the Bourbons. The First Lord of the Treasury had established communications with every borough in which he had the slightest chance of gaining a seat. Pitt was more anxious that the British Minister at Vienna should have couriers ready to start with intelligence as to the issue of the Emperor's indisposition, in order that threats, promises, and subsidies might be at once applied to the several members of the German Diet. But an interference with his plans occurred, and an attack was made upon him, to which he was compelled for a time to yield. The gout assailed him, and, at once perceiving that the fit would be so severe as utterly to incapacitate him for some time from attending to business, he drove to the spacious mansion at the corner of Lincoln's Inn-fields, and communicated to his ducal colleague the necessity by which he was impelled to succumb for a time to his infirmity. Then, hastily imparting his political views, and urging on Newcastle their vast importance, he desired that, on the arrival of messengers from the continent, the Duke should give them immediate audience. His Grace at once entered into the desires of Pitt, and instantly gave directions that any person arriving, and desiring an interview, should be at once brought to his presence, whether early or late ; and that a porter should remain up at night, for the purpose of securing the messengers' prompt admission. Content with this arrangement, Pitt departed, and the Duke resumed a consultation with one of his supporters, Colonel Drisdale, who was about to contest the Cornish borough of St. Michael's, in opposition to Clive, who had returned from his early achievements in India, and brought that admirable recommendation to a borough constituency—a full purse. Clive was supported at St. Michael's by the powerful interest of Lord Sandwich. Newcastle was determined that Drisdale should be returned : he now eagerly applied himself to investigate the promise-book of his friend,—to interrogate him respecting his canvass, and to suggest future operations. Drisdale was desponding.

"It appears to me," said Newcastle, "that all depends on the part the Wrixons will take, that family have seven votes, they have heretofore opposed us, if you gain them over they will make the difference of fourteen on the poll, and they *must* be gained."

"But," replied Drisdale, "I have not been able to make the slightest impression on them, the younger fellows invariably refer me to old Wrixon, and he as invariably refuses to promise; all that I can get out of him is, that his second daughter has been recently married to a respectable but poor young man, and that he wishes his son-in-law to be appointed supervisor of excise at Falmouth, the present supervisor being in a dying state."

"And what did you say?" asked the Duke.

"I told him," answered Drisdale; "that I would be very happy to serve him, and that I should use my best influence to effect his object; but nothing would satisfy the fellow except a positive undertaking, which I could not give."

"But which I *can* give," said the Duke. "Drisdale, what a fool ye are not to have mentioned this to me before. The borough is ours if the rascals have not been already secured by Clive's money."

"They have not been secured," answered Drisdale. "Old Wrixon is in town; I saw him to-day, shook him warmly by the hand, and ascertained that he is at the Angel, St. Clement's."

The Duke rang the bell, desired the servant to call a coach, and directed Drisdale at once to go to the Angel and fetch old Wrixon to him. In less than an hour the seven voters for St. Michael's were represented by old Wrixon in the presence of the First Lord of the Treasury.

"Mr. Wrixon," said the Duke, "Colonel Drisdale is my most particular friend. He has importuned me to appoint your son-in-law to the supervisorship at Falmouth. I now promise you that, as soon as the vacancy occurs, your son-in-law shall have the place; and I am delighted to have in my power the means of serving a respectable family, in the welfare of which Colonel Drisdale takes the warmest interest."

"Well, my lord Duke," said the Cornish man, "this is main kind, very. Old Pencuddle cannot last, and it is a nice provision, so I can't but say that we will do our best for the colonel; but there's one thing yet."

"My friend," replied the duke, "I can know nothing of little election matters between you and Drisdale; that is an affair with which I cannot possibly intermeddle, and you must excuse me from——"

"Beg pardon, my lord," interrupted the old fellow, "it is not that, but I'm thinking that when Pencuddle's dead, we may be trying to see your Grace, day after day, and it's main hard to get at a duke, very, so we may come and go, my lord, and not see you till the place is filled by some one else, which wouldn't answer, that's all."

"Hark ye, my good friend," said Newcastle, "I pledge you my word that you shall have access to me at any hour, night or day, early or late, so watch for this Mr. Pencuddle's decease, and it will be your own fault, not mine, if your son-in-law is not his successor. I shall, at once, give positive directions for your admission."

"All's right," said old Wrixon, "Colonel, there's my hand and word, we're your's, that's all."

Wrixon departed, Drisdale and Newcastle discussed some details of minor corruption relative to St. Michael's, and the Duke complained of the annoyances to which he felt himself subjected by the illness of Pitt, and expressed his hopes that he would speedily get the goat out of his legs, or his German politics out of his head, and leave him the Duke, some time to look after the real business of the country, the coming elections.

A fortnight elapsed before St. Michael's made its choice of men to whom, in the British legislature, the dearest interests of millions were to be intrusted : Drisdale was defeated by a small majority ; Clive's Indian gold had too powerful an influence, but the entire of the Wrixon connexion had given their immaculate support to Drisdale, and some hopes were entertained by the Duke that, on a petition, Clive would be unseated. Election petitions were at that time disposed of by a committee of the whole house, the merits of the petition were a secondary consideration, or rather no consideration whatever, the strongest party retained the sitting member, or substituted his opponent, according to their political bias. At present election petitions are disposed of most impartially by select committees, at all events we are bound so to believe.

Pitt was recovering, but still refrained from active business ; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the British ambassador at Vienna, had written home that the Emperor's health was rapidly sinking, and his decease might be soon expected. The influence of France was to be encountered at the German Diet—the King of England was more sensitive on German subjects than on any English question, the electorate of Hanover had more value in his eyes than his regal dominions, and his ministers could not retain his favour if they evinced any indifference to German affairs. Newcastle was teased by the vast number of demands on his attention from the various expectants of his patronage, exercised as it was, in all the phases of official appointments, or plain, simple, unsophisticated bribery. The petition against Clive's return was prosecuted, the debate was warm, but the minister had the numbers, Clive was unseated, and Drisdale substituted.

The affairs of Germany became daily of greater importance ; George II. required the frequent attendance of Newcastle, and urged the policy of subsidizing Bavaria and Saxony, whilst the Duke wished to keep the money at home to subsidize his own partisans. The king was desirous of proceeding to his continental dominions, and worried Newcastle with the expression of wishes in which he did not sympathize, and projects which he did not understand. He assured his Majesty of his loyal devotion to his service, promised much, evaded more, and betook himself every evening to his spacious mansion, fretted and faded, but still restless and watchful.

A cabinet dinner was over, the guests of the Premier had departed neither in very good temper with their host, nor leaving him with the most amiable feelings towards his colleagues. Pitt was still unwell, and his master spirit had been needed at the banquet to mingle a little conciliation with the Duke's imperiousness, or to mollify the sturdy English spirit which,

amongst some of the officials, was rebelling against making the British empire the mere support of the German tendencies of the sovereign. One complained that the country gentlemen were becoming intractable, another expatiated on the discontents of the great trading communities. A ministerial crisis appeared fast approaching, and the Premier almost shuddered at the thoughts of losing a position to which his weakness clung, and to which the benches of opposition afforded a most disheartening contrast. Pitt's private secretary had a long conference with his Grace, and had no pleasing tidings to communicate. The gout still clung to "the great commoner" with inexorable tenacity, but his indomitable spirit was bent on defeating the attempts of France to subvert the continental influence of England. Sinister reports had reached Pitt's ears, and he was manifestly distrusting the energy, and perhaps the inclination of his ducal colleague. When the conference terminated, Newcastle retired to rest, comforting himself with the reflection that the continental difficulty would soon be solved in one way or the other. Long after midnight he obtained repose, and in his extensive mansion sleep held undisputed dominion, except over the yawning domestic who awaited the possible arrival of the courier from Vienna. At length the sound of rattling wheels breaks on the watcher's ear. The chaise stops and the hall-door is entered by a traveller, who appears to have had a rapid but tiresome journey, and who demands at once to see the Duke. There is no time for questions, and no questions are asked by the servant, who knows that state affairs are beyond his interference. The stairs are ascended, and his Grace's slumber is dispelled. Raising himself, with the utmost anxiety, he utters the earnest query, "Is he dead?"

"Yes, my lord; you may depend on't. I started instantly on his decease; but I ascertained beyond all doubt that he was no more."

"Have you any letters?"

"Not one, my lord. I merely waited for his death, and then started with the utmost speed, to let your Grace know."

"You may retire."

"I hope, my lord, that you will give the necessary directions to have my son-in-law appointed his successor."

"What!" exclaims Newcastle. "Are you mad? Is it not of the Emperor of Germany you are speaking?"

"Not exactly, my lord, but of old Pencuddle, the supervisor of Falmouth. You know you promised that, night or day, I should have admission, or I would not presume at this hour."

"Turn that infernal scoundrel into the street," roared the Duke, with an energy which, had it been equalled on all other occasions, would have established his character as the most forcible minister in Europe.

Old Wrixon, for he was the intruder, was very summarily and unceremoniously expelled from the ducal residence; and the real courier from Germany, who arrived next day, experienced no small difficulty in obtaining admission.

However, whether influenced by the hope of keeping the seven voters at

St. Michael's in his interest, or through a wish to avoid the merriment and bantering naturally incident to the mistake of the Supervisor of Falmouth having usurped the attention of a great statesman, under such unworthy circumstances, his Grace kept his word for once, and the ambition of the Wrixons was fully satisfied.

EVERY INCH A KING.

"Aye, every inch a king!"—SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT the year 855, an Anglo-Saxon king is in Rome, visiting the churches, and laying costly offerings upon their altars. He is a man of a sorrowful countenance ; he looks as though he had run away from trouble, and as if he was trying to hide his bewildered head somewhere beneath the shadow of the seven hills of the imperial city. The clamour of those fearful Northmen, "whose cry is in their ships," is still ringing in his ears, and he even now has the scared look of one who listens to a distant echo. The marauding Danes had harried the lands of the poor West-Saxon king, until, remembering the sacred vows which, in his early youth, he had taken upon him, and sighing for the habit which he had put on in love, and been forced to throw off in haste, under pressure of state necessity, the royal devotee has made a pilgrimage to Rome. Wherever he goes, from shrine to shrine, he leads by the hand a fair boy of six years—his fifth, but favourite son.

Is there anything in that young child's face which hints at future greatness? Doubtless there is an inscription written there which, like the invisible ink sometimes employed in secret correspondence, will start out into meaning as soon as it be subjected to the strong light of the full day or the fiery heat of maturing circumstances. That fair-haired child, born in the year of grace 849, at a place called Wantage, in that part of the West-Saxon kingdom now known as Berkshire, is one of that small brotherhood who are known to all posterity by the title of "Great." No doubt that title might be read even now, either in the moulding of the brow, in the clear light of the eye, or in the firm chiselling of the little mouth. Perhaps even the childish step has the expression of greater decision than has the wavering, inconsequent gait of that care-worn Saxon father as the two strangers pace the round pavement of the Appian Way, or climb the broad stair which leads to the Capitol. Young Alfred is the future founder of a long-lived kingdom, the skilful architect of a noble constitution, the brave deliverer of an oppressed people, the calm sage who weds liberty to security, the enlightened foster-father of learning—himself scholar, poet, and minstrel. But the credentials which that child has to show are as yet a sealed packet ; and, as to future kingship, there are turbulent brothers between Alfred and the throne of Wessex. There were four elder brethren

once—one is now dead; but the remaining brethren must each have his turn upon that unstable seat, and young Alfred will resolutely serve them all with strict loyalty until God call him to the foremost place.

The father and son spend a whole year in Rome, though England is miserably devoured by the Danish Raven during the weak king's absence. The banner of these terrible Norsemen was a Raven, enwrought by the hands of the three fell sisters, Inguar, Hubba, and Halfdene, children of the famous Regnor Lodbrog, the most formidable of all sea-kings. It was a labour of revenge, finished in one noontide; and they said that the mystic Raven would always clasp his black wings when he scented victory on the breeze, and always drooped his head when disaster was at hand. The Raven is in full feather now, while the recreant Ethelwolf is frittering away the time in profitless pursuits.

Alfred, young as he is, is quite at home in the city of the Caesars. The father had once before sent the child of his hopes thither on pilgrimage when he was but four years old. The little Anglo-Saxon had travelled down through France, and over the snowy mountains into the beautiful land of the south, attended by a stately retinue. The royal father and his son at last leave Rome, and the homeward journey is made through France. A new fascination awaits the widowed king as he pauses to rest at the court of Charles the Bald. Here there is a beautiful maiden, the daughter of Charles, the near descendant of Charlemagne, and the old king is in desperate love. It takes some time to persuade the royal beauty to become the wife of an elderly monarch, who has grown-up sons at home—the eldest of whom is ambitious, rebellious, and already plotting to seize the throne of his loitering father—that throne, too, tottering from external assaults, as well as heaving from internal commotion. The fair Judith allows herself to be wooed from July to October of the year 856; and then she accompanies her husband and little step-son to England. So charmed is the monarch with his young Frankish bride that he insists on sharing with her his royal dignity, and a ceremonious coronation of the queen-consort takes place, though, for some time past, the Anglo-Saxon queens had been reduced to a very subordinate position. But the sight of a crown on the head of his youthful step-mother only further irritated Ethelbald, and so strong grows the rebellion that the weak monarch is fain to give over half of his kingdom to his wayward son, for the dear love of peace. That wretched compromise did not wear well. The old king dies in two years' space, leaving a divided house and a vexed kingdom. He is succeeded by Ethelbald, who only survives him, however, about three years. His brothers, Ethelbert and Ethelred, successively reign in his stead.

All this while young Alfred's mind is moulding under the hard hand of adversity, while it receives a finer finish from the lighter touch of woman's influence. The lady Osburga, his own mother, a woman of excellent gifts, had died, when he was yet in early childhood; but the influence and the example of the accomplished step-mother, are highly stimulating to his young intellect. The intellectual Paladins of the court of Charlemagne, had left behind them a standard of education, far higher

than that obtained in England ; and when Alfred was lingering with his father, the while he paid court to the Princess Judith of France, he probably caught something of the tone of mind which prevailed around him. The other boys, his brothers, have grown up in profound ignorance of their letters ; but here sits the beautiful Flemish step-mother in one of the rush-strewn halls of her rude English palace. She has just laid aside the royal standard which she has been embroidering, whereon the White Horse of the Saxons is making ready to confront the dark Raven of Denmark. Her household is grouped around her—the ladies at their spinning-wheels, (note that, ye philandering demoiselles of the nineteenth century !) the earls and thanes lounging in listless “*idlesse*.” Judith draws out an illuminated manuscript of Saxon poetry, and she reads aloud. The verses have no classic elegance, but they have a stately rhythm of their own, and the thoughts, though rude, are stirring and heroic. The boy Alfred listens with an intensity shared by no other of the group. The royal lady looks around, holds out the book in her hand, and promises that he shall own the manuscript, who first learns to read it. The rebel son, king as he is, cares not to enter such lists as these, and the others hold their peace likewise. With flushed brow the boy Alfred leans forwards and asks : “ Wilt thou in very deed give the book to whomsoever shall first read and repeat it ? ” The giver confirms her promise. The Frankish Judith, like the wife of Heber the Kenite, has driven a nail into a sure place. Alfred takes the precious volume and slips away. He goes about seeking for some one to teach him to read his own mother tongue, and it is no easy quest at an Anglo-Saxon court in that year 861. At last the young student returns, triumphantly recites the poem, and claims the reward. The child is, indeed, father of the man, and that man will be one of the great ones of the earth. That boy will live to translate with his own hand, into his vernacular tongue, a book which became his dear friend and companion. It was Boethius’ “ *De Consolatione Philosophiae* ;” and in peace or in war Boethius was carried about in his bosom, nay, he will never rest until he has given to his country, in Saxon versions, the histories of Orosius, and of Bede, the Greek fables of Æsop, and Gregory’s “ *Pastoral*,” and he will instruct and refine his ignorant people, by the graceful teachings of his own muse. It is even affirmed that he rendered into Saxon the Old and New Testaments, although it is scarcely credible that so vast a labour could be accomplished in the intervals of outward distraction. At any rate, as has been observed of him, in all history, and particularly in that of his own era, “ there is no nobler, kingly name, than that of Alfred.” To him belonged the rare gift of scholarship, and a mind enlarged and mellowed by knowledge of books and men. His greatness was that of a noble nature, made nobler by many severe experiences ; and the greater, from never overstepping the bounds of Christian humility. Sweet to him were the uses of adversity, for the lessons taught were wholesome to his soul. He never forgot the scholar in the king ; and when in the lonely night, stolen from rest, and suffering from illness, he laboured in his self-imposed literary toils, translating what he felt most useful for his Saxon subjects to know of the

learned men who wrote in other tongues, it was with no self-gratulation or demand for sycophantic applause that he sent his labours forth to others. There is something peculiarly touching in the *naïve* apology the royal scribe makes for his own shortcomings in his translation of Boethius, made amid "manifold occupations which often busied him in mind and body;" therefore "he prays, and for God's name implores, each one who lists to read this book, that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it, than he could."

At last Alfred is called to the throne, in preference to the children of an elder brother, by the sanction of his father's will, and by the call of a whole nation, speaking as with the voice of one man. He is twenty-two years of age now; of a countenance open and engaging; in figure and bearing, noble and dignified; in temper, singularly mild, and with intellectual gifts and moral qualities, such as furnish the very idea of Christian chivalry; and truly he has fallen upon proving! The metal he is made of will be tried by almost every conceivable test, saving that most searching one of all—a long summer-day of prosperity. For the first seven years of his reign there is no great proof of skill displayed in the wielding of either sceptre or sword. He is learning bitter lessons of humiliation, while he makes worthless truces with the treacherous Northmen, who are stalking over the land, pillaging, burning, and killing wherever they go. Alfred's friends are even emigrating to other lands in despair, and leaving him alone to face the storm; and we catch an occasional glimpse of a fugitive, who is angling in a stream for a dinner, hunting in a wood in hope of breaking a long fast, or hiding in the tangled bushes of a marsh; sometimes with a few haggard comrades, at others in lonely misery; and yet dividing his last loaf with some beggar subject, whose face is yet more sharply cut by famine than his own. Then comes the retreat to Athelingay, the "Isle of Nobles," with the one narrow pathway to his hiding-place, stealing through the alder growth of the bogs; and then that lone year's residence in this "moated grange," where he waited wearily for better days, and "yet they came not." The story of the burnt cakes is such a household word in the million homes of the Anglo-Saxon race, that it may not be rehearsed here, for, perchance, some busy schoolboy might consider himself qualified to set the sketcher right in some minor detail of the picture.

After these seven years of apprenticeship to misfortune, at last come the brighter days. Hope rises amidst the mists of the Isle of Nobles; a handful of devoted followers has treaded the wet path leading to the "moated grange;" they are throwing up little earthworks, making mud entrenchments, running out unexpectedly, beating the astonished Danes, and vanishing again, nobody knows whither! Then ensues the poetical little episode of the harper, who drew such melody from his strings, and sang so deliciously to their music, that he is bidden to the banquet-board of the Danish king, as he carouses in his entrenched camp of Eddendune, near Westbury. Like Gideon, Alfred listens to the dreams of intoxicate security, and soon makes ready to break the sorry pitcher that hides, but cannot quench, his lamp. Suddenly the Saxons are awakened out of the sleep of

exhaustion by the words : "The king yet lives in Athelingay ; the Stone of Egbert is the place of meeting." The welcome tryst is joyfully kept, and for the two days of muster the blowing of horns is prodigious. The down-trampled Saxons are springing up in all directions, and hurrying in arms to the rendezvous in the willow thickets of Selwood Forest. In one of Alfred's successful sallies from the fens of Athelingay, he had surprised and carried off the "Reasen," the enchanted Raven standard of the Danes, so that he has a pledge of future victory to display to his people, when they flock to his side at the "Stone of Egbert."

Two days have passed, and on the third the Anglo-Saxons march to Eddendune. A few words of stirring appeal are addressed by Alfred to his people, and he then leads them against the uncounted masses of the Danes. The latter fight well, but they are inwardly terror-stricken. "Alfred ! Alfred !" is the cry, and they think that the grave has opened and sent him forth to their destruction. The Northmen are falling or flying, and before night all who are not lying on that encumbered plain are strengthening themselves in a neighbouring intrenchment. Alfred, now king of all England, is beleaguering the Danes, and keeping stern watch on them for a fortnight. While they are growing hungry and heartless, making ready to sue for mercy, mayhap a detachment of Alfred's men is cutting turf on the hill-side, above Westbury, and shaping out the great "white horse" on the chalk, to mark the field of Eddendune. But here comes Godrun the Dane, humbly and submissively. Alfred exacts oaths and hostages, and insists that Godrun and his pagan chiefs should accompany him to the neighbourhood of the Isle of Nobles, and there, clad in white garments, profess Christianity, and receive the seal of baptism. Alfred himself stands godfather to the unreclaimed-looking candidate, and then away go Godrun and his fierce fellow-converts, to find spades and pickaxes wherewith to cultivate their new allotment of East Anglia. As much to our surprise as our pleasure, we find the bold scheme answers. Godrun becomes a respectable colonist, a worthy agriculturist ; and when a great fleet of the Northmen, under Hastings, the famous hero of Scandinavian romance, soon afterwards comes sailing boldly up the Thames, thinking to be eagerly joined by their old confederates, they find the sea-king settled down as a reputable country squire, amidst his broad acres and his promising crops. He has a vested interest in the prosperity of the country, and cannot spare time to go harrying it as of old, and so the strangers spend a dull winter at Fulham, and then sail away (for a time) to seek better luck in Flanders.

Yea, Hastings will come again in force ; but in the meantime the land will have rest, and the great Alfred will so strengthen himself in his kingdom, and in the hearts of his people, that when the terrible Northman reappears, he will be hunted down until he swim that same river Thames like a wounded stag. Even his wife and children will be seized, baptized, and returned to their chafed lord loaded with the gifts of royal generosity. This is heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head ; but they fail to melt his hard nature—they only scorch the revengeful brain of the northern

pirate. That man will chasten Alfred's prosperity, and call out the marvellous resources of his great intellect, until the afternoon, if not the very evening, of his day.

So illiterate were even the clerics of England when Alfred began to reign, that there were very few, as he has himself recorded, who could translate any writing from the Latin. But he soon turned his realm into an adult school, for he made even the poor old nobles learn to read, as well as the clerks. Slow scholars doubtless they were ; and the king, like his stepmother, must needs hold out many a prize to stimulate their tardy ambition. The learned men of the past day had almost all perished together with their books ; and Alfred had to search all England, and to send literary ambassadors to foreign lands, in order to secure teachers for himself, and for his new University of Oxford. Affer, his future friend and biographer, was found somewhere in the western part of Wales. Grimbald, a learned monk, who had treated with kindness the little Anglo-Saxon prince of four years, on his early mission to Rome, was sought and found. He became one of Alfred's most congenial companions, and, having the gift of sweet song, used to soothe the King with his melodious voice. It was Affer who taught Alfred to adopt a similar maxim to that enunciated by the celebrated Captain Cuttle, centuries later—"when found make a note of;" in other words, to keep a Commonplace Book. The Welshman chanced to make a quotation which struck the royal ear. Alfred drew from his bosom his little manual of devotion, and asked Affer to write it down. It was full, and so Affer proposed to make an album, which should receive the stray scraps of learning, that nothing might be lost. The idea takes, and volume after volume is stored with fragmentary wisdom. Now it is a text from Holy Writ ; and then it is some fine classic thought, which the royal scholar renders into his own terse Saxon. Another important acquisition was the celebrated Johannes Erigena, so called because of his Irish descent. He was a man of extraordinary acquirements ; a learned linguist, and one whose acute intellect had been turned to the study of the sciences and the arts, as well as of literature. He taught geometry and astronomy in Alfred's rising university ; while Affer gave lessons in grammar and rhetoric ; and John of St. David's in logic, arithmetic, and music.

As a statesman and a legislator Alfred was not less remarkable than as a warrior and a man of letters. Could a more noble sentiment be recorded than that enunciated by this true founder of the British monarchy, that it was the prerogative of his people to for ever remain as free as their own thoughts ? And yet so firm was the hand with which he administered the laws he had himself framed, that he caused golden bracelets to be suspended above the highways, as a test of the supremacy of order ; the people, like the Irish of the time of Brian Borumha, although they thoroughly estimated the value of the "golden store," still loved "honour and virtue more," and there was not an arm bold enough to take the tempting bijounerie down. Everywhere law was triumphant, and the rights of property sacred.

Alfred's love of learning was so marked that he used to sit as an eager listener, while the learned men, whom he had trained in his own kingdom, or lured from other lands, lectured from the chairs which he had set up in the halls of his beloved Oxford. "Educate that you may free" is a familiar modern axiom, and the language of one of his edicts so remarkably illustrates it that we need no apology for quoting it here:—"Wee will and command, that all free men of our kingdome whosoever, possessing two hides of land, shall bring up their sonnes in learning till they be fifteene years of age at least, that so they may be trained to know God, to be men of understanding, and to live happily; for, if a man that is borne free, and yet illiterate, we repute no otherwise than of a beast, or a brainlesse body, and a very sot."

A thousand years ago there was not a clock in all England to toll the burial of one hour and the birth of the next. Even an hour-glass was unknown. No dial-plate had ever mapped out the mystic journey of the day; and perhaps the shadow of some ancestral oak, as it silently moved across the face of some sleeping pool, was the only gnomon which graduated the swift procession of the hours. But the genius of the minstrel King speedily devised a horoscope. In the royal chapel were six wax candles, each of them a foot long, with the inches carefully marked by lines of different colours. "They did orderly burn four hours a piece," says Spelman, and thus, at the rate of three inches an hour, they burned through a night and a day, and so the author of this happy contrivance knew how to economise his time, devoting eight hours to devotional services or pious works, eight to the affairs of his kingdom, and the remaining eight to a short sleep, to hasty meals, and to some precious hours of study. But the candle of the great monarch's mortal life, with its many-coloured hour-lines, at last burned down into the socket. His earthly hours of service were told out, when he had but just reached the fifty-second year of his age, and the twenty-ninth of his reign; and so, in the year 900, after life's fitful fever, slept peacefully one whom posterity proudly acknowledges to have been **EVERY INCH A KING.**

LIFE—THE BRAIN.

JUST in proportion as physiology discovers and demonstrates its truths do the most elaborate speculations of materialism collapse and vanish. To identify the organism of cells and fibres through which the mind acts, with the production of mind, is as ridiculous as to confound the man and the machinery with which he works; or is like studying a piece of granite, in order to discover how a bird flies: and any attempt to explain sensation and thought, by any theories founded on the properties and action of matter, becomes but the more absurd the more we know of matter,—life and intellect in their origin and nature, remain as mysterious, unsearchable, and inscrutable as their Creator. Regarded in connection with its organization,

life itself is, indeed, one of the most fearful objects of human contemplation. If a man of the strongest nerve could, for an instant, become visibly conscious of the vital mechanism of his system—could he see, as through a glass, the functions of the entire frame operating, the manifold processes by which existence is maintained—the heart pumping the blood through the lungs, the throbbing of the great arteries, the torrent rush of the circulation through the great organs and extremities, the constant waste and restoration of tissue, the delicate partitions which preserve him from death;—how the separation of a film of matter, thinner than the spider's thinnest web, how the effect of a group of nerves on an organ, how the change of an atom in the composition of substance, would not only obliterate the external world and annihilate sense, but lead to his immediate extinction,—the impression would be fraught with emotions of greater awe than those which arise from the most terrible dream. But, if—to multiply the impossibility, so to speak, a thousand fold—he could, on the other hand, observe the spiritual operations and aspects of life, the process by which sensations become ideas in the element of the soul, their marvellous laws of association, transformation, production, the reason reflecting, tracing resemblances and differences, and deciding; the imagination combining and picturing, both ranging in the action over objects and subjects limitless as infinity; now careering through and calling back the dead eternities of time and being, now projected upon possibilities of futurity, restoring the past, discovering the laws of Deity;—could, in a word, the universe of individual mind be revealed to him, energising, according to its marvellous laws, in mighty flashes and current sequences of intellectual flame the province of this element of Conscious Light, eternal in its nature and action, only limited by the domains of God, the vision revealed by one of more transcendent sublimity, than if all the material universes of space, with their fiery centres and circulating worlds, were made present at his sight.

Infinite as is the range of this element, the highest with which Deity has endowed life, which, acting through the brain of man, gives him a power, to which all creation is subordinated, or may be; which places him on a summit from which all creation in its heights and depths is prospected, a summit, too, which elevates him toward its Author, the portion of matter which is its special seat, and which constitutes the substratum of its manifestations is of very limited dimensions,—thus resembling a luminous point from which light radiates indefinitely. Very wonderful, also, is it to think that, first, the brain itself, which is the centre of all sensation and thought, is itself insensible; and secondly, that the mind, which is conscious of everything, is unconscious of itself. In this respect it has been compared to the eye; but all analogies between the phenomena and laws of organised matter and those of intellect are vain;—each is altogether different from the other in its nature and function. Considering, indeed, how little is known and knowable of life and mind, how they are enveloped in whirlwinds of conflicting theory, encompassed in clouds of luminous haze, rather than centred in perspicuous light; one is reminded of the passage in one of Pascal's melancholy contemplations, in which, arguing on the necessity

of Faith, he expatiates on the forlorn conditions of man, and the weakness and ignorance of his ephemeral existence :—

" I do not," he says, " know what the world is, nor what I myself am. I remain in fearful ignorance of all things; I do not know what my body is, or my senses, or my mind, even of that part of me which thinks what I say, and makes reflections on all things, and on itself,—I know no more than the rest. I observe the awful spaces of the universe which enclose me, and find myself attached to a corner of the vast infinite, without knowing whether I am placed there no more than in another, nor why the moment of time assigned for me to live is given at this point more than any other of the eternity which preceded it, and that which is to follow. I but see the transitory nature of the vast. All which swallows me like an atom or a shadow, that lasts but a second, and comes no more. All that I know is, that I must die ; but that which I am most ignorant of, is that very death which I cannot avoid."

The brain is but an elongation and expansion of the spinal cord and column, of which its two nervous substances, though respectively identical, appear under new arrangements, to be a development; while the skull likewise is but a development of a final superior vertebrae,—a last germ of the wondrous vital stem transformed into a blossom. Before proceeding briefly to describe the appearances presented by the matter of this organ—the highest organic substance in nature—the centre of all life-sensations, the universe, through whose cellular infinitude, the immortal spirit manifests its unknown nature, power, and operations, it will be necessary to say a few words with respect to the mechanism and process of nervous action. Firstly, then, each white nervous fibre, which is possessed in itself of a property of sensation, is connected with a nervous centre of gray matter, formed of groups of cells, which are special centres of sensation. The spinal cord is a series of such centres, all of which are connected with each other, and with the brain. From each two nerves on either side loop off, bound in one sheath, and uniting in one, ramify. That which extends backwards carries impressions from the skin, organs of sense, animal function, etc., with which they are connected, to their centre of gray matter ; this vital vibration causes motion, excitement amid their cells and granules, among which the sensation appears to be increased and condensed, and the accumulated force thus created is then transmitted by the front fibre of the loop, or motor nerve, to the muscles, or it may be to the brain. A fibre carrying to a sensitive centre an impression, which is there developed, and given off by another fibre—such is the mechanism of nervous action. Along the centres of the spinal column this process of impressions being transmitted, augmented, and reflected, is in constant progress, and it is by this means that the action of the vital organism is maintained in connection with the circulation, for every nerve is accompanied by its vein-branch, or artery ; but, of this spinal sensational process we are not, except occasionally, conscious, hence the action of the nervous system of the spine is called automatic, and it is in consequence of this provision, as well as from its special functions and comparative local isolation from the animal system, that the brain is emancipated from the interference of systematic sensations, and enabled to pursue its voluntary function of intellectuation. If each impres-

sion, originated by the nerves along the spinal column, connected as it is with the animal organism, were rendered conscious to the mind through the brain, man's life would be merely a series of such, and would so resemble that of the lower creatures ; nature, however, has provided that the action should be insensible, in order to endow the brain, through its distinct and superior organization, with that supreme development of power, which is involved in this physical aspect of human existence. All nerves are formed of two substances, white and gray fibre and cell ; their united functions being determined by the organs with which they are connected ; those communicating with a gland, with a muscle, and with the spinal cord and brain, respectively, creating a secretion, a contraction, and a sensation ; while the brain, besides being the general centre or sensorium of all sensation, is that especially of perception, thought, volition, and all the functions of the mind. Between the arrangement of the nervous structure along the spinal column, or series of telegraphic centres of definite sensibility, connected with the animal frame and that of the brain, a distinct difference is observable. In the first all the nerves of systematic, as well as those of special sense, grouped upon its summit, have the gray sensitive matter inside, the white outside ; thus, as well as from their local connection, their function is limited. In the brain, on the other hand, the mass of gray matter is outside the white, and in virtue of this arrangement, the sensitive modifications of this substance, acted upon by the mind, appear to be indefinite.

The brain is a mass of gray and white medullary substance, weighing in the male generally 50 oz. $\frac{3}{4}$ drhs., and in the female, five ounces less. It is composed of two regions, the *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*, or large and little brain, the latter of which occupies the lower back of the skull, being overlapped by the former, which fills much of the larger proportion of the cavity. Each of the two is double, like the other centre of the nervous system, the spinal column ; and it is in consequence of this duplex arrangement that the phenomena entitled double consciousness, dreaming, and many others connected with the voluntary operations of the mind, are believed to result. The hemispheres of the larger brain, which are united by a strong band of nervous matter, exhibit, also as regards the substance, an arrangement exactly opposite to that of the spinal cord ; the white nervous fibre of the former lies inside, and the gray cellular, *neurine* outside ; it is disposed in a series of convolutions, identical on both sides, and is supposed to be the special seat of sensibility, volition, and thought. Small groups of gray matter are also arranged along the base of the brain, forming three centres, namely, of motion, sensibility, and active transmission. In the first it is conjectured that impressions of the senses are received and grouped ; in the second, that they are subjected to the process of reflection : while in the third, they receive the impulse of the will, and are transmitted to the motor nerves and muscles. Beneath the hemispheres also are groups of white fibrous matter, which arch upwards and downwards, forming a narrow medial groove and cavities at either side ; those spaces, of which there are five in the brain, are called *ventricles* ; their purpose is to permit the passage of the blood into the interior, and they, as well as the space be-

tween the external convolutions of the brain and the skull, are filled with a thin liquid resembling water, the object of which, doubtless, is to preserve the equilibrium of the different portions of this delicate and wondrous structure, in which all the impulses of life—sensibility, intellect, and volition are concentrated. Both brains are closely covered by, so to speak, a cap of strong white fibrous matter, of three layers; it is abundantly supplied with blood-vessels, and from its substance portions are given off which form a sheathing for some of the internal nerves, of special and indefinite sense. Viewed externally, the hemispherical convolutions of the brain present a beautiful appearance, resembling soft, grayish ivory, minutely irrigated with blood; in childhood and youth, this rosy tinge is most apparent, the external colour gradually changing, with manhood and age, into an ashy gray. In old age, indeed, this gray substance, whose primitive function is that of sensibility, is observed to suffer a decrease, by the enlargement of the ramifications of white nervous matter. "Man," says a French physician, "commences in a gelatinous, and ends in an osseous state;" and this process of solidification appears to be extended to the nervous structure. Thus, in age, the motorial instrument of the brain—its white fibrous masses—enlarges; but the mental power is not increased, because that of the sensorium is lessened. Though the brain is but a few inches in circumference, so manifold and closely packed are its external and internal convolutions, and so deep the fissures between them, that when subjected to measurement, they are found to represent a surface space of 670 square inches. Here we have an instance of the marvelous constructive methods by which nature economises matter for special purposes,—illustrations of which abound in all parts of the animal organization. Every one knows that the skin—that immense breathing apparatus—is covered with a vast multitude of sweat tubes, which, excreting a portion of the blood, relieve the internal organs, and maintain the balance of the circulation. Of these tubes, each of which measures one-fourth of an inch in length, there are 3,528 to every square inch, and as there are 2,500 square inches on the surface of the body, it is calculated, that were all these sweat tubes longitudinally connected, they would extend in a direct line 28 miles. The lungs also, though apparently small in bulk, represent a vast area—not less, according to Liudenan, than 2,642 square feet. Through this vast cellular abyss 100,000 cubic feet of air are inspired and expired within a single year, in nine million separate breathings, and by this means 3,500 tons of blood are, during that interval, subjected to aeration. Through a second set of nerves—the sympathetic—the brain exercises a power over the entire vital organization—heart, lung, stomach, and blood; every change occurring in the first, quickening or retarding the circulation, and processes of breathing and digestion. We pass over the pineal gland—supposed of old to be the seat of the soul—and other small organs of the brain, whose function is unknown, merely premising, that if that structure is in any way instrumental in determining the action of the soul, the corpus callosum, or semi-circular and bridge-like band of strong white nervous matter, connecting

the hemispheres of the cerebrum, will, possibly, from the above and other relations, be found to be the mechanical agent of the will.

The *cerebellum*, or smaller, is, like the larger brain, composed internally of white, externally of gray nervous matter, this, too, fills up the interspaces its convolutions, which are more compressed than those of the *cerebrum*, and exhibit a foliated appearance. The functions of this organ—of which there are doubtless several—still form a subject of dispute among physiologists; but there are several grounds for supposing, that while the larger brain is the sensorium of vital and intellectual impressions, the smaller—which from its ganglionic structure, must likewise be a centre of sensibility and volition—exercises a special co-ordinate function in the regulation of the muscular movements. If an animal is deprived of this large brain, it loses its consciousness and perceptive sense, but preserves a control over its muscles; but if deprived of the smaller brain, all power of regular movement ceases. Both are alike insensible to the touch. Pressure on the larger is immediately attended with loss of consciousness, sensibility, and thought, as has been found by experiments on individuals who, from external injuries, have had portions cut out of their skulls. It is said that no such results follow when the smaller is subjected to pressure; though, perhaps, under such circumstances, some interference with the motor power would be manifested. In fine, the cerebellum acts as a regulator on the cerebrum, both during wakefulness and sleep, and is instrumental, very possibly, in connection with the *medulla oblongata*, in producing the latter state. Floureus, Bouillard, and others, declare that the small brain has no share in intellectual operations. As however, in all animals its development is in proportion to the intellect, and as it is beyond comparison largest in man, we may infer that it exercises a determining motor power on the larger—thus, at least, creating the conditions of ideation.

The *medulla oblongata* is the continuation of the medullary matter of the spinal cord, included within the cavity of the skull, but its columns, which pass into both the larger and smaller brains, exhibit a change of arrangement in this gray and white matter, which become more blended with each other and with new nervous structures; fibres, by which numerous actions are co-ordinated, are attached to it, and also several ganglionic masses, among them the *olivary bodies*, whose function is unknown. As the nerves of taste and hearing have their centres at the front, base, and sides of this member; and those of sight and smell are connected with it and the ganglion above it, some suppose the medulla to be the sole seat of sensation. Nay, some suppose it and the spine to be the seat of the intellect as well; according to which theory, not only must we conclude, that poems are composed in the small of the back, and arguments carried on in the neighbourhood of the ox coccyx, but that each of the lower animals having a perfect spine, have a perfect mind. Of special sense impressions, indeed, the medulla may obviously, from its relational structure, be the centre, though not of psychical manifestations. From its position and attachments, it appears to act as a link between the nervous functions of the sensitive and animal, and the intellectual system. The

medulla is likewise the centre for the nerves of respiration, and through its structure numerous actions, such as those involved in speech, swallowing, and sneezing, are co-ordinated. Here also in its gray matter, is found a space shaped like a V, and named *calamus scriptorius*, from its resemblance to the nib of a pen; and inside another and smaller V, in which the physiologist Flourens believed that he had discovered the "vital point," inasmuch as its extirpation caused immediate death. Physiologists, however, quickly detected that the destruction of this little spot, which is much smaller than the head of a pin, and its results, arose from its being the special centre for the co-ordination of the breathing apparatus. Since then Schiff and Brown Segard, however, have both removed the vital point, without immediately destroying life, the animals thus experimented upon continuing to breathe and live for some days afterwards.

The brain is, as we have said, a general sensorium for all the nerve centres, while each of the latter is a small sensorium; but, though the cerebrum has a special function of emotion and intelligence, the cerebellum, medulla, and spinal cord, all of which, formed of ganglionic tissue-cells and fibres, having thus the property of sensibility, must collectively, be considered as organs of the mind, inasmuch as they minister to the general consciousness. We need not here allude to the attempts made by phrenologists to map out the functions of the brain—intellectual, emotional, and instinctive,—according to particular developments of the skull in its different regions. The convolutions of the cerebrum are all composed of the same substance, and they are not separate, but continuous—a fact which seems to subvert the theory of their possessing different functions. That, indeed, phrenology has some basis of truth, as regards the arrangement of the larger proportions of the brain, is generally admitted; although, we must add, it rests on no scientific ground. The modern French school simply divide the brain into two divisions—*anterieur* and *posterior*; the first of which has a relation to production, the latter to nutrition. Taking for granted, however, that every convolution has a property of sensibility, a new study of the brain, undertaken to trace connection between each, and the internal nervous masses and ganglia—whose direct and indirect or psychical functions may thus be more accurately ascertained—will be essential before any scientific demonstration is made of the phrenological distribution of instincts, feelings, and faculties. Though homogenous in their structure, the peculiar kind of sensibility with which each is affected may thus be found to depend upon the nature of the stimulus, one from the optic being necessarily different from one conveyed from the gustatory, or visceral apparatus. But, even though such connections were directly traced, such identification of the relation between particular convolutions and nerves, would thus merely account for the mechanical action of special sense and systematic sensations on the sensorium; and, although a more minute and luminous anatomy may in some measure determine those harmonious affinities of structural arrangement, on which particular powers of the brain depend, yet, until we know something of the nature of mind—a revelation which will never possibly be granted to humanity—the great mysterious problem of

intellectuation will remain unsolved. Each brain resembles a magic island, with mountains, valleys, rivers, and an atmosphere, in which innumerable spirits—by whose power we move, feel, and think,—reside, but of whose invisible nature we remain totally ignorant. Some contingent clue to psychical action, however, may be found in the ascertained law of sensibility—namely, that no sensation terminates in itself, and that it must either discharge its excitation in some secondary sensation or some motive-impulse, or in both,—the stream of consciousness, which is sustained by myriad stimuli, internal and external, never ceases.

The senses are the openings through which the soul takes cognizance of the universe of nature and life in which it is placed. Some organisms have only one or two, others as many as we, but in so rudimental a form, or, when perfect, so limited in their effects from their connection with limited intellectual faculties, that their impressions of the external world widely differ from ours; and, had we ten, instead of five, we may analogically conclude that our intelligence of the power, splendour, and majesty of Creation would be multiplied in a similar ratio. Nervous structure is very mysterious. Though identical in substance, each nerve of special sense has its special inherent property—the optic nerve, if punctured, emitting a flash of light, the aural being solely sensitive to sound; and so with the rest. It is, however, from its connection with a particular apparatus that the sensibility of each arises. The optic nerve, for instance, is totally insensible to light, which must go through a process in the interior of the eye—a process in which the ray, passing first through the retina (which is primarily insensible to its effect), falls on the black pigment, and there, evolving heat, causes the image to be burned back upon the retina, before the *sensation* of vision is produced. Again, every odorous substance must be first acted on by oxygen (and all such substances have a special property of being so acted on) before they produce the sensation of smell, in which the sense of gradation depends on the degree of the atomic diffusion. Thus it is that oil of thyme, and many other oils and substances, though disagreeable to the olfactory nerves in their consolidated state, become agreeable when diluted one thousand or two thousand times in a medium. Odours and images must be first oxydized before they create sensation. The eye and ear are the most complex organs of sense, and the use of some parts of their mechanism still remains undetermined. The auditory apparatus, though simple, is curious. A wave of air first strikes on the drum, or external elastic membrane of the ear-labyrinth; the vibrations are thus communicated to a cluster of little bones, attached to an oval-shaped membrane stretched across the interior opening. On the other side of this there is a cavity filled with a liquid, and at the back of it a membranous sack, likewise filled with liquid. On this sack the auditory filaments ramify, and receive the vibration communicated by this complicated process. The deepest note audible is that produced by 32, the acutest by 48,000 vibrations of sound. Thus, the effect of deep and acute sounds upon the ear appear to resemble those of the extremes of the chromatic scale of colour on the eye. In the latter case, however, the sensibility of the organ

in connection with the nature of the element lead to results, as regards its vibrations, which are truly astonishing; for, as in each ray of red light there are 480 billions of waves, and in one of extreme blue 727 billions, it is inferred that the membrane of the eye trembles this surprising number of times when respectively affected by a red or blue ray, each particular second of time. We have alluded to the special sensibility of particular nerves, identical though they are in substance,—an illustration of which may be seen in the effect produced by the same element on each. Electricity, for instance, produces a flash of light when applied to the optic, a taste acid or alkali when applied to the lingual, a phosphoric odour when applied to the olfactory, and a buzzing sound when applied to the aural nerve. As regards sensation generally, it may be divided into special sense and systematic sensations—the *sensus vague et fixus* of Kant—those arising from the eye, ear, tongue, nose, and touch, and those connected with the internal organs and surface. From some of Weber's experiments as regards the relative sensibility to touch of different parts of the body, we find that on the tip of the tongue two impressions are produced on a space of half-a-line (the twenty-fourth of an inch), and that its tactile sensibility is fifty times greater than that of the arm, and many times more than that of the forehead, chest, &c.

In sleep, that most familiar phenomenon of the vital system—the cerebral sensorium—exists in a condition of inactivity, and becomes, as it were, isolated from the animal frame. The predisposing causes of this state are mental and bodily weariness, or exhaustion, consequent, there is reason to believe, upon a waste of the medullary tissue. In the waking state, as has been found by observations made upon persons who have been traphined, the brain presses strongly against the skull; in sleep it subsides, and appears to become slightly congested. This congestion, which is the result of continued action, is, perhaps, the necessary condition for producing the chemical reproduction of tissue; the circulation of the blood decreases in rapidity; it flows rather than rushes, and thus during sleep becomes somewhat analogous to the slow movement of the vital stream through the capillaries, by which the re-construction of tissue generally is effected, while the enlargement observed in the minute net-work of blood-vessels along and throughout the cellular matter of the convolutions, by thus interfering with the already relaxed fibrous and cellular telegraphy of the brain, may, perhaps, constitute a mechanical cause for the cessation of its sensibility. In sleep the waste which occurs during the waking processes of activity, volition, thought, etc., is restored, and in normal conditions, the period, at which the re-construction of tissue is established, marks the period of waking,—though, we need not add, that in producing the latter, habit has a powerful determining influence. Though, however, during sleep, the brain is at rest, the activity of the nervous centres of the spinal cord continues, and it is upon the fact of the waves of sensation thus originated, reaching the slumbering organ, as well as from the various impressions of light, sound, etc., striking upon the external organs of sense, that some have founded the theory of dreaming—such impressions arousing particular portions of the

brain into temporary activity. The psychical action of the two hemispheres of the cerebrum during wakefulness is, of course, undetermined ; but there seems some ground for inferring that correctness of impression is a consequence of their duplex action—that by this means the equilibrium of the mental process is maintained, and that the peculiar vividness of dreams arises from one hemisphere acting *per se*, without the corrective influence of the other. All such phenomena, however, are merely mechanical: the spiritual essence, in one sense, never sleeps, and although many persons declare that they never dream, such a conclusion is founded upon their never having experimentalized upon themselves ; all who have done so, with the object of testing whether the activity of the mind, though unconscious, continued during sleep—namely, by having themselves roused at different hours of the night, declaring that they were always able to discover that at such moments they were in the middle of a dream. Hence it appears, that the condition called sleep, is rather a necessity of the organism through which the mind acts, than of the mind itself, which still, during the period of cerebral nutrition, and while removed from the influence of external impressions maintains its centred, elemental, creative, action unceasingly—

“ Vas die gestern
 Ohne hast
 | Aber ohne rhaste.”

THE GRAY KNIGHT.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

THE forest, black with rotten leaves—
 The forest, black with harvest rain,
The forest, all a roar with wind,
 Six leagues of darkness girt the plain.
Above, the grim October sky,
 In ghastly vastness loomed wide ;
In thunder mists the sun was hid,
 Amid the reeds the river cried ;
Beside the hearth-stone in the hall,
 She sat, her head upon her knee ;
And war was lighting in the land—
 Woe, and war, and misery.

From broken and bog-wrinkled oak,
 The broad, red flames shot up the hall,
And blazoned half the tangled roof,
 And fired the armour on the wall.

Down flashed the window to the stone,
 The deers' heads glittered in the blaze ;
 And every casque and battle-axe
 Was plumed and bloomed with crimson rays.
 "Up! up!" the grizzled warden cried,
 "The battle of the spoils is won ;
 I see the shattered standards flow
 Along the valleys, in the sun."

She rose ; she threw her wimple down
 From her black hair a little space,
 And to the window, barred and slim,
 She slowly turned a blanchèd face ;
 Then knitted all her fingers white,
 And crossed her hands above her heart ;
 For with the wind there came a cry,
 That made the hot blood freeze and start :
 "Woe, and woe, and woe, and woe,"
 Sang the voices, by the flood,
 "The spear-heads of the Dalg have smote
 The fairest tree within the wood !"

"Whom bring ye lying on his back,
 The red locks matted on his brows ?
 Whom bring ye, lying stiff and stark
 On this cold bed of twisted boughs ?"
 A little to the dead she leant,
 And thrust her fingers in his hair,
 She did not weep, she did not shriek,
 They saw her only stoop and stare.
 "My poor, poor Ladh, the worst is past ;
 Ere many days or evenings be,
 A coffin of the brownest wood
 Will keep my ashes next to thee.

"Ere many moons we should be wed—
 Alas, our carol is the keen !
 And now our bridal couch must be
 Beneath the oaks and mosses green.
 One long, long kiss before we part,
 One kiss to keep until we meet ;
 The coffin wood our marriage board,
 The daisy grass our winding sheet.
 I take one red lock from thy head—
 One brown lock, red with my love's blood ;
 O sweet and tranquil be thy sleep,
 Until we meet within the wood."

They listed him, and bore his bones
 Into St. Lynan's holy church ;
 They broke his spear above the vault,
 And hung his shield outside the porch ;
 With crucifix and thurifer,
 Each hooded priest with shaven poll,
 Cast earth upon his coffin lid,
 And chaunted requiems for his soul ;
 And then, with holy water, thrice
 They sprinkled all the chancel pave,
 And put a testament of stone
 With graven words above his grave.

With bat, and owl, and moon, she rose,
 And flung the grated casement wide,
 And looked upon the rotting woods,
 And saw the river gleaming wide.
 She heard the owl hoot from the roof,
 And saw the blood-red taper light,
 That from St. Lynan's shielded porch,
 Blinded drearily across the night.
 "My love sleeps not in the green wood
 They've buried him in holy earth,
 His head against the sullen south,
 His feet against the howling north."

And then she raised her voice to God,
 And wept, until the morning came,
 And beat upon the level roofs,
 And turned the river all a-flame.
 She wept, reproaching the sweet heavens,
 "O give, O give me back my Lidh—
 Great God ! what foul offence of mine
 Doth counterpart this misery ?"
 The slack blast dashed her whitened face,
 And glazed the big tears in her eyes,
 And shook and clashed the lattices,
 And fled in storm along the skies.

Two nights she watched the clouds and stars,
 Two nights she cried in her distress ;
 And all her heart within had changed
 To hate of Heaven and bitterness.
 Swift down the skies the third night fell,
 With vapours ominous and broad,
 And upward, with the uproar, went
 Her fierce complainings unto God.

There came a knock unto her door,
 There came a second knock, and thrice ;
 A terror crept through all her flesh,
 And curdled her blood to snow and ice.

“ Who knocks so late, when doors are shut,
 And the wolf howls around the house ? ”
 “ ‘Tis Lidh, who comes to beg the hairs
 Thy hands have taken from his brows.”
 “ I dare not open lest, accursed,
 Thou blast me with an evil look ! ”
 “ I swear me by the holy rood—
 I swear me by the holy book.”
 “ Lift up the latch and strike the bolt,
 And put thy shoulder to the door.”
 Up went the latch—back shot the bolt—
 He stood beside her on the floor.

His winding-sheet dropped to his heels,
 ’Twas stained and blotched with damp and mould ;
 And from his lips there came a breath,
 That made the chamber bright and cold.
 Upon his neck and back he bore
 A coffin with a golden plate.
 White was his face, his hair was gray—
 His limbs shook from the ghastly weight ;
 And in his bony grasp he held
 A blue-flamed taper ; on the hearth
 The faggots died in ashes gray,
 And silence fell on all the earth.

“ How is it with thee where thou liest,
 Cold, cold, amid the chancel stones—
 O, my poor Lidh, the frost must eat
 On those black nights, into thy bones ? ”
 “ ‘Tis well with me, when none complain,
 Then rest is peaceful in my bed,
 And I hear the voices of the priests
 Pray in the chancel overhead.
 But when thou criest, and lift’st thy hands,
 In imprecations of desire,
 Thy tears do trickle through the pave,
 And burn my bones like drops of fire !

“ If thou dost love me, keep thy peace,
 We suffer most from those we love ;
 Yet what is best and worst for all,
 Is hidden in the land above.

Cease, cease thy tears ; let holy prayers
 Go up to gracious heaven instead,
 And let the voices of the priests—
 The smell of incense reach my bed.”
 He flung the wicket back, and stepped
 Across the threshold into Night ;
 The faggots on the ashen hearth
 Crackled and blazed up fresh and bright.

Dumb and dismayed, she followed him,
 Down the grim slopes, from range to range ;
 They crossed the bridge across the brook,
 They passed along the open grange ;
 Her feet were hooked in bramble trails.
 And plashed in the rain-soaken moas.
 Sudden, the coffin on his back
 Was changed into a shining cross !
 And all his garments lustrous grew,
 And where he trod the broken sward
 Waxed whiter than the mallow leaves
 That the wind blaues in the ford.

They came into St. Lynan’s porch,
 He turned to her and cried, “ Good-bye !”
 Then vanished through the knotted doors ;
 The morning faintly touched the sky ;
 And when the sun-browned peasants came
 With fresh shrine-flowers from the field,
 They found her sitting on the stone.
 Her head against the hanging shield.
 “ Dead, dead ! ” quoth they, “ rebellious ways
 Make marshes on the road to heaven.”
 But from the lofty chancel roof,
 A wind-like voice replied, “ Forgiven !

EMILY FRENCH.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

At a very early period in the history of Western Europe, Ireland was celebrated for her artists in bronze, glass, and enamel, no less than for the skill of her bards in music and poetry. The *Opus Hibernicum* was famous throughout Europe, and after the lapse of many ages of plunder or neglect, we still have the proud boast of being able to exhibit very many specimens of ancient native art-manufacture, such as no other country of the West has produced, or at any rate can present to the light of the

nineteenth century. The style seems to have had its origin in this country, and to have flourished for a period of about twelve hundred years, or from about the first century of the Christian era to the middle of the thirteenth century, when a tempest of anarchy and ruin was destined to sweep away nearly every trace of the old civilization. Giraldus Cambrensis, who hated almost everything Irish except the music, speaks of the ancient decorated MS. books, which he saw at Kildare, as having the appearance of being traced by angel's hands. Fortunately, we have not to rely on old writers' accounts for our ideas on the subject of early Irish decorative art, or palæography. At home, the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy and the Library of Trinity College furnish subjects wonderfully beautiful and characteristic of this class. As long, therefore, as there was any remnant of the old Irish race left, we would expect to find some evidence that the national genius had not entirely expired. It is a sad and curious fact, however, that the links which connect modern Irish art civilization with that of the olden time, say the thirteenth century, are few and scattered. In architectural works, indeed, we are sufficiently rich, and recent investigation has proved that our old abbey churches, and other edifices possess a strong, well-defined national character. There is nothing from Dover to Melrose in capital or moulding, to be found more graceful and artistically excellent than the details of many an island church, or western monastery, and these carvings, be it observed, are not to be found nearly the same in any other country, a fact which clearly demonstrates their native origin. In painting, unfortunately, we possess no specimen of mediaeval times, except the ruins of a few frescoes, as at Quin-abby, Co. Clare, Knockmoy, Co. Galway, and one or two other places. These works, though much faded and washed by the rain of centuries, are still sufficiently well preserved to afford some idea of the artist's power. They have the usual conventional faults of middle age paintings, but are very interesting, not only for their rarity, but also as affording us some knowledge of the dress, arms, etc., of our forefathers. In Quin-abby, the subject represented was the Crucifixion. The figures were large and fairly drawn, but all of them, particularly that of the Saviour, have been greatly injured by the wanton and sacrilegious act of a troop of yeomaury, who, some time about '98, made the abbey their rendezvous, and occupied themselves while there, in firing ball cartridge at the figure of Christ. Be this tale true or not in every respect, the bullet marks are there distinctly to be seen. This slight glance at old Irish art will not, we trust, be considered irrelevant, though our object at present is to notice some of the more remarkable of the paintings and other works of art at present on exhibition in Abbey-street. For the benefit of strangers to Dublin, we may as well mention what the Academy is. The body was incorporated by charter, in 1823; re-organized under a new charter, in 1861, and enlarged to thirty constituent members. It was originally endowed with an Academy House and Exhibition Galleries, through the munificence of one of its own members, the late Francis Johnston, Esq., Architect, and President of the Academy. During the winter season there are schools for the practice of drawing from the life, besides a school for

painting, and Professors regularly attend to superintend both departments.

The present is the thirty-fourth exhibition, and any of our readers who may recollect the appearance of the walls some years ago, before the establishment of Art-Union Societies, cannot fail to be struck with the vast improvement which has taken place in the character of the works displayed. Formerly the exhibition usually would not have attracted any attention but for the presence of a few important pictures from England or the Continent, which were brought over specially for the purpose of making something like an attractive show. Not that Ireland was even then without great painters, but, unhappily, our men of artistic genius had no field for the exercise of their profession at home. They usually emigrated to London, as the annals of the Royal Academy will sufficiently show, and thus we lost our Barrys, MacLises, Mulreadys, O'Neills, and very many others, whose names are now as household words wherever genius is appreciated or works of high art understood. In the present, and a few preceding exhibitions, we find a gratifying change from the old state of things. This year the walls are covered with far more than an average number of excellent paintings, the majority of them by living resident Irish artists, who have formed, as it were, a school of their own—a school whose only books are the pages of Nature. In one respect only must we pronounce the collection a comparative failure. We find beautiful landscapes in such variety that almost any taste for the sublime or beautiful in Nature can be gratified, exquisite sea-pieces in which the water seems to seethe and heave, or where the mighty ocean seems resting after a period of strife; fruit pieces, which it would be almost cruelty to exhibit to an imaginative child; animals, terrestrial and aquatic, in fact, pictures almost of every class, except that in which Irish painters have won their greatest honours—we refer to works of the historical or imaginative character, of which but a few examples appear. This drawback to the success of the exhibition is no slight one, and we fear that it cannot be soon remedied. The practice of miniature painting has almost become a thing of the past, and even amongst people of condition in this country at least, photographic nondescripts take the place of portraits in oil. From the class of miniature or portrait painters the most eminent men in the highest walk of art have generally sprung. We may take a very low view of the subject, but we confess we cannot see how the ordinarily-situated aspirant to the historical can live in these days of apparently cheap, but really dear, because perishable, photographic manufactures. We trust that we can discern the beginning of a reaction in favour of the beautiful, old, legitimate, miniature and oil portrait, and we are sure that come it will, at last, for the public are slowly but surely beginning to discover that for certain scientific reasons, to which it is not necessary now to refer, photography can never render a strictly correct likeness. Every portion of the figure, every feature of the face, in proportion as it is nearer to the lense than other parts of the subject, must be exaggerated and distorted. 114, "The portrait of William Dargan, Esq.," by Catterson Smith, Esq., the President of the Academy, is a truly noble example of the artist's

power, and is well worthy of its intended place in the National Gallery of Ireland. Mr. Smith, though an Englishman by birth, has long been settled in this country. His works are always remarkable for harmony of colour and breadth of effect, no less than for truthfulness of likeness. The picture of the "Man with his hand in his pocket," it would be useless to criticise. As a work of art alone, it would take a distinguished place in any collection, but any one in the least acquainted with the original must also be struck with the happiness of the manner in which the character is expressed. "The Portrait of Judge Dobbs, of the Landed Estates Court," by the same artist, is equally worthy of notice.

Our portrait painters have not come out very strong this year. G. F. Mulvany, R.H.A., an old favourite, is represented by some pleasing works, as is also J. B. Brennan, one of the newly elected associates. The likenesses of Edward and M. Angelo Hayes, academicians, hold their usual places of excellence. The versatility of genius exhibited by these two artists is somewhat extraordinary, portrait, landscape, animals, architectural pieces, and even marine views, from their pencils being presented. But of some of the more remarkable of these by-and-bye.

Perhaps one of the most original and beautifully-toned pictures in the collection is, 305, the "Island Chief at Home," by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. It represents a Celtic mediæval warrior, passing a quiet hour (from the quantity of arms and armour lying about, we must suppose his quiet hours to have been but few) with his wife and child. A couple of shaggy dogs, of the kind whilom used in Scotland and Ireland to hunt the wolf, lie at their feet. In all that constitutes a fine picture, we think this work of Mr. Paton's to excel, though we could have wished the faces of the Islanders to present more of the Celtic character. This is a kind of picture which few Irish artists, at home at least, ever attempt, and we would humbly suggest to some of our rising men, E. Fitzpatrick, the newly elected associate, for instance, to endeavour to illustrate our old dress and history, by occasionally giving us a picture of this interesting class. No. 6, "Pepys and Lady Batten," by J. D. Wingfield, is a very attractive picture, perhaps one of the best in the room. There is rather a sameness in the expression of the faces, but, take it for all in all, it possesses qualities which many of our Irish painters might do well to study. The figure and decorations of the egotistical old coxcomb are admirably rendered. J. A. Jones, R.H.A., the painter of the "Colleen Bawn and the Colleen Dhu" of last year, in number 396, has exhibited a picture which must prove most attractive to all who can appreciate good drawing and a cheerful subject. It represents a half-frightened child, the poet's

"Fairy thing, with round red cheeks,
That always finds, but never seeks,"

at whose gown a playful little black terrier has made onslaught, as terriers will do with the dress of their young masters or mistresses. Another picture by this charming artist is "Come Play," a portrait of a daughter of F. W. Brady, Esq.

But, perhaps, the most interesting subject in connection with the exhibition is the evident advance made in our school of young Irish landscape painters, even within a couple of seasons. Last year the progress was sufficiently marked, and we are happy to observe there is now no sign of flagging.

In "Loch Shiel, Evening," Mr. Faulkner presents us with what we have no doubt will be considered the best landscape in the collection. "It is a silent, solitary spot in Inverness; yet it was here that the first movement was made towards a rebellion, which threatened to convulse the empire. Prince Charles Stuart and his followers landed here in 1745." If we might venture one suggestion, in reference to Mr. Faulkner's beautiful work it is that the canvas is too large for the subject. There are too many great breadths of mountain side and water, unbroken by variety of detail; and when we think of the artist's well acknowledged power of representing the most minute clump of herbage with the accuracy of a naturalist, we had rather we had had two smaller pictures, in which his unequalled skill in delineation might be exhibited. Nevertheless, in "Loch Shiel," we believe him to hold the highest position amongst the landscape exhibitors of this year, just as, according to the almost universal verdict of the learned in such matters, he undoubtedly did in his "Pass of Glencoe," in the last collection. No. 131, "A view in the Dargle," and No. 35, "A Mid-day Effect," are in Mr. Faulkner's very best style, a style, by-the-bye, which could only have been acquired by long and laborious study upon the spot. This painter has several other pictures in the collection, and all of the highest degree of excellence, but our space at present will not admit of further description.

Mr. Marquis has evidently not been idle during the last year. Instead of Scandinavian scenes, with which few in these islands could fully sympathize, however unexceptionable the painting, he has given home views and effects, with which most of us who take an occasional summer tour, are familiar. His best picture is unquestionably "Sunset on the Atlantic, Blasket Islands in the distance." The peculiar swell, which, even in the calmest weather rolls in from the great ocean towards the shattered cliffs and headlands of the west and south-west of Ireland, is here admirably expressed. We know the scene depicted well, and can bear testimony to the wonderful truthfulness of the effect. Mr. Marquis's deficiency is sometimes a want of sufficient finish, but, as most of his pictures are painted upon the spot, he compensates for a little roughness by the vigour and truthfulness of his colouring. This picture lacks no want of finish. It is full of atmosphere, and there is a solemn motion in the water, which suggests an almost unfathomable depth. In the three pictures entitled respectively, "Morning—Leaving Port," "Mid-day—Storm at Sea," and "Night—The Ship Wrecked," Nos. 159, 209, and 189, Mr. Marquis has evidently suggested some of the haps and mishaps to which "those who go down to the sea in ships" are liable. In the first composition all promises fair. There is a good, well-painted ship, a good sea and sky. We confess, we like the "Mid-day" best, there is a freshness and saltiness in the sea very natural; and from the short, broken

waves, and evidently increasing wind, we may expect a full gale before long. The only passage in this picture we do not quite approve of is, the flash of lightning in the distance. Perhaps, too, the rigging upon the weather side should be more "taut," as sailors say. In ordinary sea-pieces we may generally remark one great error in the painting which represents the waves, though ever so high, with smooth, glassy sides, exhibiting reflections. Now, in nature, during a gale, or even a stiff breeze, the great waves are always ruffled with smaller ones upon their sides, and these again with wavelets, the tops of all being blown off into spray when the wind is any way rough. Mr. Marquis has rendered his effect in a very skilful manner. In the "Ship Wrecked," we have a very pleasing, poetical picture, but as she has only been stranded, and evidently holds very well together, we would wish to have had some indication of the fate of her crew. The subject, though one of moonlight and desolation, certainly requires a figure or two. Mr. Marquis exhibits several other works of a varied and interesting character, but to which, the space assigned to this article, will not allow us to refer.

If we had intended to mention our painters in the order in which we considered their merits to place them, perhaps, the name of Mr. Duffy should have appeared sooner. Of all the young artists of our rising school, Mr. Duffy possesses poetical genius in the highest degree. In his least pretentious work a fine aim and feeling are always expressed, and in beauty and correctness of form, and in truth of colouring, he excels. His greater works here, we believe, will not be so popular as some that are more in his older manner, but we are far from saying they are not pictures expressive of a fine artistic feeling, and in very many respects worthy Mr. Duffy's well-earned reputation. No. 56, "The Upper Lake, Killarney," represents a well known scene. The treatment is broad and full of artistic power, but we would have preferred the picture upon a smaller scale. His "Sunrise," No. 138, we consider far superior, inasmuch as it constitutes a great poetical work. The subject is simple in itself, and has been suggested by Moore's beautiful lines—

"I saw from the beach, etc."

The exquisite effect of roseate light, which one may see shortly after sunrise, on a really fine summer's morning, is portrayed in Mr. Duffy's happiest style, a single gull hovering on the crest of a long wave, not exactly breaking, but as if it were settling upon the strand, adds, in no mean measure to the poetic loneliness of the scene. There are some moonlights by this promising painter, and a "Dargle Scene," which we consider the best of all his works.

In "Gougane Barra," No. 92, Mr. Watkins, the painter of the "Clonmacnoise," which attracted so much attention last year, fully sustains his fame. He is one of our most accomplished artists, and delights in depicting scenes in his native land, hallowed by recollections of a glorious past.

The subject is one of the most remarkable in Ireland. Huge, gloomy, treeless mountains, enclose a lake, in which appears a little wooded is-

land or peninsula, whereon stand the ruins of Saint Barry's Monastery. The picture is so full of light and atmosphere, that at a little distance it might be mistakea for a water-colour drawing of the highest excellency. Mr. Watkins contributes several other works, painted with wonderful power and truthfulness. No. 298, "Old Wier Bridge, Killarney," is a perfect gem in its way, and bears evidence of its having been coloured upon the spot. But, of all Mr. Watkins' contributions this year, perhaps, the cleverest and most original is "The Waterfall," No. 314. There is a harmony of colouring, a silvery crispness in every touch of this exquisite work, which we have rarely seen excelled.

Mr. W. M'Evoys sends a number of well-executed landscapes, painted in a broad, effective style, but somewhat wanting in detail. The colour is generally too brown, or "snuffy," to fairly represent nature, as seen in these islands. A little out-door work amongst the glens of Wicklow, or even along the banks of the Liffey or Dodder, would remedy this defect.

No. 20, "Margate Roads, with a ship in distress," from the pencil of Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., is well worthy the reputation of this rising artist. Mr. Hayes may be considered as our Irish Stanfield, so full of power and truthfulness are his marine pictures, whether the subject be calm or tempest, the river or the ocean. A large vessel, storm-worn and shattered in spars and rigging, as a last resource, has been brought to an anchor, which anchor does not seem to hold very well, or there may be danger of the cable or hawser parting. A number of fishing-boats are going to her assistance. The vessel seems heaving and pitching as is if she would dive down headforemost; and in the broken clouds and rack in the straining cordage, the painter has so thoroughly expressed a gale that one wonders it is not heard. Mr. Hayes was long a resident among us, before he commenced his London career, which, we trust, will not close before he shall have assumed in the public opinion of his adopted home, the high position to which his talents entitle him. But that our space will not allow it, we would gladly refer to some other works from the same pencil.

Mr. Kenrick, who holds, we believe, the position of Professor of Painting in the Academy, presents a few specimens of his peculiarly truthful style. We have no large work in the present exhibition of this gifted artist, but in "Luggers running for Harbour," and "Cork Harbour," we have evidence of his skill in depicting the aspect of the sea and sky as it may often appear to those who love a fresh breeze, and plenty of it. No. 75, "Steam Power," is another most truthful and beautiful little marine picture, in which Mr. Kenrick's power of colouring and drawing is very apparent.

Mr. E. Fitzpatrick, a newly-elected associate of the Academy, in the "Harvest Dinner," No. 201, presents a scene of Irish life which many will look upon with pleasure. The artist must have had a sitter for each character, so life-like, truthful, and Celtic, is the expression of every face in this very happy picture. Some lines from CAVIARE sufficiently illustrate the subject :—

"On stubbled uplands in the sultry noon,
 The reapers feast, mid piles of yellow wheat ;
 All round, the dreamy harvest landscape shines,
 The blue hills glimmer thro' the golden heat."

As a depitor of Irish character, Mr. Fitzpatrick holds a very high place among Irish artists, either at home or abroad. Many of our readers will recollect his beautiful and suggestive illustrations in "Duffy's Journal," and other publications. We sadly want an artist possessed, as Mr. Fitzpatrick undoubtedly is, of an intimate knowledge of the feeling, and people of Ireland, to paint home scenes. Our school of portraiture and landscape has already taken a very high position. We would wish something more than that. Griffin, Banim, Carleton, and a score of writers beside, have found in our every-day life, and even domestic occurrences, not a little matter whereon to construct their most exciting, and it may be said, instructive romances. A good picture, after all, is but a good epic, or history, or pastoral, as the case may be, and, as we have had the writers, so, perhaps, we may yet have the painters among us. Mr. Fitzpatrick exhibits two other works, small, but characteristic sketches, one entitled the "Bird's Nest," the other "Scandal." The expression in the latter is admirable. The story is evidently enjoyed, as much by the teller as the told.

Henry MacManus, perhaps the most imaginative of our painters, sends this year, several very interesting contributions, the chief of which is a scene from "Mid-summer Night's Dream." To the well-directed exertion of Mr. MacManus much of the success of our rising school of painting must be attributed. As head master of the school of design, he broke through the old trammels of teaching, and sent our students to the fields and glens, to shore and headland, for observation and study. In No. 127, we have a picture well conceived, and admirably worked out, though, we fear, it must be considered somewhat in advance of public taste, in Ireland at least, at present.

Our old friend and favourite, A. Nicholl, exhibits several landscapes, painted in his usual happy style. No. 289, "Falls of Rogie," Ross Shire, is, we believe, his best work this year. As a painter of cliff scenery, particularly as found along the iron-bound coasts of the north and west of Ireland, Mr. Nicholl stands alone, and we are sorry in this collection to find nothing from his pencil, illustrative of the sublime scenes in which he usually delights.

Charles Grey is worthily represented by a number of pictures, "Waiting the return of the Deer Stalkers," is, perhaps, the most characteristic of the painter's peculiar genius. We are glad to perceive that they have been all sold.

In 347, "Willow Trees on the Liffey," by W. F. Wakeman, we have a scene painted with great truth and feeling, but we had wished, perhaps, a little more finish, particularly to the right of the picture.

The beautiful contributions of Edward and M. A. Hayes will add considerably to the reputation of these gifted artists. As a painter of military subjects and road-side incidents, Mr. M. A. Hayes stands un-

equalled, at least in this country. His "Mid-day Repast" is a fine example of drawing and colour, and may be looked upon as an example of water-colour drawing rivalling in richness and force of effect an oil-painting. Mr. M. A. Hayes proves the diversity of his genius by exhibiting works in landscape, cattle, and portraiture, in oil as well as in water-colours. Mr. Edward Hayes is equally versatile. No. 342, "Oliver Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds," is a charming work, remarkable alike for its admirable sentiment, perfect manipulation, and harmony of colour. It represents a scene upon which biographers love to dwell:—"The painter entered the poet's room unnoticed. Goldsmith was seated at his desk, but he had turned away from the *Traveller*, and with uplifted hand was looking towards a corner of the room, where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, with imploring eyes. Reynolds looked over the poet's shoulder, and read a couplet, the ink still wet—

"By sports like these are all our cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Some of Mr. Edward Hayes' portraits may be looked upon as the finest works of this class in the collection. His landscape contributions are numerous, varied, and excellent. We were particularly struck by No. 384, "Round Tower on Devenish Island, Loch Erne;" and by 355, the "West Door and Nave of Athassel Abbey, Co. Tipperary."

Mr. E. Shiel's picture, "The Temptation of Our Lord," No. 260, is one of the most ambitious contributions to the exhibition. The aerial perspective of this picture is particularly good.

This year we miss some of our old favourites. We find Petrie, Burton, Mulrennin, and Bridgesford, among others, unrepresented; but in 235. a "Pic-nic Party," by S. Lover, a real old celebrity has turned up.

Mr. J. J. McCarthy is represented by a "South-west View of the Convent and Schools of the Order of Mercy, Kilrush, Co. Clare," and one other drawing. To Mr. McCarthy's exertions and genius we may attribute the revival of the noble first pointed and decorated styles of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland.

Mr. J. S. Mulvany has sent some very pleasing designs, chiefly for private mansions now in course of erection in various parts of the country.

In works of sculpture the present exhibition is not rich. The model for the statue of W. Dargan, Esq., now being executed in bronze, and intended to occupy a position on the site of the Industrial Exhibition of 1853, is a truly noble, life-like achievement, by Thomas Farrell, R.H.A.

Perhaps the most interesting work in the sculpture-room is No. 467, a profile head of "John Mitchel Kemble," the great Anglo-Saxon scholar, who died in Dublin, in 1857, while engaged in collecting specimens of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon antiquities for the Art-Treasure Exhibition of Manchester. In this head Mr. James Cahill has done full justice to as noble a face, perhaps, as mortal man ever wore. The likeness is perfect, and an inspection of the profile of this strong-minded, profound scholar will, we are sure, interest many of our readers.

Had our space admitted, we would gladly have drawn attention to several other contributions, both in painting and sculpture, which are well worthy of attention, but our space is necessarily limited, and we have been obliged to notice only the more prominent works as they struck us.

Upon the whole, we believe the present exhibition to be the very best which has ever been held within the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

"Upon a morn of May."

* * * * *

Formed a snowy circle on the grass,
And placed in midst of all that lovely lass,
Who chosen is their queen—with her fine head
Crowned with flowers, purple, white, and red.'

KEATS.

I.

THE venerable annalist who furnishes us with the plot and details of this little story, in which we offer him to the world, shorn of his quaint conceits and quaintier phraseology, (overlaying his mind like the rusty moss on Mariana's flower-pots,) opens his narrative with a learned and lengthy essay on the Love Courts of the middle ages. How they originated he forgets to tell us. He dates their commencement as far back as the eleventh century, rejecting the fable which ascribes their foundation to King Arthur of the Round Table, and says they were instituted to settle the differences and disputes of the Troubadours. Of their constitution, he tells us that the supreme judge, from which there could be no appeal in this world, or the next, was invariably a peeress, who was assisted in her functions by sixteen lady justices or assessors. The court was empowered to arbitrate between lovers, hear their complaints, and pronounce judgment. A lady might, and often did, appeal to it against the cruelty of a knight, who, having won her heart, was disposed to jilt her; and not unfrequently was the case reversed; and some amorous knight, sighing like a furnace, complained of the cruelty of his mistress, and invoked the action of the tribunal. Whoever demurred against the judicial sentence was condemned to encounter the "dislike of every noble lady and gallant." As for the love-jurisprudence on which the decisions at all times rested, our annalist gives a wearisome and complex account, and he dwells with unctious delight upon this article: "Minus dormit et edit quem amoris cogitatio vexat"—that is to say, in round terms—"Love diminishes sleep and appetite." He further remarks that the court did not admit the epithet of "sweetheart;" but insisted on the amorous pairs being described as co-lovers (*co-amans*); for, as he gravely remarks, "mutuality is the essential and true quality of love." Among the many cases which he mentions as heard and decided by this pleasant, yet inexorable, court, are those of a knight against a lady for pricking him with a

pin whilst kissing her ; of a lady who brought an action against her lord for prohibiting her from wearing a jewelled dagger in her girdle ; and a variety of others, all excellent in invention and wise in procedure. His chief authority, he frankly confesses, is Andrew, the author of the " Liber de Arte Amandi, et de Reprobatione Amandi," whose researches have been the common plunder of love historians for centuries. But for the story :

On the night of Shrove Tuesday, 1633, Charles I., some time before the first warnings of the Revolution, which cost him his crown and head, had been heard from the radical benches of the Commons, sat in the banqueting-chamber at Whitehall. The king, usually grave and reserved, was all life and vivacity ; his features, ordinarily so composed and tinged with that subtle melancholy which Lavater recognises as the harbinger of great misfortunes, were relaxed into smiles, and his laughter penetrated to the street, thronged with carriages and an expectant mob, including swarms of chairmen and link-boys. His majesty was not in state ; and neither were the noblemen, amongst whom might be recognised the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Devonshire, Newport, and Elgin, Lord Fielding, Lord Dunluce, in court dress. An air of unrestrained freedom, which extended even to the ladies who surrounded the queen, like a tremulous prism of beautiful colours, pervaded the assembly. Laughter shook off etiquette ; and even jokes which Charles notoriously held in abomination, were delivered with considerable rapidity and humour. The cause of this refined *abandon* by a court, which made virtue a prominent figure in the procession of the vices, was simply this : The king and his nobles had just sat down from the representation of the well-known masque *Cælum Britannicum*, written at the royal command by Mr. Thomas Carew, sewer in ordinary to his majesty. Charles had not yet thrown off the costume of the masquerade, in which he had appeared as Mercury ; for the queen thought he looked exceedingly handsome in a gilt coat of flame colour, a white mantle trimmed with gold and silver, a wreath with small falls of white feathers on his head, and a pair of azure-coloured wings at his heels. Seated on the cushions beside the king's stool was Mr. Henry Spencer, the heir to an earldom, a young man of large accomplishments and no mean personal graces. He had personated the genius of the three kingdoms, and the universal opinion of the assembly was that no one could have looked to more advantage in his symbolical attire, consisting of a white-coloured robe, an olive garland, and a broad pair of purple wings. At a little distance from him, but more to the king's back, half-reclined at the feet of Lady Alice Clarence, the Celia embalmed for ever in the imperishable amber of his verse, one saw Mr. Thomas Carew, the poet of the era—the Jonson and Catullus of his day. Men who, after all that has been said to the contrary, are as envious of each other's attractions as the crumpiest of old maids, admitted him to be handsome, witty, and eloquent. His face, a perfect oval, with a half-feminine lapse of character about the mouth, was enlivened by a pair of large, sea-green eyes, whose quickness of glance and suddenness of dilation betrayed intense perception and passion ; and his hair, antedating the picturesque arrangement which followed sharp upon the heels of the Protectorate, fell to his shoulders in

broad ears of mixed gold and chestnut. Delicacy predominated in all his figure, from the exquisitely booted foot that sprawled upon the floor, to the fine, white, symmetrical hand, toying with the crystal charms suspended from the wrist of the Lady Clarence. Of Alice herself our annalist tells us little, but Carew helps us to an estimate of her perfections, in those poems, in which he confesses, "She has too much divinity for me;" "Ah, she consumes her own idolater," or likens her blood, in highly metaphorical sensitiveness, to "dissolved coral." And in an elegy on the butterfly which "flew into her eye," there meeting "delicious death," he swears that the insect had endured the sun's blaze a season, but being dazzled by the brilliance of her orbs, it "found therein a new and unknown light," and plunged into their fire. The banqueting-chamber, on the night of which our annalist writes, had been transformed into a theatre, by Inigo Jones. Delicate music, the composition of Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman of the king's chapel, and the greatest genius of his time, was distilled through the hall through a tissue of silk, within which the orchestra was concealed. The singers had just concluded with one of Carew's elaborate compliments to the royal pair :

Charles smiled and darted a look of the keenest intelligence at the queen, who responded to it with a weak smile. "Tot," he said, addressing her by her pet name, "do the poets speak truth knowingly? For my part, I cannot help thinking they must go through an academical course of lying to venture on such falsehoods as this."

" Yet Bess did not think so," replied the queen, and the allusion to Elizabeth was accompanied by a significant compression of her lips. "Mr. Shakspere, the play-maker, did not forfeit her favour, because of having designated her a 'virgin throned by the west.'" Charles shook his head, and the queen continued :

" If increase of wealth and honor come by the administering of compliment, why should one decline giving that which is at his command?"

" You have driven the bodkin, Tot, through the eighth commandment," cried the king, " what will Mr. Spencer think of your orthodoxy?"

Spencer, taking the king's word as an invitation to join in the discourse, glanced at Alice and Carew, both of whom had bent forward to catch the conversation, and said, " Your majesties will pardon me, I humbly trust, if I think you do the profession injustice." The poet is of imagination all compact; what are but mole hills to other men are mountains to him. His sense of greatness exaggerates the power of its own organ, he can conceive no littleness, without magnifying and elevating it. "He ——," Spencer suddenly stopped, arrested by the attitude of Carew, who, with white face, and finger to his lip, seemed to implore him to moderate the warmth of his essay. Alice, too, looked a little startled, but smiled to him when their eyes met.

" Pray, proceed, Mr. Spencer, we have but the heads of your discourse," said the king.

" And I beg, your majesty, that I may be allowed to right them. All poetry, however good or noble, carries with it one grave defect, a lack of intelligence, given, we may suppose, to remind even the poets that they are mortal.

By which I mean the inability to grasp a great character ; to come up, as it were, to its just proportions ; to furnish a depth and breadth sufficient to reflect its grandeur. This is permanently and eminently the case with poets, who attempt to set forth the wisdom and clemency of kings. They are appalled by the presence they would glorify, lost in the wilderness of perfections, which they seek to extend. Mr. Carew is a very able man, to which your majesty has testified by honours and favours innumerable ; but there need be no apprehension that he will or can flatter your majesty. Even Homer would not try to crush Titan into a thimble."

The vile flattery of Spencer's outburst, plain and palpable as it was, did not in the least discompose the king or his consort. The former seemed to be elaborating some approved reply ; the latter, with the stupidity of a woman whose crown was too heavy for her head, yawned and patted the floor with her slipper. Carew smiled benignantly on his advocate ; and Alice, in a shy, fawn-like manner, kissed three fingers to her lover's friend. At last Charles spoke.

"I am afraid, Mr. Howard, you would make too good a courtier. A king in your hands should dine daily on the birds of Jove, and sleep in frankincense. Too good a courtier, soh ! too good a courtier !"

"Your majesty alarms me," Spencer said, with a look of affected trepidation, for well he knew that flattery was never unpalatable to a Stuart. "If to speak truth as one's inmost soul prompts him to deliver it, be a virtue not exercised at court, I will turn a Raleigh, and become shepherd of the seas."

"And let your eloquence go with the winds—*instruct the dolphins in the syntax of taste!* Mr. Howard, we have too weighty an opinion of your talents to suffer them to be squandered thus. We do not discard genius because it has a subtle understanding, and an honest tongue. Now, as a poor testimony to your defence of the poets, what can be done to serve you ?"

"Your majesty's goodness overwhelms me. I had an ambition once to preside over the Ports of ——"

"Hush !" Charles interposed, "call to-morrow on the chamberlain."

Spencer bowed, kissed the hand the king offered him, and retired. Groups were still dancing in different parts of the hall. He paused for a moment to observe them as they flitted across the gleaming floor ; flashing with plume and jewel. In the interspace which divided the apartments, he saw Carew and Lady Alice Clarence. She was leaning upon her lover's arm, and though her tongue tripped merrily, and her laugh rang silvery clear, there was that in her face which betrays a woman's indecision—the lapse of purpose which glides through irresolution into indifference. Spencer, fascinated by her superb figure, and fine head and face, leaned over a chair and gazed at her long and earnestly.

"That woman," he thought, "cares little for Carew—nothing at all, mayhap, if her wicked little heart could be rifled of half its secrets. Heigh ho ! what fools we, men, are ! Gad, I'm half inclined to agree with Quivedo, the Spaniard, the lower world wouldn't be such a bad place after all, if the women were expelled from it. Extraordinary animal ! With

her the faith of to-day is the heresy of to-morrow—the whim of the now, the orthodox canon of the next minute. What a pity—there's the humiliation—we can't do without her ! Ah, I've known women so to shift and change, and run before all winds that blow under heaven, that I would as soon tell my prospects to the city-crier, as believe in their constancy. Now 'tis the Duke of something's fine hair ; anon 'tis my Lord so-and-so's calf ; then such-a-one's head and neck, and so on through a whole range of absurdities, until the last takes refuge in a gouty viscount, and admission to the back-stairs of the palace. Love him ? not she. Poor fellow ! he had to put his last question three times, so little does she heed his discourse ; and then so curt an answer ! I wish some familiar imp would tell me what that woman's looking for—her eyes search every nook of the building, and will not be at rest. Now it is the great door ; now the king's corner—and now—Gad, how the girl blushes !—at me !”

Alice's arm trembled so violently on Carew's, that he turned to her in unaffected alarm, and beheld her face and neck flushed, her eyes strangely agitated. “ Is the place too hot, Alice—are you ill ? ” he asked.

Without the slightest show of effort, she mastered her emotions, gave him a ready smile, declared the place was charming, and that she never felt better or happier.

“ But you blushed so awfully ? ” insisted Carew.

“ Did I ? ” she answered, with a look meant to be half humorous and inquisitive. “ Well, let me see what advantage your muse will derive from the incident ? There's nothing strange in blushing ; but you poets are ——.”

“ Even the greatest of us were blind. I am not.”

“ Does not Mr. Spencer look charming, Carew ? Happy genius ! ”

“ Do you wish to know him, Alice ? ”

She bent her head, reddened a little, and said “ No.” After a little pause she added : “ And yet, if the crime were not unpardonable in your eyes, I should ambition the acquaintance of a gentleman so worthy and gifted as Mr. Spencer.”

“ Where there is no loss there can be no sacrifice. Do you remember the story of the cloud at sunset ? Come.”

They crossed the floor, and stood before Spencer. “ Lady Alice Clarence would know you, Mr. Spencer,” and Carew smiled mournfully.

The rival smiled in turn. “ Your generosity, Mr. Carew, is only equalled by the condescension of Lady Clarence.”

“ And she wants you to show her the frescoe in the outer chamber. It is crowded to excess, but with such a pilot—I must speak in elipses—Good bye.”

For one moment Alice's eyes, and then the sea-green eyes of Spencer were dilated in

“ Will you not come ? ”

“ We shall meet again,

At that moment a c

“ The king ! ”

ew, and then the sea-green eyes

d turned on his heel.

to the poet, and whispered

"You will not leave us?" said Spence. "The king is fresh; he challenged Warden to tennis at midnight!"

"Then he requires all loyal assistance," Carew said. "Farewell."

II.

Is it fair to charge a woman with treachery, or inconstancy, because she rejects one lover for another? Love is seldom a question of taste, much less seldom a question of conscience. Poor Carew saw that he was discarded; and, beholding a rival in the shrine which he had long inhabited as priest and worshipper, withdrew in silence. Poet as he was, he felt it would be unmanly to reproach *her*; and, though his heart was filled with mortification, his pride wounded in its most sensitive part, he was brave enough to hold his tongue, and accept defeat with fortitude. A few days saw him at Paris. The distractions of the brilliant capital, the society to which his position afforded him access, helped to allay the irritation of disappointment; and, for a while, it seemed to him that he had buried his old passion for good, set up its tombstone, and committed it to ashes. It was a pleasant delusion, but destined to be short-lived. Spencer came to Paris in the beginning of Spring, and the sight of his rival revived the latent bitterness that slumbered in his heart. They met with all the cordiality which marked their friendship in happier days; and each was careful to avoid the slightest allusion to a topic which had no attractions for either. The gossip of the court, the scandal of the back-stairs, the king's increasing infirmities, were the subjects they talked of. Strangely enough, Carew began to like his rival. To look at him, and think it was the man by whom he was defeated; to lay hands on the robber who had broken into the sanctuary of his heart and stolen its jewel, filled him with a torturing delight. The two friends were invariably seen together, and few besides those in the secret of their lives could have guessed at the singular cause of that close companionship. So the days rolled on; and to Carew, Alice Clarence was as one whose hands we have folded, years ago, in the sweet, white sleep of death.

Outside the barrier, at the date of our story, a Madame Silau kept a house to which the sparks of the *beau monde*, eager in the pursuit of vulgar excitement, resorted for the purpose of gambling. A discreditable character surrounded the establishment; but the odour of bad repute did not prevent Spencer and Carew from visiting it. Madame was good-looking and vivacious; the wine was good, the play spirited, and the company agreeable, if not select. One autumn night, the smoking oil-lamps in the gambling saloon shed their dirty light upon a crowd of figures gathered around the principal table. The Earl of Holland, who had but recently arrived from England, was present with two friends, whom he was delighting, in the intervals of the game, with highly-spiced anecdotes of the principal personages at court. Carew's ears drank in every word, and his heart throbbed fast, when Hollond made a passing allusion to Alice Clarence, Spencer also appeared interested on the mention of her name.

"Monsieur Parand," he cried, to a gentleman from whom he had just won a rouleau of gold pieces, "will you oblige me by holding your hand a moment? Holland, is that little jade still alive?"

"And as charming as ever. Fine woman, and agreeable too. Worth ninety-nine of your French beauties at the least. Eh! what does Carew think?" asked Holland.

"She is very beautiful, and exceedingly good-natured," was the reply.

"Good-natured!" exclaimed Spencer, "with a laugh. "Come, come, be honest, and acknowledge that no greater jilt lives in England. I know her, and I pledge my oath that if one could look at her, apart from her sauciness and coqueting, she might hawk flowers round St. Paul's, and no one suspect her of being a person of rank."

Carew coloured to the hair.

"Mr. Spencer," he cried, "those words, whether spoken in jest or in gravity, are cruel and cowardly! She *was* my friend—she is yours. We——"

"Indeed!" replied Spencer. "Consider what has been said—'cruel and cowardly,' those are your words, Mr. Carew. Retract them, if you wish, or take the consequences."

"I take the consequences."

"That is," Spencer said, "you prefer being run through the body to apologising for words hurriedly said in defence of a woman who would pledge her soul to the fiend for a coronet—by whom you have been jilted and despised—and I——"

With a suppressed scream, with teeth set, and eyes fixed on the speaker, Carew's hand flew to his sword-hilt.

"Draw, Mr. Spencer," he stammered; "gentlemen can afford their blood to wash out language like this—draw!"

Holland interfered, but was hurled from the middle of the room by the strong arm of Spencer.

"If it must be, it must!" he cried. "Mr. Carew, I warn you, before we cross blades, to look to your throat."

"It is proof against a ruffian's weapon," was the reply.

"Your courtesy is charming; suppose we salute each other," Spencer said, and his eye glanced around the crowd of faces by which they were hemmed in.

"We lose time, Mr. Spencer; we——"

The words that followed were lost in the swift clash of steel. The combatants were experienced swordsmen—the engagement cautious, deadly, and accurate. Two minutes had not elapsed when Spencer fell to the floor with a cry, his antagonist's weapon sticking in his throat.

"Fly!" said Holland, as he grasped Carew by the arm, and hurried him to the door.

"Is he killed?"

"Are you wounded?"

"Badly!" And Carew, uncovering his breast, exposed a blooded space which Spencer's sword had penetrated.

A window was flung up ; a woman leaned over the sill, and called upon Holland.

"Be at Calais before morning if you care for your heads," she said.

"Oh ! Madame Sillau !"

"Come, come, don't be boys ! There's nine o'clock ! Bah ! His throat spouts like a fountain ! He wants Monsieur Carew's forgiveness."

"He has it, with all fervour. Oh ! my God ! I shall drop before we get to the barrier. Do you——"

A noise from within silenced the speaker. Madame Sillau drew back, and for a moment the lights were quenched. A moment had scarcely elapsed when she re-appeared.

"Is all over ?" asked Holland

"All over. Fly !"

III.

The sun shone down upon Hampton Gardens. It was a tender day of spring. The broad plats stretched away in blooming levels between the richly-turfed undulations with which the pleasureance was interspersed. The honeysuckle had begun to expand ; the cherry-tree had unprisoned its blossoms ; the crocuses had withered, but there was a sense of odour under the lilacs. The sunlight penetrated the entire space, save where the massed and knotted ivy embowered some pure, white statue, fled like a Dryadess to its native shadows ; or where the high-heaped laurel smothered the lucid fountains in its golden-coloured leaves. The skies were at peace ; the larks were singing. It was one of those days to which the heart opens as if to imbibe their sunshine ; when the brain is happier and clearer, and the sweet wind blows like a benediction from the heavens.

The Queen of Charles I. was seated in the centre of a group of ladies and gentlemen, on a square terrace above the fountains and the laurels. They were bright times for the Stuarts. "The Martyr to Constitutional Liberty," as Mr. Disraeli calls him ; the "Speculator in the field of human sympathies," as Mr. Collins will have it, might have felt some alarm for the grumblings of the tax-payers ; but the revolution was still far off, and the nation paid. Every one knows the moment of cloudy sensations which intervenes between waking and accurate perception ; everyone who has read the history of the period of which we write, will distinguish a parallel between the two. Whilst "the grape bled and the gold grew" nothing was more natural than for the king and queen to wile away time in elegant dissipations. Therefore, her Majesty held "a court of love ;" and the ladies and gentlemen who fluttered before the throne, like the blue bottles in a shambles, clustered around the royal personages, and assisted in the proceedings. It was merry work upon which my lords and ladies entered with a fine, appreciative zest. To do Charles credit, his share of the functions was exceedingly slender, he preferring to sit almost apart from the tribunal, and busy himself with a collection of state papers.

"Where is Emily Clarence ?" asked the queen.

"She is here, most gracious lady," answered a dapper earl, as he conducted the object of the royal inquiry to the front of the scililia.

"And I accuse her of having outraged our laws," said little Blanche Powcett, a young lady of French extraction, and a great favourite with the queen, who knew the full value of a skilled waiting-woman. "She has sinned against the realm, by pretending to love two co-amans at the same time."

"Does the lady plead?" asked the queen.

The sweet hypocrite at the bar hung her head and trembled.

"I am innocent," she said.

"Now, the gods save her!" cried Blanche. . "Did she not give Master Carew, of whom we have most affectionate remembrance, her heart with one hand, whilst she filched it with the other? Did she not, at the same time and season, listen to vows from Mr. Spencer, who met swift death thereby?"

"But," interposed the dapper earl, "if it be allowable for a man to love two women——"

"My lord!" cried the earl's wife, rising, and honouring him with a look of condensed indignation, "my lord!"

The little earl was prudent—he smiled, and was silent.

"As for me," said Maud Beaumont, tossing her elaborate curls, "I protest I have no pity for the co-amans. She must be a small-hearted woman who cannot find place for two guests at the same time."

"But that is a violation, and against the statute made and provided," answered Blanche; "no one can be bound by two loves' at once. So it runs."

"Yet, what she to do, Blanche? Is it not also set down—'Love is constantly either increasing or decreasing.' Can a woman control it—does she bridle and spur her inclinations?"

"I beseech judgment," replied Blanche.

"I loved Mr. Carew," said Alice; "I loved Mr. Spencer. I loved them in succession. Of the two, I loved Mr. Spencer the warmer—Mr. Carew the longer. When both were absent from court, and Time became interpreter to my heart,—O, ladies, what does not Time unriddle for us all?—I found Carew was its dearest guest; and I love him still, banned as he is," she exclaimed, as the blood rushed to her cheeks and the passion dilated her eyes, "immeasurably more than all other men! From him I can expect no forgiveness; and, dear to me as you all are, I would rather share his crust and exile than be the mightiest amongst us!"

Maud clasped the pretty criminal to her bosom.

"Be of good cheer," she said, "and retire into the yew-path until the court shall consider. Good-bye, my brave little woman!"

Far from the precincts of the court, where the lawns spread wider, and the foliage was less dense, there is an open space with a solitary column, supporting a marble swan, springing from its centre. Thither Alico wandered, and leaning against the base of the pillar, abandoned herself to a confused medley of fancies, tinged with the melancholy of self-reproach. Her eye caught the shadow of a man moving across the grass, in the di-

rection of the great avenue of limes, which once traversed the entire length of the palace gardens. There was no mistaking that figure. Improbable as the bare idea seemed, it was Carew, gray and feeble, and broken down. On the impulse of the moment, Alice went round to the other side of the column, to avoid him. Her heart throbbed fast, as the sounds of his footsteps coming nearer and nearer, told her that in one moment she might meet him face to face, or allow him to pass on, perhaps for ever. The shadow was projected beyond the column—it was he. She took one step to follow him. Heaven guide her—another step and she pauses. He is a few yards beyond her—a little longer and there shall be no meeting. The fine nature of the woman triumphed. Clasping her hands she cried,

“Oh ! Carew !”

The pallor-stricken face, the sunken, yet luminous eyes, were turned to her. Five slow paces, and the two so long separated by the infidelity of a woman and the idiocy of a man, stood self-accusing and speechless before each other.

“Alice Clarence, God forgive you.”

“Amen. And yet, as much as you hate me, hither, my poor love, you have come.”

“Where else could I die ?” and Carew, as a spasm of agony convulsed him, pressed his hand against his breast, and breathed hard. “God knows what you have destroyed ; the wheel is broken at the cistern, what hand shall ever make it whole ?”

“Not mine, alas ! More miserable to me than all other losses is the precious gift which I denied you, to fling it away on one, whom it could not enrich. You hate me, I deserve it ; but if you have even a little pity left, give it me. Heaven sees how sadly I need it !”

“Pity ! Ah, Alice Clarence, there was a day when you refused me even so much. I knew a woman in happy years, all goodness, mercy, and gentleness ; if a man’s love be not entirely worthless, she seemed to value mine. Through doubts that might have conquered incredulity’s self, I held up, still reverenced, still worshipped her. And when the life-dream was at its climax, she turned and spat on me.”

“Oh ! Carew—oh, love, spare me !”

“And if, for her sake, I’ve borne exile, and lost strength and favour and become this miserable wreck of what I once was, what remains for me ?”

“To hate her with your whole heart,” she said, and turned her white face and fixed eyes to his.

“And yet, Alice, I do not—cannot hate you, my poor Alice—I cannot help but love you !”

She hid her face on his shoulder, he felt her hot tears upon his neck, and his frame quivered.

“Let us forget all that has passed, as a dream, to which there shall be a fairer awakening. Not here !”

"Yes, yes;" she said, thickly. "God does not give me this joy to snatch it away. Yes; here—here!"

"No!" and he shook his head sorrowfully. "All the portents of death are on me. For me eternity has begun to dawn, the sun will rise soon."

They sat down on the plinth of the statue of Ceres, in Hampton Palace gardens. Alice, choking from emotion, could only look into his wasted face, and shower kisses on his great, white forehead, wrinkled with unseasonable decay.

"Ah, me," he murmured, "in what other land shall the spring come for me?"

"In our own, love! You are young, and youth is not quickly overcome when kind hands help and sustain it. I will be your nurse, and we will wait with patience until this great cloud has passed off, till a sweeter season follow."

He pressed her to his bosom. "Do I not hear the swallows twitter in yonder limes?"

"Yes, love."

"Alice—my poor Alice."

With a last effort he threw his arms around her neck, and Thomas Carew became immortal.

REVIEWS.

DR. WILDE'S CATALOGUE OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES—THE GOLD ORNAMENTS.*

We all recollect how, some five years since, on the occasion of the then approaching visit of the British Association to Dublin, Dr. Wilde undertook to put the vast and magnificent, but wholly unarranged, collection of antiquities in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy into order, and prepare a catalogue which would render its treasures intelligible to the stranger. Up to that time the Museum was almost a chaos—not even the commonest list of its contents was, we believe, in existence; and no man who had not made Irish antiquities his special study could derive the slightest information from an inspection of its shelves and glass-cases without the aid of some initiated *cicerone*. Well—the Museum was properly classified and arranged, its contents duly registered, and the first part of the catalogue written, printed, and published with wonderful expedition, and all in ample time for the convenience of the numerous scientific and learned strangers who honoured us with a visit in the August and September of 1857. Since then we had a second, and now we have a third, part of the catalogue; and for all this we are indebted to Dr. Wilde's

* CATALOGUE OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF GOLD IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY. By W. R. Wilde, Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy. Illustrated with 90 Wood Engravings. Dublin: Published by the Academy, and by Hedges, Smith, and Co.

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"Pity ! Ab, Alice Clarence, there was a day when you even so much. I knew a woman in happy years, all goodness, gentleness; if a man's love be not entirely worthless, she was mine. Through doubts that might have conquered incredulity, still reverenced, still worshipped her. And when the love at its climax, she turned and spat on me."

"Oh ! Carew—oh, love, spare me !"

"And if, for her sake, I've borne exile, and loss, and become this miserable wreck of what I once was, I have lost me ?"

"To hate her with your whole heart, and to look at her face and fixed eyes to his."

"And yet, Alice, I do not—
help but love you !"

She hid her face on his shoulder, and his frame quivered.

"Let us forget all that has passed, and let us have a fairer awakening. Not in vain have we lived."

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any occurrence in a private manner,
and precious metals were found
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them, or belonged to the govern-
ment, or in the sea, or on the
coast. By a Treasury Minute,
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academy, this law has been
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precious metals or other-
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Committee of the Academy,

energy, devotedness, and ability. In such a case, some man must put his shoulder to the wheel, or the work would never be undertaken, much less accomplished. So far Dr. Wilde has executed his self-imposed and gratuitous task with infinite credit to himself—with great learning and industry, at an enormous sacrifice of valuable time,—and with great advantage to the Academy, to Irish antiquity, and to the public.

It is impossible not to be struck by the evidence of early civilization so patent in many of the articles of personal adornment described in the Catalogue now before us. We have not the slightest doubt that many of them are much older than our oldest written history. They belong to a period when there may, indeed, have been a written history also—as we have good authority for believing that there was—but then, its monuments have disappeared, and its records may be said to have come to us as traditions, taken up, it is true, by the chronicler in a still very remote antiquity, and thence transmitted to us in writing. They belong to a period anterior to the use of that charming interlaced style of ornament known as *Opus Hibernicum*, and which appears to have been peculiar to the early Christian ages of Irish art. We see no trace of that style of ornament in any of the gold articles figured in this number of Dr. Wilde's Catalogue, and we are convinced that even that circumstance goes to establish their Pagan antiquity. Yet their workmanship evinces considerable skill in the manufacture, no slight knowledge of the art of working in metal, and to say the least, no despicable taste in matters of style and ornament for that remote age.

It is a remarkable fact that a greater number of ancient gold ornaments have been found in Ireland than in all the other countries on this side of the Alps, collectively. This circumstance has astonished antiquaries. It has led some to conclude that the original colonizers of Ireland had come from countries in which gold was very abundant, and had brought a great quantity of that precious metal with them into this island. Such is the opinion which has been advanced by Dr. Todd, and it is one which we would gladly adopt, as it accords with our ancient accounts, which represent the primitive inhabitants of Ireland as a highly civilized people, bringing with them into this country the arts of civilized life, such as those arts were, at so remote a period. Dr. Wilde, however, dissents from the theory of the importation of gold into Ireland as a necessary explanation of its great abundance in this island in remote ages. He observes that gold has been found in no fewer than seven localities in Ireland, and that in one of these—namely, the County of Wicklow—in which we are told by our ancient annalists, that gold was first smelted and manufactured in Ireland, upwards of £10,000 worth of gold was procured within a few weeks in recent times. He also shows from the assays made of some of the ancient gold ornaments in the museum of the Academy, that the degree of fineness nearly corresponds, in many instances, with that of the metal as found in its natural state in our mines. This is a curious coincidence, and ought to go far to settle the question of the native origin of the material of these gold ornaments. The opinion of our author, indeed, is, that gold

was the first metal with which the primitive inhabitants of Ireland were acquainted, as being so frequently found on the surface of the soil, and in a purer state than any other metal.

Of the ancient Irish gold manufactures there are at present in the Academy's museum *three hundred and ten specimens*, including several beautiful crescent-shaped diadems or tiaras ; torques, and other ornaments for the neck ; circular plates, fibulae of peculiar construction, and brooches for the breast ; armillæ, bracelets, and finger-rings ; large torques for the chest and waist ; and many other objects, among which are some of undetermined use. But, observes our author, these are only

"A small portion of the gold antiquities found in Ireland, even within the past century, the great bulk of which had been melted down by jewellers, long before the institution of the Academy's museum, about thirty-three years ago. And even during this latter period far more articles of Irish gold have, in all probability, found their way to the crucible than have been anywhere preserved as objects of antiquarian or historic interest. Besides those in the Academy, there are many noble specimens of Irish art in the Museum of Trinity College, and in the collections of private individuals, not only in Ireland, but also in England and Scotland ; and the majority of gold articles illustrative of the antiquities of the British isles, now preserved in the British Museum are Irish. The ignorance of the finders, the fear of detection, the low antiquarian value heretofore attached to such articles, the want of a law of treasure-trove—such as exists in other countries—the smallness of the fund placed at the disposal of the Academy for the purchase of such articles rendering it unable to purchase many valuable specimens that have been offered for sale, and the apathy and indifference with respect to the preservation of our national antiquities which have prevailed up to a very recent period, have all tended to promote this lamentable dispersion, or destruction, of the golden treasures found beneath the surface of the soil in Ireland, during more than a century and a half. How much may have been discovered prior to the commencement of that period, it is now impossible to calculate."

Until very lately, the law of "treasure-trove" in this country was complicated, and of such a nature as to induce the finder to observe secrecy on the matter, and to dispose of the discovered treasure in a private manner, and at a sacrifice. Whenever coin, plate, or precious metals were found hidden in the earth, or in any private place, and the person who deposited them there was unknown, the property so found belonged to the government ; but if found in a river or pond of water, or in the sea, or on the surface of the ground, then it belonged to the finder. By a Treasury Minute, however, recently obtained, through the exertions of a few noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Royal Irish Academy, this law has been changed, as far as Ireland is concerned, and the finder of any object of antiquarian interest in this country, whether of the precious metals or otherwise, and whether under or over the surface of the earth, is invited openly to offer them for sale, with a promise of receiving the full value, as determined by the Committee of Antiquities of the Academy, without any fear of legal claims under the law of treasure-trove, and without even the expense of transmission. The course to be taken in such a case is to lodge the discovered treasure at the next police station, where a receipt for it is given ; and after it has been submitted to the Committee of the Academy,

the antiquarian value is fixed upon it, and it may be observed that such antiquarian value is always somewhat more than the mere bullion value which would be the utmost that a goldsmith or jeweller could afford to give for it; and even then the sale of the article is not compulsory on the finder, who may search for the highest market at his pleasure. This excellent regulation cannot be too generally known throughout the country; but if there were any use in vain regrets, it is to be lamented that it was not adopted many years ago, and many a precious relic of our national antiquity thus preserved from destruction.

This is the smallest portion of the Catalogue, containing only a hundred pages, with 90 wood engravings; but it is perfect in itself as an enumeration and admirable description of the gold ornaments preserved in the Academy's museum. And while we desire to express our gratitude, in the name of the country, to Dr. Wilde for his indefatigable, laborious, and gratuitous exertions to give the public a descriptive Catalogue of the antiquarian treasures contained in this splendid national collection, we would express a hope that the completion of the work will not be unnecessarily postponed by the Academy.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS.*

DR. MORAN'S Memoir of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, has already secured for him a distinguished place among those writers who have laboured to preserve and perpetuate all that is most valuable in our sacred and secular history. In fact, had he never published another volume, the work to which we have alluded would, of itself, entitle him to the gratitude not only of his contemporaries, but of those who, centuries hence, will peruse that admirable biography of the martyred prelate. The "Historical Sketch," however, is another evidence of the indefatigable zeal and research for which Dr. Moran is so eminently remarkable, another proof of the unwearied industry with which he works for the honour of our religion and native land.

The object which the learned author proposed to himself in writing the Sketch of the Cromwellian Persecution was, if we mistake not, to show the Catholics of this, and every other country where the English language is spoken, how our predecessors in the faith behaved themselves at that awful period, when the whole Irish people, after a brave, but unsuccessful, resistance, were overborne and down-trodden by the fanatical Puritans. Doubtless, the generality of readers are already familiar with Cromwell's Irish campaigns, and very few are ignorant of the massacres which that ruthless tyrant perpetrated in Drogheda, Wexford, and elsewhere; but,

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till the present volume appeared, we had no categorical narrative of the sufferings to which Cromwell doomed the Irish Catholics, clergy and laity, for their unswerving attachment to God, king, and country. Their devotion to the creed of their fathers, and their loyalty to a worthless sovereign, sire of a son still more worthless, involved them in common ruin, and brought down on their heads that curse—death, outlawry, and confiscation,—which to the present day remains proverbial in Ireland. There are many, doubtless, whose squeamishness, real or affected, will find fault with the "Historical Sketch," simply because it revives memories which the over-sensitive would have buried in oblivion. Objections of this sort, however, are little worth; for, on the same principle, and to cater to such tastes, we should destroy the Roman Martyrology and every other book that records Christian heroism struggling against the iron hand of despotism. Nor are we to forget that the Irish Catholics have been held up to the world by Temple, Borlase, and other lying writers, too numerous to mention, as a race plunged in ignorance, rioting in blood and rapine, and incapable of performing a single deed that could be pleasing in the sight of God or man. It is quite certain that the fanatical Puritans pretended to view them in this light, and thought that they were justified in exterminating the whole race by sword, halter, famine, and every other device which wicked ingenuity could invent. This, indeed, was merest pretence, but the real object of those canting knaves was to get possession of the churches, estates, and homesteads of the Irish Catholica, after the latter had been swept from their native soil. Instead, therefore, of finding fault with the "Historical Sketch," we should rather be proud of it, as an able and lucid vindication of our national honour, and as an unanswerable apology for our Catholic forefathers, whose devotion to the faith defied Cromwell's sword, and came out, if possible, brighter and more purified from the terrible ordeal through which it had to pass. Every Irish Catholic should feel himself exalted by the contemplation of what his predecessors had to endure for their religion, and none can say that he has formed an adequate notion of their sufferings till he has perused the pages of this admirable volume. Want of knowledge may, in many instances, be excusable, but surely it is a shame and a disgrace to be ignorant of the vicissitudes of Catholicity in this island, or of those who laid down their lives in the dungeon and on the scaffold to transmit the sacred deposit to us, who enjoy its manifold blessings now that the sword of persecution is rusting in its sheath.

The long series of pains and penalties inflicted on the Irish Catholics by Cromwell and the ministers of Charles II. is faithfully and minutely detailed in Dr. Moran's "Sketch," and we may here observe, that many of the documents he quotes were never before published, being for the most part "*Reports*," carefully drawn up by ocular witnesses, who deposited them in the Roman archives, where they might have lain, lost to the reading world, were it not for the research of the learned author. The veracity of those Reports, so painfully minute and circumstantial, is placed beyond doubt by collateral evidences collected from *Protestant* writers, whom Dr. Moran cites; and we need hardly state, that he has given additional value to his book by copious extracts from Dominic O'Daly, Lynch's

the antiquarian value is fixed upon it, and it may be observed that such an antiquarian value is always somewhat more than the mere bullion value which would be the utmost that a goldsmith or jeweller could afford to give for it; and even then the sale of the article is not compulsory on the finder, who may search for the highest market at his pleasure. This excellent regulation cannot be too generally known throughout the country; but if there were any use in vain regrets, it is to be lamented that it was not adopted many years ago, and many a precious relic of our national antiquity thus preserved from destruction.

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Patrick Francis Moran, Vice-Rector of
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the present view
suffices to which I have
for their benefit,
you to the end of the
day or a few hours
will be the most
useful.

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the Historical Sketch will pass through many editions, we of suggesting to Dr. Moran, that he can materially of the chapter which he devotes to "Individual In- the chapter which he devotes to "Individual In- by consulting Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormonde, many examples of fiendish cruelty inflicted on the Catho- of the period, far surpassing in atrocity any that histories of the Inquisition. We may also remark that it would be well to record how many of the worst persecutors of the Inquisition were guilty, for, as is generally the case, most of those miserab- came to a horrible and untimely end. Thus, for example, Sir Charles Croke, who, after he had risen from warming himself in a fire made up of a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, which he contem- the maniacal rage to be hewed into billets. The renegade Lord Esmond, the avenger and exterminator of the O'Byrnes in Wicklow felt God's curse in the mid-side, and was laid in the ancestral vault, unreconciled and un- absolved. Many instances of similar visitations overtook others of the char- acters in the bloody drama, so graphically described by Dr. Moran, and we trust that he will find room for them in some future edition. Meanwhile, we will claim for this excellent volume a niche in every Irish library, and we would recommend all those who are entrusted with the training of Catholic youth, not only to place it in their hands, but, if possible, to make them learn every page of it by heart, for there are few books fuller of instruction, interest, and edification, and none, certainly, better calculated to make us love our religion, and revere the memories of those who died man- grous to uphold it. Before dismissing this subject, it may not be out of place to observe, that the "Historical Sketch" is dedicated to the Rev. Michael Moore York, than whom none could be better entitled to such a tribute of respect and esteem. This venerable ecclesiastic is, indeed, the last link of that long chain of priests who lived in the penal times—one of those who beheld our sanctuary, and our beauty, and glory laid waste. Happily, however, for himself and the community at large, he has survived those evil days; and now, grown gray in the constant performance of good works, he can calmly contemplate a new order of things, for which we are in great measure indebted to his pious and patriotic exertions. The churches, the asylums for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, which he has founded, are so many imperishable monuments of his zeal and disinterestedness; and whenever it may please God to call him to his reward, the tears of the orphan, and the regrets of all those who appreciate virtue, will be showered on his grave. His honored, should he be honoured whose whole life has been a practical endeavour on the beautiful words of the Psalmist—"He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor." Need we add, that justice of this sort re- mains for ever and ever?

— Carte was buried in Dublin, and his tomb bore the following significant inscription:

"England's glory, Scotland's wonder,
Ireland's terror here lies under."

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CONTENTS.

No. 8.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S
PRIORY.

ISLAND LEGENDS.

AUGUST SONNETS.

CHEAP PHOTOGRAPHS.

A FORGOTTEN ESSAYIST.

SEAGULL LODGE.

ROBSON—A MEMOIR.

THE FISHERMAN OF SKERRIES.

THE MECHANISM OF TERRESTRIAL
CHEMISTRY.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

BRICKS FROM BABEL.

THE FIRST DOCTORS.

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No. 8.

AUGUST.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNWELCOME MEETING.

AFTER an arduous day passed in assisting her father to sort his various papers, Urcella Trevillers sallied forth in the direction of the Cedar Grove, to enjoy the sweet, refreshing air. The evening was far advanced, and all was hushed in repose. The wind which had spent its vagaries during the course of the day, was now completely lulled. The old fantastic trees threw their gloomy shadows along the grassy path which Urcella had chosen for her stroll; whilst the wild and tangled underwood told a tale of long neglect. Oft in this secluded spot would Urcella pass a listless hour, musing upon the past and future destiny of all around her. Sometimes her pensive mind would soar to higher regions, and, unseen by the world, she would pour out her soul in supplication for the well-being of those most dear to her, and whose safety and happiness were the fervent prayer of her affectionate heart. Thus absorbed, she trod with slow and gentle steps the velvet sod. The discovery of Gerald's duplicity, of which (since her visit to the labourer's cot) she had no longer any doubt, would force itself unbidden across her mind, and add another proof of the little there was to be relied on in this deceptive world. She tried to banish the recollection of this disappointment, and turn her thoughts towards the Disposer of all things, praying for submission to his wise decrees whatever they might be.

Nightfall now began to show signs of approach, and Urcella deemed it prudent to return home. She had no fears for herself, but in consideration of those whom she knew would be anxious at her prolonged absence, knowing her to be alone, she pursued her solitary walk no further.

That she had strolled far from the Priory was true, but that she was *alone* was not the case, a searching, scowling eye was watching her at no great distance. Her steps had been observed, and tracked by one she little dreamt was nigh. With noiseless tread this dark intruder followed in the distance, concealed in view by the shadowy branches of the cedars. Reaching the

spot where Urcella was, he stealthily drew nearer, till, catching a full view of the beauteous maid, he stood motionless. Urcella Trevillers was no stranger to him. He knew her well, had known her from her earliest youth; had been her playmate, her companion, and might even have aspired to a nearer kinship had not his wayward conduct thrown an impenetrable barrier against all further communication betwixt himself and the family of Sir Algernon Trevillers. He would now fain take this opportunity of addressing her; but he dared not. There was that in her angelic mien which forbade his rude approach. He was too conscious of his unworthiness to disturb her. He stood spell bound, hesitating whether to advance boldly, or wait a more fitting occasion. At this moment Urcella turned suddenly round, as if to retrace her steps. The moment was not to be lost, he sprang from his retreat and intercepted her path.

Greatly alarmed at this unexpected apparition, Urcella was on the point of rushing by, and flying for safety, when the tones of a well-remembered voice fell upon her ear, and arrested her course.

"Stay, good cousin, stay, I beseech you," were the supplicatory words that stopped her hasty retreat.

"Geoffrey!" exclaimed Urcella, giving a terrified glance at the changed and haggard face before her. "Is that you?"

"Yes," was the agitated reply; "it is your old companion, your old admirer, your own cousin, who implores you to listen to him for a few moments."

"Geoffrey," said Urcella, endeavouring to recover her self-possession, "what brings you here?"

"Ruin—destitution—"

"Ruin!—destitution!—what, in mercy, has brought you to this dreadful state?" said Urcella, advancing little by little.

"My evil destiny. That wretched fate which has ever pursued me from my childhood to this moment, and which will not cease to cling to me to my last hour."

"And have you, Geoffrey, in no way assisted this evil genius in bringing you to this extraordinary condition?"

"Hold!" cried Geoffrey, his brow darkening as he spoke. "This is no time for reproaches—rather deplore my desperate condition."

"I do, indeed, deplore it," said Urcella.

"Well, then, let me test the truth of what you say by your promising to procure me an interview with my uncle. See him I must; and a word in my favour from you will be the means of procuring what I desire. Give me this promise, sweet cousin, and I will leave you immediately."

"I pray you, Geoffrey, make no such request. I cannot, indeed, I cannot grant it. How can I lead you into my father's presence, after you have so ungratefully requited his generosity?"

"Generosity!" cried Geoffrey, with a contemptuous smile. "Do you call that generosity which drove me from my home, and thrust me inexperienced upon the wide world?"

"You were *not* driven from my father's home, Geoffrey. You left us abruptly, and entirely of your own accord."

"And who could have staid under the tyrannical thraldom to which I was subjected?"

"Tyrannical thraldom! Talk not thus, Geoffrey; my father's goodness to you had no bounds; he indulged you, forgave you over and over again, treated you as his own son, and would have continued to do so to this day, had not your perverse spirit made your presence a misery, instead of a happiness. You cannot deny it; the very recollection of your past conduct ought to upbraid you with ingratitude, each time you pronounce your uncle's honoured name."

"Hush!" cousin, said Geoffrey, impatiently; "prate no more to me of ingratitude. My mind is filled with more urgent matter. I am left without a stiver, and must be assisted. In fact, I am come to be again admitted under that roof, which my dying parent begged might ever be a refuge and a home to me."

"And was it not a refuge and a home to you till your strange habits made you no longer worthy of its protection?"

"Be that as it may, it is now my desire to be received again as an inmate of my uncle's abode. My present straitened circumstances give me an additional claim to be there; and you, cousin, if you have any proper feeling left, must urge this claim for me."

"You have no claim," said Urcella, mildly, "on my father's roof, or on his bounty. His goodness alone took you, reared you, loved you, till your unwarrantable behaviour snapt the cord of affection, and made you as one no longer known to him."

"For the last time I ask you," said Geoffrey, his eyes kindling with wrath, "Is there, or is there not, any chance of my being received as a member of my uncle's family as heretofore?"

"None, Geoffrey, none! My father will never consent to be a party to those painful scenes which so frequently occurred when you were with us, and which you cannot have forgotten."

"How, then, am I to subsist?"

"By those ample means secured to you by your father, and which ought to have far exceeded your necessities; what has become of that noble portion?"

"Gone!—gone into the coffers of others!—lost to me for ever! I have nothing left—and am therefore driven to call upon those who have plenty."

"You are greatly mistaken, Geoffrey, if you imagine that my father possesses more than he requires for his own and our maintenance. His adherence to the old Faith has drawn down the anger of the law upon him; and he is fined to well nigh ruin."

"Greater the fool he, then," said the excited young man, "for not shaping his belief to the progress of the times."

"Oh, shame on you, Geoffrey! Shame on you, to talk thus irreverently. Take yourself away to your boon-companions, and anger not my father with your unwelcome presence. There is not the slightest prospect of your

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

The indignation of Geoffrey, which had been increasing each moment as he perceived the impossibility of engaging his cousin's sympathy in his behalf, now reached its climax, and, advancing a few paces, he angrily seized the shrinking girl by the arm, and poured into her ear a volume of abuse, directed principally against his uncle, Sir Algernon, and declaring that, should he again be deprived of that asylum to which he conceived he was justly entitled, he should adopt a course which would make her father and all belonging to him rue the day that gave him birth. Having thus given vent to his boiling emotions, he loosened his hold, and, dashing amongst the dark underwood, disappeared in the direction from which he had so suddenly emerged.

Terrified beyond description at the violent gesticulations and threats of Geoffrey, Urcella scarcely knew how she reached home, and when she did, was so overcome with alarm and agitation as to be almost unable to state what had occurred. Becoming by degrees somewhat composed, she imparted to her indulgent kinswoman the unexpected return of her truant cousin, and the distressing interview that had taken place between him and herself, begging at the same time to use her influence with her father in procuring Geoffrey that audience he so vehemently desired.

Mistress Trevillers listened to her niece's recital with sorrow and indignation. She knew more of the iniquitous conduct of Geoffrey than had reached the ear of Urcella, and was therefore not so much surprised at his outrageous behaviour as she might otherwise have been. As for saying a word in favour of his return, she could not with safety do so, knowing full well the serious evils that would accrue from such a course. Indeed, she was already convinced that her brother would not listen to such a request for a moment.

Having reflected a few seconds how she could most judiciously take part in the business, she conducted the excited girl to the repose of her own apartment, and then went in search of Sir Algernon Trevillers, to impart to him the unwelcome intelligence of his nephew's return.

CHAPTER XXV.

JANS GEOFFREY.

AT an early hour of the day succeeding that of the startling meet'ng in the grove, a young man, of comely, though somewhat jaded appearance, knocked loudly at the portal of St. Andrew's Priory, and requested an immediate audience with its lord. The favour was granted, and the petitioner was ushered into the presence of Sir Algernon Trevillers.

As the conference took place with closed doors, we will profit of its prolonged continuance 'o say a few words respecting him who had thus peremptorily demanded an interview.

Jans Geoffrey was an only child. His mother, a sister of Sir Algernon, followed her husband to an early grave, leaving her orphan boy to the care and protection of his uncle. The child was accordingly conveyed, on the demise of his parent, to the residence of Sir Algernon, where he shared with his cousin Urcella all the solicitude and kindness which an attached relative knew how to bestow.

For some years all looked fair and promising. The wayward disposition of the young adopted was readily overlooked as being the natural consequence of much indulgence, and which time would gradually correct. This improvement, however, not manifesting itself as soon as was expected, the youth was sent away to be educated at some distant establishment, where it was hoped his unruly propensities would be duly checked by severe coercion; but, unfortunately, instead of this producing the issue desired, the contrary result soon became visible. His defects grew with his years. A system of determined insubordination occasioned his expulsion, wherever he was placed. Sir Algernon at length came to the painful necessity of ordering him home. Here, his apparent contrition and desire to conform to the minutest wishes of his offended uncle, made the latter hope that his disposition had been misunderstood, and consequently misguided. Impressed with this new idea, Sir Algernon resolved in future to retain him under his immediate eye, and that of his brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, a learned member of the Order of Jesuits, and who at that time resided with him. By this arrangement he trusted he should be able to subdue the wild spirit of his nephew, and effect by kindness that which severity could not do. But even this scheme, based as it was upon the most indulgent assurances of oblivion and forgiveness of the past, proved of little or no avail. A careless indifference to every sober pursuit, was soon followed by a passion for play, which dangerous pastime began wholly to engross his mind. And, being now almost grown to manhood, that restraint which, as a youth, was placed over him, was necessarily withdrawn, and he made use of his liberty to initiate himself in all the arts of an accomplished gamester; which unfortunate propensity was accompanied with not only a total disregard for the friendly advice of Sir Algernon, but a bitter hatred for his kind uncle, the Rev. Father Francis, whose only fault was the too patient endurance with which he bore the almost daily insolence of his ungracious nephew.

Geoffrey's long and close intimacy with his beauteous cousin Urcella, naturally inclined him to turn his eyes and heart in that direction, and no means did he lose in his endeavours to call forth a reciprocal return on her part; but in this he was sorely disappointed. High-minded and upright, Sir Algernon's daughter recoiled at his pretensions. She scrupulously followed the path of rectitude traced out for her by those she deemed it a happiness to obey; she viewed the conduct of her ungrateful cousin with that indignation which it deserved. And, notwithstanding his handsome person and captivating address, nothing could shake her determination to extinguish at once his hopes, and give no encouragement to professions so undeserving of her return. His total want of respect for the faith in which

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

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the antiquarian value is fixed upon it, and it may be observed that such antiquarian value is always somewhat more than the mere bullion value which would be the utmost that a goldsmith or jeweller could afford to give for it; and even then the sale of the article is not compulsory on the finder, who may search for the highest market at his pleasure. This excellent regulation cannot be too generally known throughout the country; but if there were any use in vain regrets, it is to be lamented that it was not adopted many years ago, and many a precious relic of our national antiquity thus preserved from destruction.

This is the smallest portion of the Catalogue, containing only a hundred pages, with 90 wood engravings; but it is perfect in itself as an enumeration and admirable description of the gold ornaments preserved in the Academy's museum. And while we desire to express our gratitude, in the name of the country, to Dr. Wilde for his indefatigable, laborious, and gratuitous exertions to give the public a descriptive Catalogue of the antiquarian treasures contained in this splendid national collection, we would express a hope that the completion of the work will not be unnecessarily postponed by the Academy.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS.*

DR. MORAN'S Memoir of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, has already secured for him a distinguished place among those writers who have laboured to preserve and perpetuate all that is most valuable in our sacred and secular history. In fact, had he never published another volume, the work to which we have alluded would, of itself, entitle him to the gratitude not only of his contemporaries, but of those who, centuries hence, will peruse that admirable biography of the martyred prelate. The "Historical Sketch," however, is another evidence of the indefatigable zeal and research for which Dr. Moran is so eminently remarkable, another proof of the unwearied industry with which he works for the honour of our religion and native land.

The object which the learned author proposed to himself in writing the Sketch of the Cromwellian Persecution was, if we mistake not, to show the Catholics of this, and every other country where the English language is spoken, how our predecessors in the faith behaved themselves at that awful period, when the whole Irish people, after a brave, but unsuccessful, resistance, were overborne and down-trodden by the fanatical Puritans. Doubtless, the generality of readers are already familiar with Cromwell's Irish campaigns, and very few are ignorant of the massacres which that ruthless tyrant perpetrated in Drogheda, Wexford, and elsewhere; but,

* HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS-*by the Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome.* Dublin and London: JAMES DUFFY.

till the present volume appeared, we had no categorical narrative of the sufferings to which Cromwell doomed the Irish Catholics, clergy and laity, for their unswerving attachment to God, king, and country. Their devotion to the creed of their fathers, and their loyalty to a worthless sovereign, sire of a son still more worthless, involved them in common ruin, and brought down on their heads that curse—death, outlawry, and confiscation,—which to the present day remains proverbial in Ireland. There are many, doubtless, whose squeamishness, real or affected, will find fault with the "Historical Sketch," simply because it revives memories which the over-sensitive would have buried in oblivion. Objections of this sort, however, are little worth; for, on the same principle, and to cater to such tastes, we should destroy the Roman Martyrology and every other book that records Christian heroism struggling against the iron hand of despotism. Nor are we to forget that the Irish Catholics have been held up to the world by Temple, Borlase, and other lying writers, too numerous to mention, as a race plunged in ignorance, rioting in blood and rapine, and incapable of performing a single deed that could be pleasing in the sight of God or man. It is quite certain that the fanatical Puritans pretended to view them in this light, and thought that they were justified in exterminating the whole race by sword, halter, famine, and every other device which wicked ingenuity could invent. This, indeed, was merest pretence, but the real object of those canting knaves was to get possession of the churches, estates, and homesteads of the Irish Catholics, after the latter had been swept from their native soil. Instead, therefore, of finding fault with the "Historical Sketch," we should rather be proud of it, as an able and lucid vindication of our national honour, and as an unanswerable apology for our Catholic forefathers, whose devotion to the faith defied Cromwell's sword, and came out, if possible, brighter and more purified from the terrible ordeal through which it had to pass. Every Irish Catholic should feel himself exalted by the contemplation of what his predecessors had to endure for their religion, and none can say that he has formed an adequate notion of their sufferings till he has perused the pages of this admirable volume. Want of knowledge may, in many instances, be excusable, but surely it is a shame and a disgrace to be ignorant of the vicissitudes of Catholicity in this island, or of those who laid down their lives in the dungeon and on the scaffold to transmit the sacred deposit to us, who enjoy its manifold blessings now that the sword of persecution is rusting in its sheath.

The long series of pains and penalties inflicted on the Irish Catholics by Cromwell and the ministers of Charles II. is faithfully and minutely detailed in Dr. Moran's "Sketch," and we may here observe, that many of the documents he quotes were never before published, being for the most part "*Reports*," carefully drawn up by ocular witnesses, who deposited them in the Roman archives, where they might have lain, lost to the reading world, were it not for the research of the learned author. The veracity of those Reports, so painfully minute and circumstantial, is placed beyond doubt by collateral evidences collected from *Protestant* writers, whom Dr. Moran cites; and we need hardly state, that he has given additional value to his book by copious extracts from Dominic O'Daly, Lynch's

"Life of Kirwan," "Cambrensis Eversus," and other works of equal importance.

As we hope that the Historical Sketch will pass through many editions, we take this opportunity of suggesting to Dr. Moran, that he can materially heighten the interest of the chapter which he devotes to "Individual Instances of Persecution," by consulting Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, where he will find many examples of fiendish cruelty inflicted on the Catholics by the Lords Justices of the period, far surpassing in atrociousness any that we read in the fabulous histories of the Inquisition. We may also remark that it would be well to record how many of the worst persecutors of the Irish Catholics died, for, as is generally the case, most of those miscreants came to a horrible and untimely end. Thus, for example, Sir Charles Coote* was shot dead in Trim, after he had risen from warming himself at a fire made of a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, which he contumuously caused to be hewed into billets. The renegade Lord Esmond, too, the murderer and exterminator of the O'Byrnes in Wicklow felt God's avenging hand press heavily on him, for, after being struck blind, he died on the road-side, and was laid in the ancestral vault, unreconciled and unanealed. Many instances of similar visitations overtook others of the chief actors in the bloody drama, so graphically described by Dr. Moran, and we trust that he will find room for them in some future edition. Meanwhile, we will claim for this excellent volume a niche in every Irish library, and we would recommend all those who are entrusted with the training of Catholic youth, not only to place it in their hands, but, if possible, to make them learn every page of it by heart, for there are few books fuller of instruction, interest, and edification, and none, certainly, better calculated to make us love our religion, and revere the memories of those who died martyrs to uphold it. Before dismissing this subject, it may not be out of place to observe, that the "Historical Sketch" is dedicated to the Rev. Monsignore Yore, than whom none could be better entitled to such a tribute of respect and esteem. This venerable ecclesiastic is, indeed, the last link of that long chain of priests who lived in the penal times—one of those who beheld our sanctuary, and our beauty, and glory laid waste. Happily, however, for himself and the community at large, he has survived those evil days; and now, grown gray in the constant performance of good works, he can calmly contemplate a new order of things, for which we are in great measure indebted to his pious and patriotic exertions. The churches, the asylums for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, which he has founded, are so many imperishable monuments of his zeal and disinterestedness; and whenever it may please God to call him to his reward, the tears of the orphan, and the regrets of all those who appreciate virtue, will be showered on his grave. So, indeed, should he be honoured whose whole life has been a practical commentary on the beautiful words of the Psalmist—"He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor." Need we add, that justice of this sort remaineth for ever and ever?

* Coote was buried in Dublin, and his tomb bore the following significant inscription:—

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ISLAND LEGENDS.
AUGUST SONNETS.
CHEAP PHOTOGRAPHS.
A FORGOTTEN ESSAYIST.
SEAGULL LODGE.
ROBSON—A MEMOIR.
THE FISHERMAN OF SKERRIES.
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No. 8.

AUGUST.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNWELCOME MEETING.

AFTER an arduous day passed in assisting her father to sort his various papers, Urcella Trevillers sallied forth in the direction of the Cedar Grove, to enjoy the sweet, refreshing air. The evening was far advanced, and all was hushed in repose. The wind which had spent its vagaries during the course of the day, was now completely lulled. The old fantastic trees threw their gloomy shadows along the grassy path which Urcella had chosen for her stroll; whilst the wild and tangled underwood told a tale of long neglect. Oft in this secluded spot would Urcella pass a listless hour, musing upon the past and future destiny of all around her. Sometimes her pensive mind would soar to higher regions, and, unseen by the world, she would pour out her soul in supplication for the well-being of those most dear to her, and whose safety and happiness were the fervent prayer of her affectionate heart. Thus absorbed, she trod with slow and gentle steps the velvet sod. The discovery of Gerald's duplicity, of which (since her visit to the labourer's cot) she had no longer any doubt, would force itself unbidden across her mind, and add another proof of the little there was to be relied on in this deceptive world. She tried to banish the recollection of this disappointment, and turn her thoughts towards the Disposer of all things, praying for submission to his wise decrees whatever they might be.

Nightfall now began to show signs of approach, and Urcella deemed it prudent to return home. She had no fears for herself, but in consideration of those whom she knew would be anxious at her prolonged absence, knowing her to be alone, she pursued her solitary walk no further.

That she had strolled far from the Priory was true, but that she was alone was not the case, a searching, scowling eye was watching her at no great distance. Her steps had been observed, and tracked by one she little dreamt was nigh. With noiseless tread this dark intruder followed in the distance, concealed in view by the shadowy branches of the cedars. Reaching the

spot where Urcella was, he stealthily drew nearer, till, catching a full view of the beauteous maid, he stood motionless. Urcella Trevillers was no stranger to him. He knew her well, had known her from her earliest youth; had been her playmate, her companion, and might even have aspired to a nearer kinship had not his wayward conduct thrown an impenetrable barrier against all further communication betwixt himself and the family of Sir Algernon Trevillers. He would now fain take this opportunity of addressing her; but he dared not. There was that in her angelic mien which forbade his rude approach. He was too conscious of his unworthiness to disturb her. He stood spell bound, hesitating whether to advance boldly, or wait a more fitting occasion. At this moment Urcella turned suddenly round, as if to retrace her steps. The moment was not to be lost, he sprang from his retreat and intercepted her path.

Greatly alarmed at this unexpected apparition, Urcella was on the point of rushing by, and flying for safety, when the tones of a well-remembered voice fell upon her ear, and arrested her course.

"Stay, good cousin, stay, I beseech you," were the supplicatory words that stopped her hasty retreat.

"Geoffrey!" exclaimed Urcella, giving a terrified glance at the changed and haggard face before her. "Is that you?"

"Yes," was the agitated reply; "it is your old companion, your old admirer, your own cousin, who implores you to listen to him for a few moments."

"Geoffrey," said Urcella, endeavouring to recover her self-possession, "what brings you here?"

"Ruin—destitution—"

"Ruin!—destitution!—what, in mercy, has brought you to this dreadful state?" said Urcella, advancing little by little.

"My evil destiny. That wretched fate which has ever pursued me from my childhood to this moment, and which will not cease to cling to me to my last hour."

"And have you, Geoffrey, in no way assisted this evil genius in bringing you to this extraordinary condition?"

"Hold!" cried Geoffrey, his brow darkening as he spoke. "This is no time for reproaches—rather deplore my desperate condition."

"I do, indeed, deplore it," said Urcella.

"Well, then, let me test the truth of what you say by your promising to procure me an interview with my uncle. See him I must; and a word in my favour from you will be the means of procuring what I desire. Give me this promise, sweet cousin, and I will leave you immediately."

"I pray you, Geoffrey, make no such request. I cannot, indeed, I cannot grant it. How can I lead you into my father's presence, after you have so ungratefully requited his generosity?"

"Generosity!" cried Geoffrey, with a contemptuous smile. "Do you call that generosity which drove me from my home, and thrust me inexperienced upon the wide world?"

"You were *not* driven from my father's home, Geoffrey. You left us abruptly, and entirely of your own accord."

"And who could have staid under the tyrannical thraldom to which I was subjected?"

"Tyrannical thraldom! Talk not thus, Geoffrey; my father's goodness to you had no bounds; he indulged you, forgave you over and over again, treated you as his own son, and would have continued to do so to this day, had not your perverse spirit made your presence a misery, instead of a happiness. You cannot deny it; the very recollection of your past conduct ought to upbraid you with ingratitude, each time you pronounce your uncle's honoured name."

"Hush!" cousin, said Geoffrey, impatiently; "prate no more to me of ingratitude. My mind is filled with more urgent matter. I am left without a stiver, and must be assisted. In fact, I am come to be again admitted under that roof, which my dying parent begged might ever be a refuge and a home to me."

"And was it not a refuge and a home to you till your strange habits made you no longer worthy of its protection?"

"Be that as it may, it is now my desire to be received again as an inmate of my uncle's abode. My present straitened circumstances give me an additional claim to be there; and you, cousin, if you have any proper feeling left, must urge this claim for me."

"You have no claim," said Urcella, mildly, "on my father's roof, or on his bounty. His goodness alone took you, reared you, loved you, till your unwarrantable behaviour snapt the cord of affection, and made you as one no longer known to him."

"For the last time I ask you," said Geoffrey, his eyes kindling with wrath, "Is there, or is there not, any chance of my being received as a member of my uncle's family as heretofore?"

"None, Geoffrey, none! My father will never consent to be a party to those painful scenes which so frequently occurred when you were with us, and which you cannot have forgotten."

"How, then, am I to subsist?"

"By those ample means secured to you by your father, and which ought to have far exceeded your necessities; what has become of that noble portion?"

"Gone!—gone into the coffers of others!—lost to *me* for ever! I have nothing left—and am therefore driven to call upon those who have plenty."

"You are greatly mistaken, Geoffrey, if you imagine that my father possesses more than he requires for his own and our maintenance. His adherence to the old Faith has drawn down the anger of the law upon him; and he is fined to well nigh ruin."

"Greater the fool he, then," said the excited young man, "for not shaping his belief to the progress of the times."

"Oh, shame on you, Geoffrey! Shame on you, to talk thus irreverently. Take yourself away to your boon-companions, and anger not my father with your unwelcome presence. There is not the slightest prospect of your

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

The indignation of Geoffrey, which had been increasing each moment as he perceived the impossibility of engaging his cousin's sympathy in his behalf, now reached its climax, and, advancing a few paces, he angrily seized the shrinking girl by the arm, and poured into her ear a volume of abuse, directed principally against his uncle, Sir Algernon, and declaring that, should he again be deprived of that asylum to which he conceived he was justly entitled, he should adopt a course which would make her father and all belonging to him rue the day that gave him birth. Having thus given vent to his boiling emotions, he loosened his hold, and, dashing amongst the dark underwood, disappeared in the direction from which he had so suddenly emerged.

Terrified beyond description at the violent gesticulations and threats of Geoffrey, Urcella scarcely knew how she reached home, and when she did, was so overcome with alarm and agitation as to be almost unable to state what had occurred. Becoming by degrees somewhat composed, she imparted to her indulgent kinswoman the unexpected return or her truant cousin, and the distressing interview that had taken place between him and herself, begging at the same time to use her influence with her father in procuring Geoffrey that audience he so vehemently desired.

Mistress Trevillers listened to her niece's recital with sorrow and indignation. She knew more of the iniquitous conduct of Geoffrey than had reached the ear of Urcella, and was therefore not so much surprised at his outrageous behaviour as she might otherwise have been. As for saying a word in favour of his return, she could not with safety do so, knowing full well the serious evils that would accrue from such a course. Indeed, she was already convinced that her brother would not listen to such a request for a moment.

Having reflected a few seconds how she could most judiciously take part in the business, she conducted the excited girl to the repose of her own apartment, and then went in search of Sir Algernon Trevillers, to impart to him the unwelcome intelligence of his nephew's return.

CHAPTER XXV.

JANE GEOFFREY.

AT an early hour of the day succeeding that of the startling meeting in the grove, a young man, of comely, though somewhat jaded appearance, knocked loudly at the portal of St. Andrew's Priory, and requested an immediate audience with its lord. The favour was granted, and the petitioner was ushered into the presence of Sir Algernon Trevillers.

As the conference took place with closed doors, we will profit of its prolonged continuance to say a few words respecting him who had thus peremptorily demanded an interview.

Jans Geoffrey was an only child. His mother, a sister of Sir Algernon, followed her husband to an early grave, leaving her orphan boy to the care and protection of his uncle. The child was accordingly conveyed, on the demise of his parent, to the residence of Sir Algernon, where he shared with his cousin Urcella all the solicitude and kindness which an attached relative knew how to bestow.

For some years all looked fair and promising. The wayward disposition of the young adopted was readily overlooked as being the natural consequence of much indulgence, and which time would gradually correct. This improvement, however, not manifesting itself as soon as was expected, the youth was sent away to be educated at some distant establishment, where it was hoped his unruly propensities would be duly checked by severe coercion; but, unfortunately, instead of this producing the issue desired, the contrary result soon became visible. His defects grew with his years. A system of determined insubordination occasioned his expulsion, wherever he was placed. Sir Algernon at length came to the painful necessity of ordering him home. Here, his apparent contrition and desire to conform to the minutest wishes of his offended uncle, made the latter hope that his disposition had been misunderstood, and consequently misguided. Impressed with this new idea, Sir Algernon resolved in future to retain him under his immediate eye, and that of his brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, a learned member of the Order of Jesuits, and who at that time resided with him. By this arrangement he trusted he should be able to subdue the wild spirit of his nephew, and effect by kindness that which severity could not do. But even this scheme, based as it was upon the most indulgent assurances of oblivion and forgiveness of the past, proved of little or no avail. A careless indifference to every sober pursuit, was soon followed by a passion for play, which dangerous pastime began wholly to engross his mind. And, being now almost grown to manhood, that restraint which, as a youth, was placed over him, was necessarily withdrawn, and he made use of his liberty to initiate himself in all the arts of an accomplished gamster; which unfortunate propensity was accompanied with not only a total disregard for the friendly advice of Sir Algernon, but a bitter hatred for his kind uncle, the Rev. Father Francis, whose only fault was the too patient endurance with which he bore the almost daily insolence of his ungracious nephew.

Geoffrey's long and close intimacy with his beauteous cousin Urcella, naturally inclined him to turn his eyes and heart in that direction, and no means did he lose in his endeavours to call forth a reciprocal return on her part; but in this he was sorely disappointed. High-minded and upright, Sir Algernon's daughter recoiled at his pretensions. She scrupulously followed the path of rectitude traced out for her by those she deemed it a happiness to obey; she viewed the conduct of her ungrateful cousin with that indignation which it deserved. And, notwithstanding his handsome person and captivating address, nothing could shake her determination to extinguish at once his hopes, and give no encouragement to professions so undeserving of her return. His total want of respect for the faith in which

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

The indignation of Geoffrey, which had been increasing each moment as he perceived the impossibility of engaging his cousin's sympathy in his behalf, now reached its climax, and, advancing a few paces, he angrily seized the shrinking girl by the arm, and poured into her ear a volume of abuse, directed principally against his uncle, Sir Algernon, and declaring that, should he again be deprived of that asylum to which he conceived he was justly entitled, he should adopt a course which would make her father and all belonging to him rne the day that gave him birth. Having thus given vent to his boiling emotions, he loosened his hold, and, dashing amongst the dark underwood, disappeared in the direction from which he had so suddenly emerged.

Terrified beyond description at the violent gesticulations and threats of Geoffrey, Urcella scarcely knew how she reached home, and when she did, was so overcome with alarm and agitation as to be almost unable to state what had occurred. Becoming by degrees somewhat composed, she imparted to her indulgent kinswoman the unexpected return of her ~~beloved~~ cousin, and the distressing interview that had taken place between him and herself, begging at the same time to use her influence with her ~~father~~ in procuring Geoffrey that audience he so vehemently desired.

Mistress Trevilliers listened to her niece's recital with sorrow and indignation. She knew more of the iniquitous conduct of Geoffrey than had reached the ear of Urcella, and was therefore not so much surprised at his outrageous behaviour as she might otherwise have been. As for saying a word in favour of his return, she could not wish safety do so, knowing full well the serious evils that would accrue from such a course. Indeed, she was already convinced that her brother would not listen to such a request for a moment.

Having reflected a few seconds how she could most part in the business, she conducted the excited girl to the own apartment, and then went in search of Sir Algernon Trevilliers, to impart to him the unwelcome intelligence of his nephew's return.

CHAPTER XXV.

JANS GEOFFREY.

At an early hour of the day succeeding that of the grove, a young man, of comely, though somewhat ~~so~~ knocked loudly at the portal of St. Andrew's immediate audience with its lord. The factor was ushered into the presence of

As the conference took place with longed continuance to say a few words, torily demanded an interview.

Jans Geoffrey was an only child. His mother, a sister of Sir Algernon, followed her husband to an early grave, leaving her orphan boy to the care and protection of his uncle. The child was accordingly conveyed, on the demise of his parent, to the residence of Sir Algernon, where he shared with his coesin Urcella all the solicitude and kindness which an attached relative knew how to bestow.

For some years all looked fair and promising. The wayward disposition of the young adopted was readily overlooked as being the natural consequence of much indulgence, and which time would gradually correct. This improvement, however, not manifesting itself as soon as was expected, the youth was sent away to be educated at some distant establishment, where it was hoped his unruly propensities would be duly checked by severe coercion; but, unfortunately, instead of this producing the issue desired, the contrary result soon became visible. His defects grew with his years. A system of determined insubordination occasioned his expulsion, wherever he was placed. Sir Algernon at length came to the painful necessity of ordering him home. Here, his apparent contrition and desire to conform to the minutest wishes of his offended uncle, made the latter hope that his disposition had been misunderstood, and consequently misguided. Impressed with this new idea, Sir Algernon resolved in future to retain him under his immediate eye, and that of his brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, a learned member of the Order of Jesuits, and who at that time resided with him. By this arrangement he trusted he should be able to subdue the wild spirit of his nephew, and effect by kindness that which severity could not do. But even this scheme, based as it was upon the most indulgent assurances of oblivion and forgiveness of the past, proved of little or no avail. A careless indifference to every sober pursuit, was soon followed by a passion for play, which dangerous pastime began wholly to engross his mind. And, being now almost grown to manhood, that restraint which, as a youth, was placed over him, was necessarily withdrawn, and he made use of his liberty to initiate himself in all the arts of an accomplished gamester; which unfortunate propensity was accompanied with not only a total disregard for the friendly advice of Sir Algernon, but a bitter hatred for his kind uncle, the Rev. Father Francis Trevillers, with which he bore

Geoffrey's long residence did he lose interest in his studies; and captivated by the charms of his cousin Urcella, he gave no encouragement to prove the total want of respect for the

the antiquarian value is fixed upon it, and it may be observed that such antiquarian value is always somewhat more than the mere bullion value which would be the utmost that a goldsmith or jeweller could afford to give for it; and even then the sale of the article is not compulsory on the finder, who may search for the highest market at his pleasure. This excellent regulation cannot be too generally known throughout the country; but if there were any use in vain regrets, it is to be lamented that it was not adopted many years ago, and many a precious relic of our national antiquity thus preserved from destruction.

This is the smallest portion of the Catalogue, containing only a hundred pages, with 90 wood engravings; but it is perfect in itself as an enumeration and admirable description of the gold ornaments preserved in the Academy's museum. And while we desire to express our gratitude, in the name of the country, to Dr. Wilde for his indefatigable, laborious, and gratuitous exertions to give the public a descriptive Catalogue of the antiquarian treasures contained in this splendid national collection, we would express a hope that the completion of the work will not be unnecessarily postponed by the Academy.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS.*

DR. MORAN'S Memoir of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, has already secured for him a distinguished place among those writers who have laboured to preserve and perpetuate all that is most valuable in our sacred and secular history. In fact, had he never published another volume, the work to which we have alluded would, of itself, entitle him to the gratitude not only of his contemporaries, but of those who, centuries hence, will peruse that admirable biography of the martyred prelate. The "Historical Sketch," however, is another evidence of the indefatigable zeal and research for which Dr. Moran is so eminently remarkable, another proof of the unwearied industry with which he works for the honour of our religion and native land.

The object which the learned author proposed to himself in writing the Sketch of the Cromwellian Persecution was, if we mistake not, to show the Catholics of this, and every other country where the English language is spoken, how our predecessors in the faith behaved themselves at that awful period, when the whole Irish people, after a brave, but unsuccessful, resistance, were overborne and down-trodden by the fanatical Puritans. Doubtless, the generality of readers are already familiar with Cromwell's Irish campaigns, and very few are ignorant of the massacres which that ruthless tyrant perpetrated in Drogheda, Wexford, and elsewhere; but,

* HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS. *by the Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome.* Dublin and London: JAMES DUFFY.

till the present volume appeared, we had no categorical narrative of the sufferings to which Cromwell doomed the Irish Catholics, clergy and laity, for their unswerving attachment to God, king, and country. Their devotion to the creed of their fathers, and their loyalty to a worthless sovereign, sire of a son still more worthless, involved them in common ruin, and brought down on their heads that curse—death, outlawry, and confiscation,—which to the present day remains proverbial in Ireland. There are many, doubtless, whose squeamishness, real or affected, will find fault with the "Historical Sketch," simply because it revives memories which the over-sensitive would have buried in oblivion. Objections of this sort, however, are little worth; for, on the same principle, and to cater to such tastes, we should destroy the Roman Martyrology and every other book that records Christian heroism struggling against the iron hand of despotism. Nor are we to forget that the Irish Catholics have been held up to the world by Temple, Borlase, and other lying writers, too numerous to mention, as a race plunged in ignorance, rioting in blood and rapine, and incapable of performing a single deed that could be pleasing in the sight of God or man. It is quite certain that the fanatical Puritans pretended to view them in this light, and thought that they were justified in exterminating the whole race by sword, halter, famine, and every other device which wicked ingenuity could invent. This, indeed, was merest pretence, but the real object of those canting knaves was to get possession of the churches, estates, and homesteads of the Irish Catholics, after the latter had been swept from their native soil. Instead, therefore, of finding fault with the "Historical Sketch," we should rather be proud of it, as an able and lucid vindication of our national honour, and as an unanswerable apology for our Catholic forefathers, whose devotion to the faith defied Cromwell's sword, and came out, if possible, brighter and more purified from the terrible ordeal through which it had to pass. Every Irish Catholic should feel himself exalted by the contemplation of what his predecessors had to endure for their religion, and none can say that he has formed an adequate notion of their sufferings till he has perused the pages of this admirable volume. Want of knowledge may, in many instances, be excusable, but surely it is a shame and a disgrace to be ignorant of the vicissitudes of Catholicity in this island, or of those who laid down their lives in the dungeon and on the scaffold to transmit the sacred deposit to us, who enjoy its manifold blessings now that the sword of persecution is rusting in its sheath.

The long series of pains and penalties inflicted on the Irish Catholics by Cromwell and the ministers of Charles II. is faithfully and minutely detailed in Dr. Moran's "Sketch," and we may here observe, that many of the documents he quotes were never before published, being for the most part "*Reports*," carefully drawn up by ocular witnesses, who deposited them in the Roman archives, where they might have lain, lost to the reading world, were it not for the research of the learned author. The veracity of those Reports, so painfully minute and circumstantial, is placed beyond doubt by collateral evidences collected from *Protestant* writers, whom Dr. Moran cites; and we need hardly state, that he has given additional value to his book by copious extracts from Dominic O'Daly, Lynch's

"Life of Kirwan," "Cambrensis Eversus," and other works of equal importance.

As we hope that the Historical Sketch will pass through many editions, we take this opportunity of suggesting to Dr. Moran, that he can materially heighten the interest of the chapter which he devotes to "Individual Instances of Persecution," by consulting Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, where he will find many examples of fiendish cruelty inflicted on the Catholics by the Lords Justices of the period, far surpassing in atrocity any that we read in the fabulous histories of the Inquisition. We may also remark that it would be well to record how many of the worst persecutors of the Irish Catholics died, for, as is generally the case, most of those miscreants came to a horrible and untimely end. Thus, for example, Sir Charles Coote* was shot dead in Trim, after he had risen from warming himself at a fire made of a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, which he contumuously caused to be hewed into billets. The renegade Lord Esmond, too, the murderer and exterminator of the O'Byrnes in Wicklow felt God's avenging hand press heavily on him, for, after being struck blind, he died on the road-side, and was laid in the ancestral vault, unreconciled and unanealed. Many instances of similar visitations overtook others of the chief actors in the bloody drama, so graphically described by Dr. Moran, and we trust that he will find room for them in some future edition. Meanwhile, we will claim for this excellent volume a niche in every Irish library, and we would recommend all those who are entrusted with the training of Catholic youth, not only to place it in their hands, but, if possible, to make them learn every page of it by heart, for there are few books fuller of instruction, interest, and edification, and none, certainly, better calculated to make us love our religion, and revere the memories of those who died martyrs to uphold it. Before dismissing this subject, it may not be out of place to observe, that the "Historical Sketch" is dedicated to the Rev. Monsignore Yore, than whom none could be better entitled to such a tribute of respect and esteem. This venerable ecclesiastic is, indeed, the last link of that long chain of priests who lived in the penal times—one of those who beheld our sanctuary, and our beauty, and glory laid waste. Happily, however, for himself and the community at large, he has survived those evil days; and now, grown gray in the constant performance of good works, he can calmly contemplate a new order of things, for which we are in great measure indebted to his pious and patriotic exertions. The churches, the asylums for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, which he has founded, are so many imperishable monuments of his zeal and disinterestedness; and whenever it may please God to call him to his reward, the tears of the orphan, and the regrets of all those who appreciate virtue, will be showered on his grave. So, indeed, should he be honoured whose whole life has been a practical commentary on the beautiful words of the Psalmist—"He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor." Need we add, that justice of this sort remaineth for ever and ever?

* Coote was buried in Dublin, and his tomb bore the following significant inscription :—

"England's glory, Scotland's wonder,
Ireland's terror here lies under."

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CONTENTS.

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ISLAND LEGENDS.

AUGUST SONNETS.

CHEAP PHOTOGRAPHS.

A FORGOTTEN ESSAYIST.

SEAGULL LODGE.

ROBSON—A MEMOIR.

THE FISHERMAN OF SKERRIES.

THE MECHANISM OF TERRESTRIAL
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AUGUST.

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BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNWELCOME MEETING.

AFTER an arduous day passed in assisting her father to sort his various papers, Urcella Trevillers sallied forth in the direction of the Cedar Grove, to enjoy the sweet, refreshing air. The evening was far advanced, and all was hushed in repose. The wind which had spent its vagaries during the course of the day, was now completely lulled. The old fantastic trees threw their gloomy shadows along the grassy path which Urcella had chosen for her stroll; whilst the wild and tangled underwood told a tale of long neglect. Oft in this secluded spot would Urcella pass a listless hour, musing upon the past and future destiny of all around her. Sometimes her pensive mind would soar to higher regions, and, unseen by the world, she would pour out her soul in supplication for the well-being of those most dear to her, and whose safety and happiness were the fervent prayer of her affectionate heart. Thus absorbed, she trod with slow and gentle steps the velvet sod. The discovery of Gerald's duplicity, of which (since her visit to the labourer's cot) she had no longer any doubt, would force itself unbidden across her mind, and add another proof of the little there was to be relied on in this deceptive world. She tried to banish the recollection of this disappointment, and turn her thoughts towards the Disposer of all things, praying for submission to his wise decrees whatever they might be.

Nightfall now began to show signs of approach, and Urcella deemed it prudent to return home. She had no fears for herself, but in consideration of those whom she knew would be anxious at her prolonged absence, knowing her to be alone, she pursued her solitary walk no further.

That she had strolled far from the Priory was true, but that she was *alone* was not the case, a searching, scowling eye was watching her at no great distance. Her steps had been observed, and tracked by one she little dreamt was nigh. With noiseless tread this dark intruder followed in the distance, concealed in view by the shadowy branches of the cedars. Reaching the

spot where Urcella was, he stealthily drew nearer, till, catching a full view of the beauteous maid, he stood motionless. Urcella Trevillers was no stranger to him. He knew her well, had known her from her earliest youth ; had been her playmate, her companion, and might even have aspired to a nearer kinship had not his wayward conduct thrown an impenetrable barrier against all further communication betwixt himself and the family of Sir Algernon Trevillers. He would now fain take this opportunity of addressing her ; but he dared not. There was that in her angelic mien which forbade his rude approach. He was too conscious of his unworthiness to disturb her. He stood spell bound, hesitating whether to advance boldly, or wait a more fitting occasion. At this moment Urcella turned suddenly round, as if to retrace her steps. The moment was not to be lost, he sprang from his retreat and intercepted her path.

Greatly alarmed at this unexpected apparition, Urcella was on the point of rushing by, and flying for safety, when the tones of a well-remembered voice fell upon her ear, and arrested her course.

"Stay, good cousin, stay, I beseech you," were the supplicatory words that stopped her hasty retreat.

"Geoffrey!" exclaimed Urcella, giving a terrified glance at the changed and haggard face before her. "Is that you?"

"Yes," was the agitated reply ; "it is your old companion, your old admirer, your own cousin, who implores you to listen to him for a few moments."

"Geoffrey," said Urcella, endeavouring to recover her self-possession, "what brings you here?"

"Ruin—destitution—"

"Ruin!—destitution!—what, in mercy, has brought you to this dreadful state?" said Urcella, advancing little by little.

"My evil destiny. That wretched fate which has ever pursued me from my childhood to this moment, and which will not cease to cling to me to my last hour."

"And have you, Geoffrey, in no way assisted this evil genius in bringing you to this extraordinary condition?"

"Hold!" cried Geoffrey, his brow darkening as he spoke. "This is no time for reproaches—rather deplore my desperate condition."

"I do, indeed, deplore it," said Urcella.

"Well, then, let me test the truth of what you say by your promising to procure me an interview with my uncle. See him I must ; and a word in my favour from you will be the means of procuring what I desire. Give me this promise, sweet cousin, and I will leave you immediately."

"I pray you, Geoffrey, make no such request. I cannot, indeed, I cannot grant it. How can I lead you into my father's presence, after you have so ungratefully requited his generosity?"

"Generosity!" cried Geoffrey, with a contemptuous smile. "Do you call that generosity which drove me from my home, and thrust me inexperienced upon the wide world?"

"You were *not* driven from my father's home, Geoffrey. You left us abruptly, and entirely of your own accord."

"And who could have staid under the tyrannical thralldom to which I was subjected?"

"Tyrannical thralldom! Talk not thus, Geoffrey; my father's goodness to you had no bounds; he indulged you, forgave you over and over again, treated you as his own son, and would have continued to do so to this day, had not your perverse spirit made your presence a misery, instead of a happiness. You cannot deny it; the very recollection of your past conduct ought to upbraid you with ingratitude, each time you pronounce your uncle's honoured name."

"Hush!" cousin, said Geoffrey, impatiently; "prate no more to me of ingratitude. My mind is filled with more urgent matter. I am left without a stiver, and must be assisted. In fact, I am come to be again admitted under that roof, which my dying parent begged might ever be a refuge and a home to me."

"And was it not a refuge and a home to you till your strange habits made you no longer worthy of its protection?"

"Be that as it may, it is now my desire to be received again as an inmate of my uncle's abode. My present straitened circumstances give me an additional claim to be there; and you, cousin, if you have any proper feeling left, must urge this claim for me."

"You have no claim," said Urcella, mildly, "on my father's roof, or on his bounty. His goodness alone took you, reared you, loved you, till your unwarrantable behaviour snapt the cord of affection, and made you as one no longer known to him."

"For the last time I ask you," said Geoffrey, his eyes kindling with wrath, "Is there, or is there not, any chance of my being received as a member of my uncle's family as heretofore?"

"None, Geoffrey, none! My father will never consent to be a party to those painful scenes which so frequently occurred when you were with us, and which you cannot have forgotten."

"How, then, am I to subsist?"

"By those ample means secured to you by your father, and which ought to have far exceeded your necessities; what has become of that noble portion?"

"Gone!—gone into the coffers of others!—lost to *me* for ever! I have nothing left—and am therefore driven to call upon those who have plenty."

"You are greatly mistaken, Geoffrey, if you imagine that my father possesses more than he requires for his own and our maintenance. His adherence to the old Faith has drawn down the anger of the law upon him; and he is fined to well nigh ruin."

"Greater the fool he, then," said the excited young man, "for not shaping his belief to the progress of the times."

"Oh, shame on you, Geoffrey! Shame on you, to talk thus irreverently. Take yourself away to your boon-companions, and anger not my father with your unwelcome presence. There is not the slightest prospect of your

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

The indignation of Geoffrey, which had been increasing each moment as he perceived the impossibility of engaging his cousin's sympathy in his behalf, now reached its climax, and, advancing a few paces, he angrily seized the shrinking girl by the arm, and poured into her ear a volume of abuse, directed principally against his uncle, Sir Algernon, and declaring that, should he again be deprived of that asylum to which he conceived he was justly entitled, he should adopt a course which would make her father and all belonging to him rue the day that gave him birth. Having thus given vent to his boiling emotions, he loosened his hold, and, dashing amongst the dark underwood, disappeared in the direction from which he had so suddenly emerged.

Terrified beyond description at the violent gesticulations and threats of Geoffrey, Urcella scarcely knew how she reached home, and when she did, was so overcome with alarm and agitation as to be almost unable to state what had occurred. Becoming by degrees somewhat composed, she imparted to her indulgent kinswoman the unexpected return of her truant cousin, and the distressing interview that had taken place between him and herself, begging at the same time to use her influence with her father in procuring Geoffrey that audience he so vehemently desired.

Mistress Trevillers listened to her niece's recital with sorrow and indignation. She knew more of the iniquitous conduct of Geoffrey than had reached the ear of Urcella, and was therefore not so much surprised at his outrageous behaviour as she might otherwise have been. As for saying a word in favour of his return, she could not with safety do so, knowing full well the serious evils that would accrue from such a course. Indeed, she was already convinced that her brother would not listen to such a request for a moment.

Having reflected a few seconds how she could most judiciously take part in the business, she conducted the excited girl to the repose of her own apartment, and then went in search of Sir Algernon Trevillers, to impart to him the unwelcome intelligence of his nephew's return.

CHAPTER XXV.

JANE GEOFFREY.

AT an early hour of the day succeeding that of the startling meeting in the grove, a young man, of comely, though somewhat jaded appearance, knocked loudly at the portal of St. Andrew's Priory, and requested an immediate audience with its lord. The favour was granted, and the petitioner was ushered into the presence of Sir Algernon Trevillers.

As the conference took place with closed doors, we will profit of its prolonged continuance to say a few words respecting him who had thus peremptorily demanded an interview.

Jas Geoffrey was an only child. His mother, a sister of Sir Algernon, followed her husband to an early grave, leaving her orphan boy to the care and protection of his uncle. The child was accordingly conveyed, on the demise of his parent, to the residence of Sir Algernon, where he shared with his cousin Urcella all the solicitude and kindness which an attached relative knew how to bestow.

For some years all looked fair and promising. The wayward disposition of the yoang adopted was readily overlooked as being the natural consequence of much indulgence, and which time would gradually correct. This improvement, however, not manisfesing itself as soon as was expected, the youth was sent away to be educated at some distant establishment, where it was hoped his unruly propensities would be duly checked by severe coercion ; but, unfortunately, instead of this producing the issue desired, the contrary result soon became visible. His defects grew with his years. A system of determined insubordination occasioned his expulsion, wherever he was placed. Sir Algernon at length came to the painful necessity of ordering him home. Here, his apparent contrition and desire to conform to the minutest wishes of his offended uncle, made the latter hope that his disposition had been misunderstood, and consequently misguided. Impressed with this new idea, Sir Algernon resolved in future to retain him under his immediate eye, and that of his brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, a learned member of the Order of Jesuits, and who at that time resided with him. By this arrangement he trusted he should be able to subdue the wild spirit of his nephew, and effect by kindness that which severity could not do. But even this scheme, based as it was upon the most indulgent assurances of oblivion and forgiveness of the past, proved of little or no avail. A careless indifference to every sober pursuit, was soon followed by a passion for play, which dangerous pastime began wholly to engross his mind. And, being now almost grown to manhood, that restraint which, as a youth, was placed over him, was necessarily withdrawn, and he made use of his liberty to initiate himself in all the arts of an accomplished gamester ; which unfortunate propensity was accompanied with not only a total disregard for the friendly advice of Sir Algernon, but a bitter hatred for his kind uncle, the Rev. Father Francis, whose only fault was the too patient endurance with which he bore the almost daily insolence of his ungracious nephew.

Geoffrey's long and close intimacy with his beanteous cousin Urcella, naturally inclined him to turn his eyes and heart in that direction, and no means did he lose in his endeavours to call forth a reciprocal return on her part ; but in this he was sorely disappointed. High-minded and upright, Sir Algernon's daughter recoiled at his pretensions. She scrupulously followed the path of rectitude traced out for her by those she deemed it a happiness to obey ; she viewed the conduct of her ungrateful cousin with that indignation which it deserved. And, notwithstanding his handsome person and captivating address, nothing could shake her determination to extinguish at once his hopes, and give no encouragement to professions so undeserving of her return. His total want of respect for the faith in which

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

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she was disappointed. High-minded and upright, she despised at his pretensions. She scrupulously followed out for him the course she deemed it a duty to pursue. She was a beautiful cousin with a frank and generous nature, and his handsome appearance, and his determined character, were the chief attractions which induced her to professions so noble, and in which she took a deep interest.

the antiquarian value is fixed upon it, and it may be observed that such antiquarian value is always somewhat more than the mere bullion value which would be the utmost that a goldsmith or jeweller could afford to give for it; and even then the sale of the article is not compulsory on the finder, who may search for the highest market at his pleasure. This excellent regulation cannot be too generally known throughout the country; but if there were any use in vain regrets, it is to be lamented that it was not adopted many years ago, and many a precious relic of our national antiquity thus preserved from destruction.

This is the smallest portion of the Catalogue, containing only a hundred pages, with 90 wood engravings; but it is perfect in itself as an enumeration and admirable description of the gold ornaments preserved in the Academy's museum. And while we desire to express our gratitude, in the name of the country, to Dr. Wilde for his indefatigable, laborious, and gratuitous exertions to give the public a descriptive Catalogue of the antiquarian treasures contained in this splendid national collection, we would express a hope that the completion of the work will not be unnecessarily postponed by the Academy.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS.*

DR. MORAN'S Memoir of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, has already secured for him a distinguished place among those writers who have laboured to preserve and perpetuate all that is most valuable in our sacred and secular history. In fact, had he never published another volume, the work to which we have alluded would, of itself, entitle him to the gratitude not only of his contemporaries, but of those who, centuries hence, will peruse that admirable biography of the martyred prelate. The "Historical Sketch," however, is another evidence of the indefatigable zeal and research for which Dr. Moran is so eminently remarkable, another proof of the unwearied industry with which he works for the honour of our religion and native land.

The object which the learned author proposed to himself in writing the Sketch of the Cromwellian Persecution was, if we mistake not, to show the Catholics of this, and every other country where the English language is spoken, how our predecessors in the faith behaved themselves at that awful period, when the whole Irish people, after a brave, but unsuccessful, resistance, were overborne and down-trodden by the fanatical Puritans. Doubtless, the generality of readers are already familiar with Cromwell's Irish campaigns, and very few are ignorant of the massacres which that ruthless tyrant perpetrated in Drogheda, Wexford, and elsewhere; but,

* HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS. *by the Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome.* Dublin and London: JAMES DUFFY.

till the present volume appeared, we had no categorical narrative of the sufferings to which Cromwell doomed the Irish Catholics, clergy and laity, for their unswerving attachment to God, king, and country. Their devotion to the creed of their fathers, and their loyalty to a worthless sovereign, sire of a son still more worthless, involved them in common ruin, and brought down on their heads that curse—death, outlawry, and confiscation,—which to the present day remains proverbial in Ireland. There are many, doubtless, whose squeamishness, real or affected, will find fault with the "Historical Sketch," simply because it revives memories which the over-sensitive would have buried in oblivion. Objections of this sort, however, are little worth; for, on the same principle, and to cater to such tastes, we should destroy the Roman Martyrology and every other book that records Christian heroism struggling against the iron hand of despotism. Nor are we to forget that the Irish Catholics have been held up to the world by Temple, Borlase, and other lying writers, too numerous to mention, as a race plunged in ignorance, rioting in blood and rapine, and incapable of performing a single deed that could be pleasing in the sight of God or man. It is quite certain that the fanatical Puritans pretended to view them in this light, and thought that they were justified in exterminating the whole race by sword, halter, famine, and every other device which wicked ingenuity could invent. This, indeed, was merest pretence, but the real object of those canting knaves was to get possession of the churches, estates, and homesteads of the Irish Catholics, after the latter had been swept from their native soil. Instead, therefore, of finding fault with the "Historical Sketch," we should rather be proud of it, as an able and lucid vindication of our national honour, and as an unanswerable apology for our Catholic forefathers, whose devotion to the faith defied Cromwell's sword, and came out, if possible, brighter and more purified from the terrible ordeal through which it had to pass. Every Irish Catholic should feel himself exalted by the contemplation of what his predecessors had to endure for their religion, and none can say that he has formed an adequate notion of their sufferings till he has perused the pages of this admirable volume. Want of knowledge may, in many instances, be excusable, but surely it is a shame and a disgrace to be ignorant of the vicissitudes of Catholicity in this island, or of those who laid down their lives in the dungeon and on the scaffold to transmit the sacred deposit to us, who enjoy its manifold blessings now that the sword of persecution is rusting in its sheath.

The long series of pains and penalties inflicted on the Irish Catholics by Cromwell and the ministers of Charles II. is faithfully and minutely detailed in Dr. Moran's "Sketch," and we may here observe, that many of the documents he quotes were never before published, being for the most part "*Reports*," carefully drawn up by ocular witnesses, who deposited them in the Roman archives, where they might have lain, lost to the reading world, were it not for the research of the learned author. The veracity of those Reports, so painfully minute and circumstantial, is placed beyond doubt by collateral evidences collected from *Protestant* writers, whom Dr. Moran cites; and we need hardly state, that he has given additional value to his book by copious extracts from Dominic O'Daly, Lynch's

"Life of Kirwan," "Cambrensis Eversus," and other works of equal importance.

As we hope that the Historical Sketch will pass through many editions, we take this opportunity of suggesting to Dr. Moran, that he can materially heighten the interest of the chapter which he devotes to "Individual Instances of Persecution," by consulting Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, where he will find many examples of fiendish cruelty inflicted on the Catholics by the Lords Justices of the period, far surpassing in atrociousness any that we read in the fabulous histories of the Inquisition. We may also remark that it would be well to record how many of the worst persecutors of the Irish Catholics died, for, as is generally the case, most of those miscreants came to a horrible and untimely end. Thus, for example, Sir Charles Coote* was shot dead in Trim, after he had risen from warming himself at a fire made of a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, which he contumuously caused to be hewed into billets. The renegade Lord Esmond, too, the murderer and exterminator of the O'Byrnes in Wicklow felt God's avenging hand press heavily on him, for, after being struck blind, he died on the road-side, and was laid in the ancestral vault, unreconciled and unanealed. Many instances of similar visitations overtook others of the chief actors in the bloody drama, so graphically described by Dr. Moran, and we trust that he will find room for them in some future edition. Meanwhile, we will claim for this excellent volume a niche in every Irish library, and we would recommend all those who are entrusted with the training of Catholic youth, not only to place it in their hands, but, if possible, to make them learn every page of it by heart, for there are few books fuller of instruction, interest, and edification, and none, certainly, better calculated to make us love our religion, and revere the memories of those who died martyrs to uphold it. Before dismissing this subject, it may not be out of place to observe, that the "Historical Sketch" is dedicated to the Rev. Monsignore Yore, than whom none could be better entitled to such a tribute of respect and esteem. This venerable ecclesiastic is, indeed, the last link of that long chain of priests who lived in the penal times—one of those who beheld our sanctuary, and our beauty, and glory laid waste. Happily, however, for himself and the community at large, he has survived those evil days; and now, grown gray in the constant performance of good works, he can calmly contemplate a new order of things, for which we are in great measure indebted to his pious and patriotic exertions. The churches, the asylums for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, which he has founded, are so many imperishable monuments of his zeal and disinterestedness; and whenever it may please God to call him to his reward, the tears of the orphan, and the regrets of all those who appreciate virtue, will be showered on his grave. So, indeed, should he be honoured whose whole life has been a practical commentary on the beautiful words of the Psalmist—"He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor." Need we add, that justice of this sort remaineth for ever and ever?

* Coote was buried in Dublin, and his tomb bore the following significant inscription :—

"England's glory, Scotland's wonder,
Ireland's terror here lies under."

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CONTENTS.

No. 8.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S
PRIORY.

ISLAND LEGENDS.

AUGUST SONNETS.

CHEAP PHOTOGRAPHS.

A FORGOTTEN ESSAYIST.

SEAGULL LODGE.

ROBSON—A MEMOIR.

THE FISHERMAN OF SKERRIES.

THE MECHANISM OF TERRESTRIAL
CHEMISTRY.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

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No. 8.

AUGUST.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNWELCOME MEETING.

AFTER an arduous day passed in assisting her father to sort his various papers, Urcella Trevillers sallied forth in the direction of the Cedar Grove, to enjoy the sweet, refreshing air. The evening was far advanced, and all was hushed in repose. The wind which had spent its vagaries during the course of the day, was now completely lulled. The old fantastic trees threw their gloomy shadows along the grassy path which Urcella had chosen for her stroll; whilst the wild and tangled underwood told a tale of long neglect. Oft in this secluded spot would Urcella pass a listless hour, musing upon the past and future destiny of all around her. Sometimes her pensive mind would soar to higher regions, and, unseen by the world, she would pour out her soul in supplication for the well-being of those most dear to her, and whose safety and happiness were the fervent prayer of her affectionate heart. Thus absorbed, she trod with slow and gentle steps the velvet sod. The discovery of Gerald's duplicity, of which (since her visit to the labourer's cot) she had no longer any doubt, would force itself unbidden across her mind, and add another proof of the little there was to be relied on in this deceptive world. She tried to banish the recollection of this disappointment, and turn her thoughts towards the Disposer of all things, praying for submission to his wise decrees whatever they might be.

Nightfall now began to show signs of approach, and Urcella deemed it prudent to return home. She had no fears for herself, but in consideration of those whom she knew would be anxious at her prolonged absence, knowing her to be alone, she pursued her solitary walk no further.

That she had strolled far from the Priory was true, but that she was alone was not the case, a searching, scowling eye was watching her at no great distance. Her steps had been observed, and tracked by one she little dreamt was nigh. With noiseless tread this dark intruder followed in the distance, concealed in view by the shadowy branches of the cedars. Reaching the

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

The indignation of Geoffrey, which had been increasing each moment as he perceived the impossibility of engaging his cousin's sympathy in his behalf, now reached its climax, and, advancing a few paces, he angrily seized the shrinking girl by the arm, and poured into her ear a volume of abuse, directed principally against his uncle, Sir Algernon, and declaring that, should he again be deprived of that asylum to which he conceived he was justly entitled, he should adopt a course which would make her father and all belonging to him rue the day that gave him birth. Having thus given vent to his boiling emotions, he loosened his hold, and, dashing amongst the dark underwood, disappeared in the direction from which he had so suddenly emerged.

Terrified beyond description at the violent gesticulations and threats of Geoffrey, Urcella scarcely knew how she reached home, and when she did, was so overcome with alarm and agitation as to be almost unable to state what had occurred. Becoming by degrees somewhat composed, she imparted to her indulgent kinswoman the unexpected return of her truant cousin, and the distressing interview that had taken place between him and herself, begging at the same time to use her influence with her father in procuring Geoffrey that audience he so vehemently desired.

Mistress Trevillers listened to her niece's recital with sorrow and indignation. She knew more of the iniquitous conduct of Geoffrey than had reached the ear of Urcella, and was therefore not so much surprised at his outrageous behaviour as she might otherwise have been. As for saying a word in favour of his return, she could not with safety do so, knowing full well the serious evils that would accrue from such a course. Indeed, she was already convinced that her brother would not listen to such a request for a moment.

Having reflected a few seconds how she could most judiciously take part in the business, she conducted the excited girl to the repose of her own apartment, and then went in search of Sir Algernon Trevillers, to impart to him the unwelcome intelligence of his nephew's return.

CHAPTER XXV.

JANS GEOFFREY.

AT an early hour of the day succeeding that of the startling meeting in the grove, a young man, of comely, though somewhat jaded appearance, knocked loudly at the portal of St. Andrew's Priory, and requested an immediate audience with its lord. The favour was granted, and the petitioner was ushered into the presence of Sir Algernon Trevillers.

As the conference took place with closed doors, we will profit of its prolonged continuance to say a few words respecting him who had thus peremptorily demanded an interview.

Jans Geoffrey was an only child. His mother, a sister of Sir Algernon, followed her husband to an early grave, leaving her orphan boy to the care and protection of his uncle. The child was accordingly conveyed, on the demise of his parent, to the residence of Sir Algernon, where he shared with his cousin Urcella all the solicitude and kindness which an attached relative knew how to bestow.

For some years all looked fair and promising. The wayward disposition of the young adopted was readily overlooked as being the natural consequence of much indulgence, and which time would gradually correct. This improvement, however, not manifesting itself as soon as was expected, the youth was sent away to be educated at some distant establishment, where it was hoped his unruly propensities would be duly checked by severe coercion; but, unfortunately, instead of this producing the issue desired, the contrary result soon became visible. His defects grew with his years. A system of determined insubordination occasioned his expulsion, wherever he was placed. Sir Algernon at length came to the painful necessity of ordering him home. Here, his apparent contrition and desire to conform to the minutest wishes of his offended uncle, made the latter hope that his disposition had been misunderstood, and consequently misguided. Impressed with this new idea, Sir Algernon resolved in future to retain him under his immediate eye, and that of his brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, a learned member of the Order of Jesuits, and who at that time resided with him. By this arrangement he trusted he should be able to subdue the wild spirit of his nephew, and effect by kindness that which severity could not do. But even this scheme, based as it was upon the most indulgent assurances of oblivion and forgiveness of the past, proved of little or no avail. A careless indifference to every sober pursuit, was soon followed by a passion for play, which dangerous pastime began wholly to engross his mind. And, being now almost grown to manhood, that restraint which, as a youth, was placed over him, was necessarily withdrawn, and he made use of his liberty to initiate himself in all the arts of an accomplished gamester; which unfortunate propensity was accompanied with not only a total disregard for the friendly advice of Sir Algernon, but a bitter hatred for his kind uncle, the Rev. Father Francis, whose only fault was the too patient endurance with which he bore the almost daily insolence of his ungracious nephew.

Geoffrey's long and close intimacy with his beauteous cousin Urcella, naturally inclined him to turn his eyes and heart in that direction, and no means did he lose in his endeavours to call forth a reciprocal return on her part; but in this he was sorely disappointed. High-minded and upright, Sir Algernon's daughter recoiled at his pretensions. She scrupulously followed the path of rectitude traced out for her by those she deemed it a happiness to obey; she viewed the conduct of her ungrateful cousin with that indignation which it deserved. And, notwithstanding his handsome person and captivating address, nothing could shake her determination to extinguish at once his hopes, and give no encouragement to professions so undeserving of her return. His total want of respect for the faith in which

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

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Geoffrey's natural bent was to lose intimacy with his beauteous cousin Urcella, turn his eyes and heart in that direction, and no endeavours to call forth a reciprocal return on her part were ever disappointed. High-minded and upright, she coiled at his pretensions. She scrupulously followed out for her by those she deemed it a duty to serve, the conduct of her ungrateful cousin with the strictness deserved. And, notwithstanding his handsome person, nothing could shake her resolution to despise him, and give no encouragement to his importunities. His total want of respectability

"Life of Kirwan," "Cambrensis Eversus," and other works of equal importance.

As we hope that the Historical Sketch will pass through many editions, we take this opportunity of suggesting to Dr. Moran, that he can materially heighten the interest of the chapter which he devotes to "Individual Instances of Persecution," by consulting Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, where he will find many examples of fiendish cruelty inflicted on the Catholics by the Lords Justices of the period, far surpassing in atrociousness any that we read in the fabulous histories of the Inquisition. We may also remark that it would be well to record how many of the worst persecutors of the Irish Catholics died, for, as is generally the case, most of those miscreants came to a horrible and untimely end. Thus, for example, Sir Charles Coote* was shot dead in Trim, after he had risen from warming himself at a fire made of a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, which he contumuously caused to be hewed into billets. The renegade Lord Esmond, too, the murderer and exterminator of the O'Byrnes in Wicklow felt God's avenging hand press heavily on him, for, after being struck blind, he died on the road-side, and was laid in the ancestral vault, unreconciled and unanealed. Many instances of similar visitations overtook others of the chief actors in the bloody drama, so graphically described by Dr. Moran, and we trust that he will find room for them in some future edition. Meanwhile, we will claim for this excellent volume a niche in every Irish library, and we would recommend all those who are entrusted with the training of Catholic youth, not only to place it in their hands, but, if possible, to make them learn every page of it by heart, for there are few books fuller of instruction, interest, and edification, and none, certainly, better calculated to make us love our religion, and revere the memories of those who died martyrs to uphold it. Before dismissing this subject, it may not be out of place to observe, that the "Historical Sketch" is dedicated to the Rev. Monsignore Yore, than whom none could be better entitled to such a tribute of respect and esteem. This venerable ecclesiastic is, indeed, the last link of that long chain of priests who lived in the penal times—one of those who beheld our sanctuary, and our beauty, and glory laid waste. Happily, however, for himself and the community at large, he has survived those evil days; and now, grown gray in the constant performance of good works, he can calmly contemplate a new order of things, for which we are in great measure indebted to his pious and patriotic exertions. The churches, the asylums for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, which he has founded, are so many imperishable monuments of his zeal and disinterestedness; and whenever it may please God to call him to his reward, the tears of the orphan, and the regrets of all those who appreciate virtue, will be showered on his grave. So, indeed, should he be honoured whose whole life has been a practical commentary on the beautiful words of the Psalmist—"He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor." Need we add, that justice of this sort remaineth for ever and ever?

* Coote was buried in Dublin, and his tomb bore the following significant inscription :—

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DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNWELCOME MEETING.

AFTER an arduous day passed in assisting her father to sort his various papers, Urcella Trevillers sallied forth in the direction of the Cedar Grove, to enjoy the sweet, refreshing air. The evening was far advanced, and all was hushed in repose. The wind which had spent its vagaries during the course of the day, was now completely lulled. The old fantastic trees threw their gloomy shadows along the grassy path which Urcella had chosen for her stroll; whilst the wild and tangled underwood told a tale of long neglect. Oft in this secluded spot would Urcella pass a listless hour, musing upon the past and future destiny of all around her. Sometimes her pensive mind would soar to higher regions, and, unseen by the world, she would pour out her soul in supplication for the well-being of those most dear to her, and whose safety and happiness were the fervent prayer of her affectionate heart. Thus absorbed, she trod with slow and gentle steps the velvet sod. The discovery of Gerald's duplicity, of which (since her visit to the labourer's cot) she had no longer any doubt, would force itself unbidden across her mind, and add another proof of the little there was to be relied on in this deceptive world. She tried to banish the recollection of this disappointment, and turn her thoughts towards the Disposer of all things, praying for submission to his wise decrees whatever they might be.

Nightfall now began to show signs of approach, and Urcella deemed it prudent to return home. She had no fears for herself, but in consideration of those whom she knew would be anxious at her prolonged absence, knowing her to be alone, she pursued her solitary walk no further.

That she had strolled far from the Priory was true, but that she was alone was not the case, a searching, scowling eye was watching her at no great distance. Her steps had been observed, and tracked by one she little dreamt was nigh. With noiseless tread this dark intruder followed in the distance, concealed in view by the shadowy branches of the cedars. Reaching the

spot where Urcella was, he stealthily drew nearer, till, catching a full view of the beauteous maid, he stood motionless. Urcella Trevillers was no stranger to him. He knew her well, had known her from her earliest youth ; had been her playmate, her companion, and might even have aspired to a nearer kinship had not his wayward conduct thrown an impenetrable barrier against all further communication betwixt himself and the family of Sir Algernon Trevillers. He would now fain take this opportunity of addressing her ; but he dared not. There was that in her angelic mien which forbade his rude approach. He was too conscious of his unworthiness to disturb her. He stood spell bound, hesitating whether to advance boldly, or wait a more fitting occasion. At this moment Urcella turned suddenly round, as if to retrace her steps. The moment was not to be lost, he sprang from his retreat and intercepted her path.

Greatly alarmed at this unexpected apparition, Urcella was on the point of rushing by, and flying for safety, when the tones of a well-remembered voice fell upon her ear, and arrested her course.

"Stay, good cousin, stay, I beseech you," were the supplicatory words that stopped her hasty retreat.

"Geoffrey!" exclaimed Urcella, giving a terrified glance at the changed and haggard face before her. "Is that you?"

"Yes," was the agitated reply ; "it is your old companion, your old admirer, your own cousin, who implores you to listen to him for a few moments."

"Geoffrey," said Urcella, endeavouring to recover her self-possession, "what brings you here?"

"Ruin—destitution—"

"Ruin!—destitution!—what, in mercy, has brought you to this dreadful state?" said Urcella, advancing little by little.

"My evil destiny. That wretched fate which has ever pursued me from my childhood to this moment, and which will not cease to cling to me to my last hour."

"And have you, Geoffrey, in no way assisted this evil genius in bringing you to this extraordinary condition?"

"Hold!" cried Geoffrey, his brow darkening as he spoke. "This is no time for reproaches—rather deplore my desperate condition."

"I do, indeed, deplore it," said Urcella.

"Well, then, let me test the truth of what you say by your promising to procure me an interview with my uncle. See him I must ; and a word in my favour from you will be the means of procuring what I desire. Give me this promise, sweet cousin, and I will leave you immediately."

"I pray you, Geoffrey, make no such request. I cannot, indeed, I cannot grant it. How can I lead you into my father's presence, after you have so ungratefully requited his generosity?"

"Generosity!" cried Geoffrey, with a contemptuous smile. "Do you call that generosity which drove me from my home, and thrust me inexperienced upon the wide world?"

"You were *not* driven from my father's home, Geoffrey. You left us abruptly, and entirely of your own accord."

"Had who could have staid under the tyrannical thraldom to which I was subjected?"

"Tyrannical thraldom! Talk not thus, Geoffrey; my father's goodness to you had no bounds; he indulged you, forgave you over and over again, treated you as his own son, and would have continued to do so to this day, had not your perverse spirit made your presence a misery, instead of a happiness. You cannot deny it; the very recollection of your past conduct ought to upbraid you with ingratitude, each time you pronounce your uncle's honoured name."

"Hush!" cousin, said Geoffrey, impatiently; "prate no more to me of ingratitude. My mind is filled with more urgent matter. I am left without a stiver, and must be assisted. In fact, I am come to be again admitted under that roof, which my dying parent begged might ever be a refuge and a home to me."

"And was it not a refuge and a home to you till your strange habits made you no longer worthy of its protection?"

"Be that as it may, it is now my desire to be received again as an inmate of my uncle's abode. My present straitened circumstances give me an additional claim to be there; and you, cousin, if you have any proper feeling left, must urge this claim for me."

"You have no claim," said Urcella, mildly, "on my father's roof, or on his bounty. His goodness alone took you, reared you, loved you, till your unwarrantable behaviour snapt the cord of affection, and made you as one no longer known to him."

"For the last time I ask you," said Geoffrey, his eyes kindling with wrath, "Is there, or is there not, any chance of my being received as a member of my uncle's family as heretofore?"

"None, Geoffrey, none! My father will never consent to be a party to those painful scenes which so frequently occurred when you were with us, and which you cannot have forgotten."

"How, then, am I to subsist?"

"By those ample means secured to you by your father, and which ought to have far exceeded your necessities; what has become of that noble portion?"

"Gone!—gone into the coffers of others!—lost to *me* for ever! I have nothing left—and am therefore driven to call upon those who have plenty."

"You are greatly mistaken, Geoffrey, if you imagine that my father possesses more than he requires for his own and our maintenance. His adherence to the old Faith has drawn down the anger of the law upon him; and he is fined to well nigh ruin."

"Greater the fool he, then," said the excited young man, "for not shaping his belief to the progress of the times."

"Oh, shame on you, Geoffrey! Shame on you, to talk thus irreverently. Take yourself away to your boon-companions, and anger not my father with your unwelcome presence. There is not the slightest prospect of your

energy, devotedness, and ability. In such a case, some man must put his shoulder to the wheel, or the work would never be undertaken, much less accomplished. So far Dr. Wilde has executed his self-imposed and gratuitous task with infinite credit to himself—with great learning and industry, at an enormous sacrifice of valuable time,—and with great advantage to the Academy, to Irish antiquity, and to the public.

It is impossible not to be struck by the evidence of early civilization so patent in many of the articles of personal adornment described in the Catalogue now before us. We have not the slightest doubt that many of them are much older than our oldest written history. They belong to a period when there may, indeed, have been a written history also—as we have good authority for believing that there was—but then, its monuments have disappeared, and its records may be said to have come to us as traditions, taken up, it is true, by the chronicler in a still very remote antiquity, and thence transmitted to us in writing. They belong to a period anterior to the use of that charming interlaced style of ornament known as *Opus Hibernicum*, and which appears to have been peculiar to the early Christian ages of Irish art. We see no trace of that style of ornament in any of the gold articles figured in this number of Dr. Wilde's Catalogue, and we are convinced that even that circumstance goes to establish their Pagan antiquity. Yet their workmanship evinces considerable skill in the manufacture, no slight knowledge of the art of working in metal, and to say the least, no despicable taste in matters of style and ornament for that remote age.

It is a remarkable fact that a greater number of ancient gold ornaments have been found in Ireland than in all the other countries on this side of the Alps, collectively. This circumstance has astonished antiquaries. It has led some to conclude that the original colonizers of Ireland had come from countries in which gold was very abundant, and had brought a great quantity of that precious metal with them into this island. Such is the opinion which has been advanced by Dr. Todd, and it is one which we would gladly adopt, as it accords with our ancient accounts, which represent the primitive inhabitants of Ireland as a highly civilized people, bringing with them into this country the arts of civilized life, such as those arts were, at so remote a period. Dr. Wilde, however, dissents from the theory of the importation of gold into Ireland as a necessary explanation of its great abundance in this island in remote ages. He observes that gold has been found in no fewer than seven localities in Ireland, and that in one of these—namely, the County of Wicklow—in which we are told by our ancient annalists, that gold was first smelted and manufactured in Ireland, upwards of £10,000 worth of gold was procured within a few weeks in recent times. He also shows from the assays made of some ancient gold ornaments in the museum of the Academy, that the fineness nearly corresponds, in many instances, with that of gold found in its natural state in our mines. This is a curious coincidence which ought to go far to settle the question of the native origin of these gold ornaments. The opinion of our author, indeed

was the first metal with which the primitive inhabitants of Ireland were acquainted, as being so frequently found on the surface of the soil, and in a purer state than any other metal.

Of the ancient Irish gold manufactures there are at present in the Academy's museum *three hundred and ten specimens*, including several beautiful crescent-shaped diadems or tiaras; torques, and other ornaments for the neck; circular plates, fibulæ of peculiar construction, and brooches for the breast; armillæ, bracelets, and finger-rings; large torques for the chest and waist; and many other objects, among which are some of undetermined use. But, observes our author, these are only

"A small portion of the gold antiquities found in Ireland, even within the past century, the great bulk of which had been melted down by jewellers, long before the institution of the Academy's museum, about thirty-three years ago. And even during this latter period far more articles of Irish gold have, in all probability, found their way to the crucible than have been anywhere preserved as objects of antiquarian or historic interest. Besides those in the Academy, there are many noble specimens of Irish art in the Museum of Trinity College, and in the collections of private individuals, not only in Ireland, but also in England and Scotland; and the majority of gold articles illustrative of the antiquities of the British isles, now preserved in the British Museum are Irish. The ignorance of the finders, the fear of detection, the low antiquarian value heretofore attached to such articles, the want of a law of treasure-trove—such as exists in other countries—the smallness of the fund placed at the disposal of the Academy for the purchase of such articles rendering it unable to purchase many valuable specimens that have been offered for sale, and the apathy and indifference with respect to the preservation of our national antiquities which have prevailed up to a very recent period, have all tended to promote this lamentable dispersion, or destruction, of the golden treasures found beneath the surface of the soil in Ireland, during more than a century and a half. How much may have been discovered prior to the commencement of that period, it is now impossible to calculate."

Until very lately, the law of "treasure-trove" in this country was complicated, and of such a nature as to induce the finder to observe secrecy on the matter, and to dispose of the discovered treasure in a private manner, and at a sacrifice. Whenever coin, plate, or precious metals were found hidden in the earth, or in any private place, and the person who deposited them there was unknown, the property so found belonged to the government; but if found in a river or pond of water, or in the sea, or on the surface of the ground, then it belonged to the finder. By a Treasury Minute, however, recently obtained, through the exertions of a few noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Royal Irish Academy, this law has been changed, as far as Ireland is concerned, and the finder of any object of antiquarian interest in this

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the antiquarian value is fixed upon it, and it may be observed that such antiquarian value is always somewhat more than the mere bullion value which would be the utmost that a goldsmith or jeweller could afford to give for it; and even then the sale of the article is not compulsory on the finder, who may search for the highest market at his pleasure. This excellent regulation cannot be too generally known throughout the country; but if there were any use in vain regrets, it is to be lamented that it was not adopted many years ago, and many a precious relic of our national antiquity thus preserved from destruction.

This is the smallest portion of the Catalogue, containing only a hundred pages, with 90 wood engravings; but it is perfect in itself as an enumeration and admirable description of the gold ornaments preserved in the Academy's museum. And while we desire to express our gratitude, in the name of the country, to Dr. Wilde for his indefatigable, laborious, and gratuitous exertions to give the public a descriptive Catalogue of the antiquarian treasures contained in this splendid national collection, we would express a hope that the completion of the work will not be unnecessarily postponed by the Academy.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS.*

DR. MORAN'S Memoir of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, has already secured for him a distinguished place among those writers who have laboured to preserve and perpetuate all that is most valuable in our sacred and secular history. In fact, had he never published another volume, the work to which we have alluded would, of itself, entitle him to the gratitude not only of his contemporaries, but of those who, centuries hence, will peruse that admirable biography of the martyred prelate. The "Historical Sketch," however, is another evidence of the indefatigable zeal and research for which Dr. Moran is so eminently remarkable, another proof of the unwearied industry with which he works for the honour of our religion and native land.

The object which the learned author proposed to himself in writing the Sketch of the Cromwellian Persecution was, if we mistake not, to show the Catholics of this, and every other country where the English language is spoken, how our predecessors in the faith behaved themselves at that awful period, when the whole Irish people, after a brave, but unsuccessful, resistance, were overborne and down-trodden by the fanatical Puritans. Doubtless, the generality of readers are already familiar with Cromwell's Irish campaigns, and very few are ignorant of the massacres which that ruthless tyrant perpetrated in Drogheda, Wexford, and elsewhere; but,

* HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE PERSECUTIONS SUFFERED BY THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND UNDER THE RULE OF CROMWELL AND THE PURITANS. *by the Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome.* Dublin and London: JAMES DUFFY.

till the present volume appeared, we had no categorical narrative of the sufferings to which Cromwell doomed the Irish Catholics, clergy and laity, for their unswerving attachment to God, king, and country. Their devotion to the creed of their fathers, and their loyalty to a worthless sovereign, sire of a son still more worthless, involved them in common ruin, and brought down on their heads that curse—death, outlawry, and confiscation,—which to the present day remains proverbial in Ireland. There are many, doubtless, whose squeamishness, real or affected, will find fault with the "Historical Sketch," simply because it revives memories which the over-sensitive would have buried in oblivion. Objections of this sort, however, are little worth; for, on the same principle, and to cater to such tastes, we should destroy the Roman Martyrology and every other book that records Christian heroism struggling against the iron band of despotism. Nor are we to forget that the Irish Catholics have been held up to the world by Temple, Borlase, and other lying writers, too numerous to mention, as a race plunged in ignorance, rioting in blood and rapine, and incapable of performing a single deed that could be pleasing in the sight of God or man. It is quite certain that the fanatical Puritans pretended to view them in this light, and thought that they were justified in exterminating the whole race by sword, halter, famine, and every other device which wicked ingenuity could invent. This, indeed, was merest pretence, but the real object of those canting knaves was to get possession of the churches, estates, and homesteads of the Irish Catholics, after the latter had been swept from their native soil. Instead, therefore, of finding fault with the "Historical Sketch," we should rather be proud of it, as an able and lucid vindication of our national honour, and as an unanswerable apology for our Catholic forefathers, whose devotion to the faith defied Cromwell's sword, and came out, if possible, brighter and more purified from the terrible ordeal through which it had to pass. Every Irish Catholic should feel himself exalted by the contemplation of what his predecessors had to endure for their religion, and none can say that he has formed an adequate notion of their sufferings till he has perused the pages of this admirable volume. Want of knowledge may, in many instances, be excusable, but surely it is a shame and a disgrace to be ignorant of the vicissitudes of Catholicity in this island, or of those who laid down their lives in the dungeon and on the scaffold to transmit the sacred deposit to us, who enjoy its manifold blessings now that the sword of persecution is rusting in its sheath.

The long series of pains and penalties inflicted on the Irish Catholics by Cromwell and the ministers of Charles II. is faithfully and minutely detailed in Dr. Moran's "Sketch," and we may here observe, that many of the documents he quotes were never before published, being for the most part "*Reports*," carefully drawn up by ocular witnesses, who deposited them in the Roman archives, where they might have lain, lost to the reading world, were it not for the research of the learned author. The veracity of those Reports, so painfully minute and circumstantial, is placed beyond doubt by collateral evidences collected from *Protestant* writers, whom Dr. Moran cites; and we need hardly state, that he has given additional value to his book by copious extracts from Dominic O'Daly, Lynch's

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"... " "Lamontane Evans," and other works of equal interest in the Historica Sketch will pass through many editions, we trust, before the opportunity of succumbing to Mr. Moran, that he can materially shorten the duration of the chapter which he devotes to "Individual Injustice." By consulting Carre's Life of the Duke of Ormond, we find that many examples of fiendish cruelty inflicted on the Catholics of the Long Deliverance of the period, far surpassing in atrocity any that we find in the famous histories of the Inquisition. We may also remark that it would be well to record how many of the worst persecutors of the Irish have died, for, as is generally the case, most of those miscreants came to a terrible and untimely end. Thus, for example, Sir Charles Coote was shot dead in Trim, after he had risen from warming himself at a fire made of a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, which he contumuously caused to be hewed into billets. The reprobate Lord Esmond, too, the murderer and exterminator of the O'Byrnes in Wicklow felt God's avenging hand press heavily on him, for, after being struck blind, he died on the road-side, and was laid in the ancestral vault, unreconciled and unanealed. Many instances of similar visitations overtook others of the chief actors in the bloody drama, so graphically described by Dr. Moran, and we trust that he will find room for them in some future edition. Meanwhile, we will claim for this excellent volume a niche in every Irish library, and we would recommend all those who are entrusted with the training of Catholic youth, not only to place it in their hands, but, if possible, to make them learn every page of it by heart, for there are few books fuller of instruction, interest, and edification, and none, certainly, better calculated to make us love our religion, and revere the memories of those who died martyrs to uphold it. Before dismissing this subject, it may not be out of place to observe, that the "Historical Sketch" is dedicated to the Rev. Monsignor Yore, than whom none could be better entitled to such a tribute of respect and esteem. This venerable ecclesiastic is, indeed, the last link of that long chain of priests who lived in the penal times—one of those who beheld our sanctuary, and our beauty, and glory laid waste. Happily, however, for himself and the community at large, he has survived those evil days; and now, grown gray in the constant performance of good works, he can calmly countenance a new order of things, for which we are in great measure indebted to his pious and patriotic exertions. The churches, the asylums for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, which he has founded, are so many imperishable monuments of his zeal and disinterestedness; and whenever it may please God to call him to his reward, the tears of the orphan, and the regrets of all those who appreciate virtue, will be showered on his grave. We sincerely hope that he will be honoured whose whole life has been a practical commentary on the beautiful words of the Psalmist—"He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor." Need we add, that justice of this sort remembers us ever and ever?

"... was buried in Dublin, and his tomb bore the following significant inscription—

"England's glory, Scotland's wonder,
Ireland's terror here lies under."

**DUGHS, ASTHMA, AND INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION ARE
EFFECTUALLY CURED BY
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**

STATISTICS SHOW THAT 50,000 PERSONS annually fall victims to Pulmonary Disorders, including Consumption, Diseases of the Chest, and the Respiratory Organs. Prevention is at all times better than cure; be, therefore, cured, during the wet and wintry season, with a supply of KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which possess the virtue of averting as well as of curing Damp or Cold; they are good alike for the young or for the aged—they relieve bronchial irritation; and for improving the voice, the Preacher, Statesman, Lawyer, and Actor have long patronized them.
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No. 8.

AUGUST.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNWELCOME MEETING.

AFTER an arduous day passed in assisting her father to sort his various papers, Urcella Trevilliers sallied forth in the direction of the Cedar Grove, to enjoy the sweet, refreshing air. The evening was far advanced, and all was hushed in repose. The wind which had spent its vagaries during the course of the day, was now completely lulled. The old fantastic trees threw their gloomy shadows along the grassy path which Urcella had chosen for her stroll; whilst the wild and tangled underwood told a tale of long neglect. Oft in this secluded spot would Urcella pass a listless hour, musing upon the past and future destiny of all around her. Sometimes her pensive mind would soar to higher regions, and, unseen by the world, she would pour out her soul in supplication for the well-being of those most dear to her, and whose safety and happiness were the fervent prayer of her affectionate heart. Thus absorbed, she trod with slow and gentle steps the velvet sod. The discovery of Gerald's duplicity, of which (since her visit to the labourer's cot) she had no longer any doubt, would force itself unbidden across her mind, and add another proof of the little there was to be relied on in this deceptive world. She tried to banish the recollection of this disappointment, and turn her thoughts towards the Disposer of all things, praying for submission to his wise decrees whatever they might be.

Nightfall now began to show signs of approach, and Urcella deemed it prudent to return home. She had no fears for herself, but in consideration of those whom she knew would be anxious at her prolonged absence, knowing her to be alone, she pursued her solitary walk no further.

That she had strolled far from the Priory was true, but that she was *alone* was not the case, a searching, scowling eye was watching her at no great distance. Her steps had been observed, and tracked by one she little dreamt was nigh. With noiseless tread this dark intruder followed in the distance, concealed in view by the shadowy branches of the cedars. Reaching the

spot where Urcella was, he stealthily drew nearer, till, catching a full view of the beauteous maid, he stood motionless. Urcella Trevillers was no stranger to him. He knew her well, had known her from her earliest youth; had been her playmate, her companion, and might even have aspired to a nearer kinship had not his wayward conduct thrown an impenetrable barrier against all further communication betwixt himself and the family of Sir Algernon Trevillers. He would now fain take this opportunity of addressing her; but he dared not. There was that in her angelic mien which forbade his rude approach. He was too conscious of his unworthiness to disturb her. He stood spell bound, hesitating whether to advance boldly, or wait a more fitting occasion. At this moment Urcella turned suddenly round, as if to retrace her steps. The moment was not to be lost, he sprang from his retreat and intercepted her path.

Greatly alarmed at this unexpected apparition, Urcella was on the point of rushing by, and flying for safety, when the tones of a well-remembered voice fell upon her ear, and arrested her course.

"Stay, good cousin, stay, I beseech you," were the supplicatory words that stopped her hasty retreat.

"Geoffrey!" exclaimed Urcella, giving a terrified glance at the changed and haggard face before her. "Is that you?"

"Yes," was the agitated reply; "it is your old companion, your old admirer, your own cousin, who implores you to listen to him for a few moments."

"Geoffrey," said Urcella, endeavouring to recover her self-possession, "what brings you here?"

"Ruin—destitution—"

"Ruin!—destitution!—what, in mercy, has brought you to this dreadful state?" said Urcella, advancing little by little.

"My evil destiny. That wretched fate which has ever pursued me from my childhood to this moment, and which will not cease to cling to me to my last hour."

"And have you, Geoffrey, in no way assisted this evil genius in bringing you to this extraordinary condition?"

"Hold!" cried Geoffrey, his brow darkening as he spoke. "This is no time for reproaches—rather deplore my desperate condition."

"I do, indeed, deplore it," said Urcella.

"Well, then, let me test the truth of what you say by your promising to procure me an interview with my uncle. See him I must; and a word in my favour from you will be the means of procuring what I desire. Give me this promise, sweet cousin, and I will leave you immediately."

"I pray you, Geoffrey, make no such request. I cannot, indeed, I cannot grant it. How can I lead you into my father's presence, after you have so ungratefully requited his generosity?"

"Generosity!" cried Geoffrey, with a contemptuous smile. "Do you call that generosity which drove me from my home, and thrust me inexperienced upon the wide world?"

"You were *not* driven from my father's home, Geoffrey. You left us abruptly, and entirely of your own accord."

"And who could have staid under the tyrannical thraldom to which I was subjected?"

"Tyrannical thraldom! Talk not thus, Geoffrey; my father's goodness to you had no bounds; he indulged you, forgave you over and over again, treated you as his own son, and would have continued to do so to this day, had not your perverse spirit made your presence a misery, instead of a happiness. You cannot deny it; the very recollection of your past conduct ought to upbraid you with ingratitude, each time you pronounce your uncle's honoured name."

"Hush!" cousin, said Geoffrey, impatiently; "prate no more to me of ingratitude. My mind is filled with more urgent matter. I am left without a stiver, and must be assisted. In fact, I am come to be again admitted under that roof, which my dying parent begged might ever be a refuge and a home to me."

"And was it not a refuge and a home to you till your strange habits made you no longer worthy of its protection?"

"Be that as it may, it is now my desire to be received again as an inmate of my uncle's abode. My present straitened circumstances give me an additional claim to be there; and you, cousin, if you have any proper feeling left, must urge this claim for me."

"You have no claim," said Urcella, mildly, "on my father's roof, or on his bosomy. His goodness alone took you, reared you, loved you, till your unwarrantable behaviour snapt the cord of affection, and made you as one no longer known to him."

"For the last time I ask you," said Geoffrey, his eyes kindling with wrath, "Is there, or is there not, any chance of my being received as a member of my uncle's family as heretofore?"

"None, Geoffrey, none! My father will never consent to be a party to those painful scenes which so frequently occurred when you were with us, and which you cannot have forgotten."

"How, then, am I to subsist?"

"By those ample means secured to you by your father, and which ought to have far exceeded your necessities; what has become of that noble portion?"

"Gone!—gone into the coffers of others!—lost to me for ever! I have nothing left—and am therefore driven to call upon those who have plenty."

"You are greatly mistaken, Geoffrey, if you imagine that my father possesses more than he requires for his own and our maintenance. His adherence to the old Faith has drawn down the anger of the law upon him; and he is fined to well nigh ruin."

"Greater the fool he, then," said the excited young man, "for not shaping his belief to the progress of the times."

"Oh, shame on you, Geoffrey! Shame on you, to talk thus irreverently. Take yourself away to your boon-companions, and anger not my father with your unwelcome presence. There is not the slightest prospect of your

wishes being realized ; therefore, follow my counsel, and turn your course in some other direction."

The indignation of Geoffrey, which had been increasing each moment as he perceived the impossibility of engaging his cousin's sympathy in his behalf, now reached its climax, and, advancing a few paces, he angrily seized the shrinking girl by the arm, and poured into her ear a volume of abuse, directed principally against his uncle, Sir Algernon, and declaring that, should he again be deprived of that asylum to which he conceived he was justly entitled, he should adopt a course which would make her father and all belonging to him rue the day that gave him birth. Having thus given vent to his boiling emotions, he loosened his hold, and, dashing amongst the dark underwood, disappeared in the direction from which he had so suddenly emerged.

Terrified beyond description at the violent gesticulations and threats of Geoffrey, Urcella scarcely knew how she reached home, and when she did, was so overcome with alarm and agitation as to be almost unable to state what had occurred. Becoming by degrees somewhat composed, she imparted to her indulgent kinswoman the unexpected return of her treant cousin, and the distressing interview that had taken place between him and herself, begging at the same time to use her influence with her father in procuring Geoffrey that audience he so vehemently desired.

Mistress Trevillers listened to her niece's recital with sorrow and indignation. She knew more of the iniquitous conduct of Geoffrey than had reached the ear of Urcella, and was therefore not so much surprised at his outrageous behaviour as she might otherwise have been. As for saying a word in favour of his return, she could not with safety do so, knowing full well the serious evils that would accrue from such a course. Indeed, she was already convinced that her brother would not listen to such a request for a moment.

Having reflected a few seconds how she could most judiciously take part in the business, she conducted the excited girl to the repose of her own apartment, and then went in search of Sir Algernon Trevillers, to impart to him the unwelcome intelligence of his nephew's return.

CHAPTER XXV.

JANS GEOFFREY.

AT an early hour of the day succeeding that of the startling meet'ng in the grove, a young man, of comely, though somewhat jaded appearance, knocked loudly at the portal of St. Andrew's Priory, and requested an immediate audience with its lord. The favour was granted, and the petitioner was ushered into the presence of Sir Algernon Trevillers.

As the conference took place with closed doors, we will profit of its prolonged continuance to say a few words respecting him who had thus peremptorily demanded an interview.

Jans Geoffrey was an only child. His mother, a sister of Sir Algernon, followed her husband to an early grave, leaving her orphan boy to the care and protection of his uncle. The child was accordingly conveyed, on the demise of his parent, to the residence of Sir Algernon, where he shared with his cousin Urcella all the solicitude and kindness which an attached relative knew how to bestow.

For some years all looked fair and promising. The wayward disposition of the young adopted was readily overlooked as being the natural consequence of much indulgence, and which time would gradually correct. This improvement, however, not manifesting itself as soon as was expected, the youth was sent away to be educated at some distant establishment, where it was hoped his unruly propensities would be duly checked by severe coercion; but, unfortunately, instead of this producing the issue desired, the contrary result soon became visible. His defects grew with his years. A system of determined insubordination occasioned his expulsion, wherever he was placed. Sir Algernon at length came to the painful necessity of ordering him home. Here, his apparent contrition and desire to conform to the minutest wishes of his offended uncle, made the latter hope that his disposition had been misunderstood, and consequently misguided. Impressed with this new idea, Sir Algernon resolved in future to retain him under his immediate eye, and that of his brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, a learned member of the Order of Jesuits, and who at that time resided with him. By this arrangement he trusted he should be able to subdue the wild spirit of his nephew, and effect by kindness that which severity could not do. But even this scheme, based as it was upon the most indulgent assurances of oblivion and forgiveness of the past, proved of little or no avail. A careless indifference to every sober pursuit, was soon followed by a passion for play, which dangerous pastime began wholly to engross his mind. And, being now almost grown to manhood, that restraint which, as a youth, was placed over him, was necessarily withdrawn, and he made use of his liberty to initiate himself in all the arts of an accomplished gamester; which unfortunate propensity was accompanied with not only a total disregard for the friendly advice of Sir Algernon, but a bitter hatred for his kind uncle, the Rev. Father Francis, whose only fault was the too patient endurance with which he bore the almost daily insolence of his ungracious nephew.

Geoffrey's long and close intimacy with his beauteous cousin Urcella, naturally inclined him to turn his eyes and heart in that direction, and no means did he lose in his endeavours to call forth a reciprocal return on her part; but in this he was sorely disappointed. High-minded and upright, Sir Algernon's daughter recoiled at his pretensions. She scrupulously followed the path of rectitude traced out for her by those she deemed it a happiness to obey; she viewed the conduct of her ungrateful cousin with that indignation which it deserved. And, notwithstanding his handsome person and captivating address, nothing could shake her determination to extinguish at once his hopes, and give no encouragement to professions so undeserving of her return. His total want of respect for the faith in which

he had been reared ; his jeers and contempt for things which Urcella considered as sacred, shocked her devotional mind and strengthened her aversion. Happy for her, therefore, was the day that witnessed the departure of this young man from her father's roof ; an event which was hastened by the mortification his pride encountered at the chilling reserve of his admired cousin, conscious as he was that it proceeded from disapprobation of his conduct.

At length, unable any longer to subject himself to the daily rebuke of her he had so long and earnestly courted, he determined to quit his uncle's house for ever ; and, taking advantage of an angry discussion which his intemperate language had brought on, between his uncle and himself, he announced his intention of immediately leaving him ; at the same time requesting that the portion left him by his deceased parents should be placed at his disposal.

Indignant as Sir Algernon Trevilliers felt at such a return for all the years of care and kindness he had bestowed upon him, he was, nevertheless, not grieved that matters had at length reached a crisis, which he had for some time foreseen must sooner or later take place. He accordingly made no opposition, but readily passed over to his thankless nephew that which was his due, whilst he forbade him ever again to intrude his presence upon him or any of his family. This injunction, severe as it sounded, was received by Geoffrey with apparent indifference, and being now well supplied with what he felt sure would be a passport to any home it might please him to adopt, he made his way to the French capital, where he soon found himself embarked in a vortex of dissipation, which threatened to bring him in no length of time to utter ruin. Indeed, we have only to add, that the three years which followed his departure from the roof of his respected kinsman were stained with vicious excesses scarcely credible—a fearful example of the strides which crime will make, when unchecked either by honour or principle !

Sir Algernon had not long fixed his residence at St. Andrew's Priory, when he received a rambling communication from his nephew Geoffrey, complaining of the pecuniary difficulties he had already begun to experience, and imploring assistance. This appeal was responded to by Sir Algernon, as seen in chapter the fourth. From that time Geoffrey had been unheard of till his sudden apparition in the cedar grove.

Having now traced the early career of one destined to play a conspicuous part in the sequel of our narrative, we will return to the passing moment, when we left the original of the above sketch in deep conference with the master of the Priory. The loud and vehement tone that pervaded the interview, bespoke its character to be anything but conciliatory ; a presumption which was fully confirmed by the parting words of Sir Algernon, as he opened the door for his nephew to pass out.

"Leave my presence, unhappy young man, and seek elsewhere that sympathy which your ungrateful conduct can no longer expect from me."

A hurried step followed these words ; and Geoffrey, with a countenance flushed with anger, rushed down the flight of stairs that led from his un-

cle's apartments to the outer hall, which he was traversing with hasty strides, when, through the opening of a small lattice, his eye lit upon an unexpected object, which instantly arrested his attention. Advancing quickly forward, he gazed for a few seconds in silence, and then exclaimed, with a gesture of intense surprise—

"Ah! Is that you I see yonder?—you, whom my heart abhors, domiciled here, and I, a rejected outcast! Now I can unravel the cause of my being thus sent adrift; but the tables shall be turned, and revenge be my motto. And did you flatter yourself," continued he, stooping forward and fixing his eyes upon the unwelcome object he beheld through the casement, "that your retreat would remain undiscovered? No! I have ferreted you out. This house shall be turned into a house of mourning, and you, the highly-favoured, reverend kinsman, shall be the sole cause of its being made so—not the remorse of your relentless brother, nor the tears of that proud maid, his daughter, shall turn me aside from my fixed purpose." Then, once more nearing the lattice, as if to make sure he was under no mistake, he uttered a fearful imprecation, and, clutching his hands, he muttered savagely between his teeth—"Thou hated Jesuit! the laws of thy country shall not be duped! I'LL BETRAY THEE!!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

GRAVE CONSIDERATIONS.

"I FOLLOWED your counsel, but not to its full extent," said Sir Algernon Trevilliers to his reverend brother, as they paced the garden terrace on the evening of the interview mentioned in the last chapter. "I put a small sum of money at the disposal of my hapless nephew, though, Heaven knows, I could ill spare it, but I did so in remembrance of your just observation, that ruination will sometimes hurry a man on to those acts of desperation which timely relief would drive from his mind with dismay. As to your other suggestion of giving him a few weeks' trial under my roof, I found it to be totally impracticable! His overbearing tone of dictation; his coarse language, borrowed, no doubt, from his new associates, could not be tolerated for a single day in my presence—the consequences might be deplorable—indeed, I could not answer for my refraining, in some indignant moment, from giving him that summary chastisement which his insolence merited, and which might be a subject of regret to me ever after."

"You have acted for the best, no doubt," replied his reverend brother, "and I trust that the assurance he must now feel of your determination not to receive him again as a member of the family household, will deter him from further importunities on that point."

"May Heaven grant it so," exclaimed Sir Algernon; "but, in the mean time, we must not be surprised at any fresh attempt his disappointed mind may suggest to enforce his strange claims upon me. You kept yourself carefully out of sight?" continued Sir Algernon, eyeing his brother with

an evident look of uneasiness, "as I would not upon any account that he should have seen you, or even suspect that you were in this country, for, with his ungrateful disposition, the consequences might be most disastrous."

"Have no fear for me. On hearing of Geoffrey's admission, I took my book and retired into the enclosed court near the northern gateway, and there I remained pacing and repacing its rough pavement, till I had almost forgotten what had sent me to so comfortless a place. And, after all, supposing that I had by some chance, come across his path, I can scarcely believe that his heart could be so completely steeled as to take advantage of the meeting to my prejudice. During the short time he was under my charge, though his conduct was in every way unprincipled, still I could occasionally perceive glimpses of better feelings struggling to make their way to the surface; sentiments which, could they be reached and encouraged, might still save him from that vortex of misery into which he is rapidly plunging himself. It is the recollection of these good points that gives me the hope that Providence, in his mercy, may sooner or later stay his headlong career, and impress him with a due sense of his duty."

"You speak, brother," said Sir Algernon, "with your usual kindness and charity. But let us say no more on the subject; my mind has already been too much troubled about that unfortunate young man. We will enter into other matters. I have wished for some days past to speak to you concerning our future prospects, and to learn something of yours. Our stay in this dilapidated building cannot continue much longer. So comfortless an abode ill suits our good sister's health; and though she never utters a shadow of complaint, I perceive that the state of anxiety in which our present days pass, added to other disquietudes, affect her sensitive mind more than she is herself aware. Under this impression, I closely questioned our friend Davis on the state of my affairs, and what probability there existed of their soon coming to a final arrangement. He assured me that his efforts in my service had been crowned with success; that the many demands which had encumbered my Cornish lands were on the point of being settled in so satisfactory a manner as to enable me to part at once with the remainder of my estates with advantage. Should this account turn out correct, which I have no doubt it will, there will be no further necessity of my remaining here, and I should return to those foreign climes where I have already passed so many happy years. You would accompany us back?" continued Sir Algernon, looking fixedly at him he was addressing.

His brother smiled, but was silent.

"Ah!" resumed Sir Algernon, "it is as I feared. Your intention is to remain in this country. You are not satisfied with the service your ministry has already bestowed upon your grateful family, but you would extend it to others; and in so doing you will rush into dangers, out of which there may be no means of extricating you."

"You see matters in their least cheering aspect," replied his reverend brother; "I view them otherwise. Besides, it is my calling, and you would not, I am sure, wish to see me shrink from carrying out its duties."

"I cannot quite agree with you on this point," said Sir Algernon.

"It does not appear to me, that you are justified in risking your life without urgent necessity; such sacrifice is surely not required of you."

"Certainly not: nor do I see the danger of such an occurrence taking place whilst I keep the incognito, I do at present, and which, you may rest satisfied, I shall continue to preserve, both for your sake as well as for my own."

"Well, dear brother," resumed Sir Algernon, "I fear it is useless to press the subject any farther. I will say no more, but trust that God in his goodness will preserve you from all harm."

The conversation was here broken off by the approach of Ucella, who, with a countenance radiant with pleasant smiles of self-approbation, begged her father and uncle to return within doors, and pass their opinion upon certain successful repairs which she had been making in the tapestry hangings that surrounded their daily apartment, and which had exhibited till then many an unsightly rent. The appeal was willingly responded to, and all entered the house together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ISLAND LEGENDS.

In a late number, we presented the reader with a few etchings from the out-of-the-way Torry Island. Our collection should be very incomplete, indeed if we did not give a specimen or two of the beautiful legends of this spot, so full of old memories. There are two great families of Torry traditions—the Christian and the Pagan; from each we shall take a story.*

In the olden time, not long after the coming of Saint Patrick to Ireland, there lived, on the lonely shores of Gartan Lough, the famous Columbkille. Gartan Lough is situated in the neighbourhood of lofty mountains, which overlook the coast adjacent to Torry Island. Often, in his meditative wanderings over the mountain heights, used the saint pause to gaze out upon the Isle of Towers as it stood in solitary desolation amid the waves of the ocean; and, as he contemplates it, a longing to take up his abode amongst its rocky solitudes filled his soul. The desire grew stronger and stronger every day. He knew that the island was inhabited by a barbarous race of sea-rovers, who, shut up in their inaccessible position, were able to defeat every attempt made to Christianize them. Moreover, their Druids inspired them with a fierce hatred of the Christian religion; and, never coming in contact with the population on the mainland, except

* The writer of this paper is not aware that the first of these legends has found its way into print before. It was related to him, on the island, by an inhabitant, in sight of the places to which allusion is made in the story. The second is a tale, which the late Mr. O'Donovan thought worthy of a place in the pages of his immortal version of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

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our good sister's health; and though she never utters a shadow of
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"Have no fear for me. On hearing of Geoffrey's accident I took book and retired into the enclosed court near the north door there I remained pacing and repeating the rough pavement floggings, what had sent me to so comfortless a place. I believe that I had by some chance, come across his path, and I confess that his heart could be so completely steeled as to give up the meeting to my prejudice. During the short time of his confinement, though his conduct was in every way unprincipled, I occasionally perceive glimpses of better feelings struggling to the surface; sentiments which, could they be reached, might still save him from that vortex of misery into which he has plunged himself. It is the recollection of these good points, the hope that Providence, in his mercy, may sooner or later bring him to reason, and impress him with a due sense of his duty."

"You speak, brother," said Sir Algernon, "with your charity. But let us say no more on the subject; my mind has been much troubled about that unfortunate young man. We will now proceed to the business of the day. I have wished for some days past to speak to you of our future prospects, and to learn something of yours. Our old house and its outbuildings cannot continue much longer. So considerate is our good sister's health; and though she never vented a complaint, I perceive that the state of anxiety in which she passes, added to other disquietudes, affect her sensitive mind herself aware. Under this impression, I closely questioned Mr. Davis on the state of my affairs, and what probability there was of their soon coming to a final arrangement. He assured me that my service had been crowned with success; that the debts which had encumbered my Cornish lands were on the point of being paid off in so satisfactory a manner as to enable me to part with the remainder of my estates with advantage. Should this arrangement, which I have no doubt it will, there will be no difficulty in my remaining here, and I should return to those fond scenes of happiness which we have already passed so many happy years. You will be back?" continued Sir Algernon, looking fixedly at his brother.

His brother smiled, but was silent.

"Ah!" resumed Sir Algernon, "it is as I feared. You are not satisfied with your present situation. Your ministry has already bestowed upon your grateful fan, and you are desirous to extend it to others; and in so doing you will risk just what there may be no means of extricating yourself."

"You see matters in their least favourable aspect, brother: "I view them otherwise. I am not, I am sure, wish to see me."

"I cannot quite agree with you."

"It does not appear to me, that you are justified in taking your life without urgent necessity; such sacrifice is surely beyond me."

"Certainly not: nor do I see the danger of such an entrance taking place whilst I keep the iron-gate. I do it now, and whilst you may rest satisfied, I shall continue to preserve, both for yourself as well as for my own."

"Well, dear brother," resumed Sir Algernon, "I have no wish to press the subject any further. I will say no more, but trust the God in his goodness will preserve you from all harm."

The conversation was here broken off by the approach of Frola, who, with a countenance radiant with pleasant smiles of self-satisfaction, begged her father and uncle to return within doors, and pass their quiet upon certain successful repairs which she had been making in the temporary buildings that surrounded their daily apartment, and which had enabled all them many an unsightly rent. The appeal was willingly responded to, and all entered the house together.

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ISLAND LEGENDS.

In a late number, we presented the reader with a few sketches from the age of the-way Torry Island. Our collection should be very incomplete, unless if we did not give a specimen or two of the beautiful legends of this spot, so full of old memories. There are two great families of Torry traditions—the Christian and the Pagan; from each we shall take a story.

In the olden time, not long after the coming of Saint Patrick to Ireland, there lived, on the lonely shores of Gartan Lough, the famous Saint Mille. Gartan Lough is situated in the neighbourhood of Killarney, which overlooks the coast adjacent to Torry Island. Often, in his solitary wanderings over the mountain heights, used the saint pass a gazing upon the Isle of Towers as it stood in solitary desolation amidst the waves of the ocean; and, as he contemplates it, a longing to visit it abode amongst its rocky solitudes filled his soul. The desire grew stronger and stronger every day. He knew that the Island was infested by barbarous race of sea-rovers, who, that up in their iron-clad ships, were able to defeat every attempt made to Christianize them. But the Druids inspired him, and never gave

d to possess every thing dangerous. The most dangerous.

He set his heart upon attempting to take her from it and mighty arm, it was the *Glas Gaiulen* so long that threatened her was never he went.

Ivida, and the other Mac Kessmith; for it should be old times. On one occasion his brother, accompanied, as the forge was situated is to say, *the hill of the fire*, ay. Mac Kinley's business he reached the forge he me, his brother asked him, while he went in to give shed to have made. The movement was not unperceived, for a length of time an opportunity to carry off red-headed little boy, theian, as if running from the l just heard the two bro-put all the steel in Mac entirely of iron. This de-charge of little red-head,

The two within saw at nade the dupe of some de-o ! he sees his *Glas Gaiulen* and and Torry. Yes, there tail; and, though the sound a instant till he drew up on d the *Glas Gav'en* has been rom that day to this. Words t victim was his royal brother, while he began to reflect, and hbourhood as to making a de- bring back the *Glas Gaiulen*. rse, telling him that every such Balor's basilisk-eye rendered him ad got the *Glas Gaiulen* into his glance any one who should ven- r opened to Mac Kinley's venu- ee of the family, revealed to him a on the audacious Torry robber. It

as freebooters or plunderers, they regarded as a natural foe every man professing the true faith. But Columbkille was not a man to be deterred by fear from any enterprise he wished to undertake. He left the mountains and came down to the sea-coast, and, having provided a *curragh*, set out alone, bound for Torry. Now, there had been for a long time a prophecy among the Torry people to the effect, that the moment a certain Christian Saint should set foot on the island, their race should be annihilated. This made the Druids keep a vigilant watch for any intruder; and no sooner had Columbkille put fairly to sea than they discovered his little craft. In Pagan times the Druids were able, by their dark spirits, to raise terrific storms on sea and land, but now, that Columbkille was on the waters, they were entirely impotent. Learning from the genii of the island that this was the holy man coming to destroy them, they set up such a shout as shook the very rocks out of their places. It was in the early morning. Every living soul in Torry was out in an instant, and rushed to the forts in wild confusion, men, women, and children. But high above the clamour of tumultuous voices, a Druid's voice made itself heard calling the men together. When they were assembled around him he addressed them: "Men of Torry, of the strong arm and the fearless heart, you have often heard of those people called Christians. They are very powerful, and have spread over all the world. Wherever they come, the Druid loses his power; you know that we have a prophecy, that when a man of holy name among the Christians, shall set foot on Torry, the genii of the island shall flee away, and Torry sea-kings shall be driven like sheep before a wolf. Now," continued the Druid, pointing to a solitary curragh in the offing, "in that curragh, which you see yet far out in the sound, is a Christian who has great power over the spirits both of sea and land. That is the man of the prophecy, and no other. He comes on towards us. See him! If you love your ancient Isle of Torry—if you love your Druids and the genii of the island, now is your time to defend them. Seize your strongest weapons, bring out the *Cu Nimha* (poisoned hound), and post yourselves along the beach, and do not let the Christian land; if once he sets foot on those shores he will drive you, like sheep before a wolf, into the sea."

Meanwhile, Columbkille held on his course direct for the island. When he neared the shore he found the coast covered with armed warriors, muttering hate and death, and the great *Cu Nimha* standing on the rock, towards which he headed his curragh, ready to pounce upon him the instant he approached near enough. The *Cu Nimha* was a famous hound, of the old giant species. Its proportions were something extraordinary; its strength, suppleness, and speed were in perfect keeping; and, like the hounds of the famous Scandinavian breed, its snout was hard and sharp enough to cut the living rock. But the most formidable quality of this animal was its poisonous bite; hence the appellation *Nimha* (poisonous). Furnished with such destructive powers, it may be easily understood why the *Cu Nimha* was counted equal to a legion of armed men. Of course, the holy man paused before he would encounter this monster, the touch of whose jaws was certain and instantaneous death. Looking from the *Cu*

Nimha up to the serried lines ranged along the beach, he addressed the islanders in their own idiom : "Was this the welcome," he asked them, "that Torry gave the stranger ? or were the warriors that boasted of ruling the sea, and holding the continents in terror, afraid of an unarmed man ? Did they not know, by the dress he wore, that he was a man of peace ? He came not to spread war and desolation on their coasts ; he was but a poor sinner, that came to live a solitary life among the cliffs." As his words were beginning to make a favourable impression on the crowd, the Druids interrupted him by raising a shout, which was taken up and repeated by the multitude, and echoed by the evil genii from their dark abodes in the precipices. "Away, quickly, from our coasts !" they shouted to him. "Away, you messenger of Death ! Go back to the place from whence you came ! If you dare to set foot on this island you shall be meat for our dogs." One man, however, was found to plead for Columbkille, and his name was O'Dugan. He called upon his fellow-islanders not to forget the sacred rights of hospitality. He reminded them what a disgrace it should be, not to speak of the cruelty, to drive back into the waves an inoffensive man, whose mien was god-like, and whose words were peace. But his speech was received with volleys of horrible epithets, and cries of bitter derision. The Saint spoke again : "I know your Druids have thus excited you against me, because I worship the true God ; I know it was the Druids that put the *Cu Nimha* on the rock before me. If you will not allow me to set my foot upon the island, give me at least a little spot where I may lay this maniple which is tied to my arm, and you will see that the God I serve is stronger than the spirits of the Druids !" The Druids and the crowd shouted back as before. When the clamours ceased, O'Dugan raised his voice once more : "Men of Torry ! Warriors, tremble on sea and land, are you afraid of the *rag* of this stranger ? This saint speedily told on all except the Druids. A council was held, and it was agreed that the *Cu Nimha* be called back, and the stranger permitted to lay his maniple on the rock. The *Cu Nimha* was taken back, and held in a leash of steel. Columbkille struck his paddle boldly into the water, and ran in close to the rock. Holding one end of his maniple in his hand, he threw it so that the other end fell and rested upon the stone. The *Cu Nimha*, now slipped from the leash, sprang in a single bound to the spot. But the instant the furious monster alighted, the rock opened under it, and the *Cu Nimha* disappeared in the dark chasm, leaving the tracks of his enormous paws, and a large cleft made by its tail in the rock, all which may be seen till this day.

The multitude, who, as may be easily imagined, were stunned by this terrifying phenomenon, had not yet recovered from their surprise, when the maniple of the saint, springing miraculously, pressed close upon them, driving them by a certain supernatural power before it "like sheep before a wolf," thus verifying the prophecy. On spread the holy garment, covering the whole island, the people flying before it in wild confusion, till at length it closed them in over the precipices of Tormore. Onward still it pressed ; the Pagans were driven out over those fearful cliffs, and such as

were not torn to pieces on the rocks, were drowned in the waves. Two human beings only were saved on Tormora, and they were O'Dugan and his wife. They were enabled, by the miraculous aid of the Saint, to keep footing on the verge of the fearful abyss. Columkille now drew back his maniple, and addressing the surviving Torryman, said : " You are," said the holy man, " O'Dugan, who this morning pleaded for the stranger, and advised your brethren to hospitality, and because you pleaded for the stranger and advised the Torrymen to hospitality I will spare you. Take your wife and go and live in the lower end of the island ; there you may abide in peace, you and your posterity, so long as you do not break in upon the privacy of myself and my Christian brethren, who will soon come hither to join me in a life of prayer." O'Dugan, in his gratitude to the Saint for having thus delivered him from the terrible fate of his fellow-islanders, besought him to take himself and his wife to be his servants. But the holy man replied that he was himself but a poor, humble servant, though the Master he obeyed was the Great God and Almighty Ruler of heaven and earth. And thus it was that a Torryman of old times was saved from a dreadful death, and rewarded with the possession of half the island for wishing to show hospitality to a stranger. The favoured Torryman and his wife took up their abode in the place pointed out to them, where they lived long and happily, and from that day to the present Torry has not been without an O'Dugan. And this is the " history " of the first coming of Columbkille, the greatest of Saints after Saint Patrick, to the Isle of Torry.

The second specimen which we have selected from the traditions of Torry Island belongs to a period of much higher antiquity than the time of St. Columbkille. It is a legend of Balor, a warrior chief, whose name and exploits occupy a conspicuous place in the early annals of Erin, as well as in the memories of different other places along the west coast of Ireland.

" In the times that were long ago," lived in Torry a warrior of great renown, and a prince of the Fomarians. He had but one eye in front, which was situate in the middle of his forehead, but he had another located in the back of his skull, at the point exactly opposite the eye in front. The one in the back of the head was remarkable for its extraordinary destructive powers. It had the poisonous properties of the eye of the basilisk largely intensified. Its deadly influence was fatal alike to friend and foe ; on which account Balor was obliged to keep it veiled constantly, except when he uncovered it against his enemy in battle. He had but to turn its hideous glance on his antagonist, and it struck him dead. We may easily imagine the superiority this ill-favoured organ gave the possessor over all whom he encountered. At the head of his sea-rovers he swept the seas, and plundered the coasts ; his name struck terror from Torry to Galway. One thing, however, baffled him, mighty as he was. At this time a Prince Mac Kincely was lord of the district on the mainland opposite Torry Island. Mac Kincely owned besides a famous cow called *Glas Gaillen*, whose wonderful lactiferous qualities made her of more value to him than his entire landed possessions. This marvellous cow, whose fame spread far and wide, excited the cupidity of all the neighbouring princes ;

and, as this was a Pagan age, when princes tried to possess every thing they desired, the *Glas Gaivlen* was in constant danger. The most dangerous thing of all was the deadly-eyed Balor. He set his heart upon getting her. But Mac Kincely defeated every attempt to take her from him; for, besides his being a warrior of a stout heart and mighty arm, it was ordained that no power on earth could rob him of the *Glas Gaivlen* so long as he had her in sight. Indeed, the danger that threatened her was so great that he led her with him on a cord wherever he went.

Mac Kincely had two brothers, one named Gavida, and the other *Mac Sambthian*. Gavida followed the calling of blacksmith; for it should be known that this was a royal profession in the good old times. On one occasion Mac Kincely came to the forge of his royal brother, accompanied, as usual, by the *Glas Gaivlen*. The place where the forge was situated is still well-known, for its name, Bealtinne, that is to say, *the hill of the fire*, has been preserved by the people down to this day. Mac Kincely's business was to get some swords made, and when he reached the forge he found that Mac Sambthian had been there some time, his brother asked him to come out and take charge of the *Glas Gaivlen*, while he went in to give directions to Gavida, touching the weapons he wished to have made. The two brothers exchanged places directly. The movement was not unperceived by the vigilant eye of Balor, who now and, for a length of time back, hung upon Mac Kincely's track, watching an opportunity to carry off the *Glas Gaivlen*. Assuming the form of a red-headed little boy, the Torry chieftain came hastily towards Mac Sambthian, as if running from the forge. He then told him excitedly that he had just heard the two brothers in the forge making an arrangement to put all the steel in Mac Kincely's sword, and to make Mac Sambthian's entirely of iron. This deception succeeded; the *Glas Gaivlen* was left in charge of little red-head, and the enraged brother rushed into the forge. The two within saw at once that their unsuspecting brother had been made the dupe of some deception. Mac Kincely sprang to the door, and lo! he sees his *Glas Gaivlen* out midway in the sound between the mainland and Torry. Yes, there was the redoubtable Balor, dragging her by the tail; and, though the sound is three leagues across, he paused not for an instant till he drew up on Torry ground. The bay into which he landed the *Glas Gaivlen* has been called *Port-na-Glass* (the Bay of the Glass) from that day to this. Words cannot describe Mac Kincely's rage. The first victim was his royal brother, whom he pummelled almost to death. After a while he began to reflect, and he took counsel of a hoary Druid in the neighbourhood as to making a descent upon Torry, to revenge the outrage and bring back the *Glas Gaivlen*. But the Druid dissuaded him from this course, telling him that every such attempt would be unsuccessful, for that Balor's basilisk-eye rendered him invincible; and, moreover, now that he had got the *Glas Gaivlen* into his possession, he would petrify by his evil glance any one who should venture to approach her. But another door opened to Mac Kincely's vengeance. His mountain sprite, the banshee of the family, revealed to him a way in which he might revenge himself on the audacious Torry robber. It

had been revealed to a Druid, that Balor should never fall but by the hand of his own grandson. Now, Balor had but one child, a daughter, named Ethnea. To secure himself against the fate foretold in the prophecy, he placed Ethnea in an almost inaccessible tower built on the summit of Tormore, in charge of twelve matrons, whom he enjoined, under the most dreadful penalties, not only not to let her see man, but not even to mention in her hearing the existence of the sex. These were true to their trust, more, perhaps, from fear of Balor's evil eye than from any high sense of duty. Ethnea grew into a blooming beauty, her close imprisonment and rigid sentinel notwithstanding. The banshee put Mac Kincely in possession of these facts; she told him of the prophecy and of the lady in the tower. Next, she told him how she meant to baffle Balor's cruel vigilance. Dressing Mac Kincely in the richest female costume, she raised a violent storm, and transported him on the wings of the wind to Tormore. Putting him down outside the tower, she herself entered (for the banshee can penetrate anywhere), and accosting the matrons, related to them in language that would melt the rocks, how she rescued a noble princess from a horrible monster, who was carrying her off in the storm then raging; how hideous the persecutor, how beautiful the lady, how piteous her cries, how she was obliged to carry her over to the tower on Tormore, which was the only place where the fair young princess could at present be concealed from the eye of her pursuer and his sharp-eyed elf! The banshee's tale awakened a deep interest in the matrons on behalf of the unfortunate lady; the gate was opened as noiselessly as possible, and Mac Kincely admitted. Soon after the banshee carried him, in another storm, back to his home. In due course, Ethnea gave to the world three sons at a birth. The affair could no longer be concealed from Balor. The first communication of the event threw him into such a paroxysm of passion as should certainly have killed him, had not the fates decreed otherwise. The fulfilment of the prophecy was not yet come. The enraged chieftain ordered the three infants to be rolled up in a sheet, and sunk in a certain whirlpool, at a distant part of the island. Accordingly, the little babes were rolled in a sheet, which was fastened by a *delg*, or large pin. To reach the whirlpool, it was necessary to cross a small but very deep bay. When the curragh, carrying the devoted little innocents, got exactly to the middle point, the *delg* fell from the sheet, and one of the children instantly tumbled into the water, and disappeared to the bottom. This bay is called from the circumstance *Port-na-delg* (Bay of the pin) to this day. The sheet was secured again, and the two remaining were carried to the whirlpool and sunk in its dark waters. Balor breathed freely, feeling satisfied that he had secured himself this time, at least, against his threatened fate. Vain thought! The banshee, who had taken up Mac Kincely's cause, was present—though her presence was visible to no mortal eye—at the birth, and followed the children across the bay. She it was who took out the *delg*, and caused the first-born of the babes to fall into the water, and then suddenly snatching it up, she rendered it invisible as herself, and carried it to its father. Mac Kincely received his offspring

with joy, and had the child nursed with the greatest care ; and when sufficiently grown, he put him to the very honourable profession of blacksmith in his brother's forge.

Meanwhile, Balor bent his whole energies to the unravelling of the intrigue with his daughter. He learned, at length, through some famous Druid, the whole affair of Mac Kincely's visit to the tower. His fury knew no bounds ; gathering around him his best warriors, he put to sea, made a descent upon the coast, landed with his fierce associates, attacked and captured Mac Kincely. Having secured the person of his enemy, he had him stretched at full length on a large white stone, and with his own hand severed the head off the unfortunate prince from the trunk by a single blow. The blood, flowing from the decapitated body, spread all over, and at some points soaked into the very heart of the rock, which remained in the same place, retaining the same bloody colour and the same dark red veins, down till it was removed, by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, less than a hundred years ago. This famous stone gave its name to the three parishes, which are still called *Cloch Mac Kincely* (the Stone of Mac Kincely). Balor's chief foe being now dead, he became master of the district. He granted favourable terms to Gavida, and even took him into his favour. Henceforward Gavida was his sole armourer, and he passed much of his time in the royal forge of Bealtinne, conversing with the great blacksmith and his boy, in whom the sea-rover took a great interest, without even once suspecting his real parentage. This patronage, however, produced in the boy but feelings of deadly hatred, which deepened at each successive visit of the evil-eyed warrior. For the boy cherished an extraordinary affection for his father's memory, and every moment's leisure he could command he spent at the bloody Clogh Mac Kincely, kissing it, and renewing his vows of vengeance. On one occasion, Balor paid a visit to the forge when Gavida happened to be absent. Finding the boy at work, the Torry hero sat down upon a bench and began, to recount to the comely youth his warlike exploits, amongst which he particularly gloried in his victory over Mac Kincely. While he thus pursued, in a boastful strain the narrative of his mighty deeds, the boy reddened in the fire an iron rod, and watching an opportunity when the speaker was absorbed in the intoxicating memories of his triumphs, he buried the glowing metal in the evil eye of his father's executioner. This was the end of Balor the Terrible ; and so, it is always true, that an evil deed never wards off an evil fate.

With this tragedy we must close our Torry etchings. For the present, gentle reader, I can do no more than take you with me in my boat from this ancient island to Dunfanaghy. And now we have need of haste, for the sun is fast dropping into the waves in the distant West. As we move away from the interesting spot, one will naturally look back. It is a look we will not easily forget ; this Torry, with its tower-bound coast, reposing in majesty on its ocean-bed, illuminated by the golden glories of the sunset. But, as we are leaving Torry, we shall turn our eyes towards the mainland. And here a glowing vision greets you. You have before you the features

and lines of a range of maritime Alps. There is Mackish, the highest mountain in this Alpine region, and Erigle next in height, and Bloody Foreland, all three forming a grand semicircular chain in the foreground ; there are towards the foot of the picture, the green fields, and little houses, and the stripe of sand-bank, and the expanse of sea, undulating with gentle regularity, like the bosom of a sleeping child. Then, there are the vapours just beginning to weave their transparent web : and there is the full flood of even-tide undulating all, pervading all, turning the sands and the houses into gold, breaking the vapours into white and purple. O. the colouring ! the warmth, the depth, the richness, the variety of those wondrous coasts ! There are the elements of the picture ; let him draw it who can.

"Here we are at Horn Head," says my neighbour, awaking me from my delicious reverie. Horn Head is a bold headland thrown out by nature, as an enormous break-water against the waves of the Atlantic. It is a point of attraction for the tourist, who leaves the beaten track to visit the too-little known wilds of Donegal. Next the sea it ends abruptly in a line of precipices, peopled by myriads of sea-fowls. But the Horn, as it is familiarly called in the neighbourhood, is more remarkable for a natural curiosity, known as "Mac Swine's Gun." This consists of a hole, or tube, in one of the precipices, running perpendicularly from the top right down to the tide level, and communicating below with a hollow in the rock, into which the water flows. In great storms the waves dash into the reservoir with extreme violence, and the water, thus pressed into the tube, forces its way upwards with a noise like that accompanying the discharge of a large piece of ordnance. Hence the name "Mac Swine's Gun," the Mac Swine family having been for many ages the lords of the district. When we passed under those cliffs in the morning, on our way to Torry, we were surrounded by a multitude of sea-birds, mostly white, which thickened the air like a snow-shower, and distracted us by their wild screams. Now there is a change. The birds are nested, leaving the coast to silence and the darkening shadows of evening. The face of this stupendous wall is rugged and uneven. Here you see an immense rock standing out by itself, there a multitude of rocks thrown together in a fantastic group ; scattered up and down are patches of grass, and running in every direction in long dark lines, are the fisheries, all presenting to you, if you are in an imaginative vein, a variety of figures of the most grotesque forms and combinations,—"horses, dogs, and men, and the battlements of cities." The water-line is everything but straight. After a zig-zag course for some distance, it makes a sweep, and runs out, terminating in a huge border of rock, making you believe that here the precipice comes to an end. But when you turn the point, a new vision stretches away before you, to strike you again with the awful majesty of the beetling cliff, and to amuse you with the ever-varying phantasmagoria. "Do you see that cave up there?" said my friend, pointing to a dark-looking spot among the precipices ; "is it not strange that any human being could be got to live up there for many months of the year?" "Just the abode," thought I, "which legend would select for a hero." But, he assured me he had not alluded to any creation.

of poetry or superstition, but to an actual living character. I had too much respect for my friend to question his truthfulness, and he spoke too seriously for a joke. Yet he must have read scepticism in my face, for he proceeded to state the particulars of how came to be acquainted with the man. Others on board were engaged in the same topic. Many eyes were directed towards the cave. Suddenly the flash of a rifle gleamed from its mouth, and the report rattled through the rocks, while a compact little cloud of smoke quietly went up, melting into air. What an army of doubts that salvo shot away! I put many questions touching this man. His name is Brennan. He is in the prime of life; his nature is genial. The Horn is a salmon station, but the fishery is infested by seals, which abound in this quarter, and Brennan is here, during the season, to do battle against this enemy of the salmon species. He is taken round in a boat from Dunfanaghy, and put out on the rocks, he climbs to his nest. The boat visits him hebdomidally, leaving him stores for the week. But when the weather is stormy no boat can touch the coast, and there this brave fellow is left to depend on what is conveyed to him by a rope let down from above, a process which is very precarious, because, from the rugged nature as well as the immense height of the cliffs, there are a thousand chances to one against the rope falling in the direction of the cave. This affair of Brennan was not without a moral and a lesson for us. Passing much of the day trampling over the ruins of human labour, we could not be but struck with the nothingness of the works of man. Now, in the evening coming into the awful presence of a bold barrier, which says to the ocean, "thus far and no farther," we meet a man who mounts his solitary guard, in the stronghold of the eagle, and from his eyry is able to maintain, single-handed, his dominion over the fishes of the sea, and shoot out defiance over the raging elements.

AUGUST SONNETS.

GLIDE slowly round the dials, fiery days
 Melt into violet twilights, and uprear
 A yellow cusp of moon in amber air,
 A faint star pulsing in divinest haze.
 O bring us evenings rich with melodies,
 And lowland whisperings amongst the wheat;
 Thin odours drifted from the wrinkled seas,
 And gusts that prophesy of inland heat.
 Between larch leaves, embowering blue gloom,
 Let the ripe fruits drop mellow thro' the hours,
 Let the cool arbour smell of bruised flowers;
 And let our music be the rush-bird's boom;
 As, on the shallows, under the gray sky,
 He sees the creamy currents drifting by.

Songs ye have many, wild and manifold,
 Drowsiest hummings of unhived bees,
 That cling with dewfall to the poplar trees,
 Or clothe the sycamores with dusky gold.
 Or, haply, from some crofted orchard, cheeps
 The rubied robin, all his breast a-fire ;
 The grasshopper up-carols as he leaps,
 The torrent breathes of sleep within the byre.
 And lovelier, holier still, from hamlets brown,
 Thatched with unflowered fern, the shrilly cry
 Of children, hymning the great sunset down,
 Floats like an altar perfume to the sky ;
 Or white age gossips in the woodbined porch,
 And tolls the slow bell from the ivied church.

Ah, for the days, the happy morning prime,
 When earth was fresh and tender to the sense !
 Ah, for the innocence of heart intense,
 That plucked the sweetest blossoms from all time !
 Still radiant are the seasons, as they range
 From sphere to sphere, from golden shore to shore ;
 But we have know Eternity and Change,
 And they are ministers of peace no more.
 Upon the woodland skirts we sit forlorn ;
 The forest hides its mysteries ; and runs
 The torrent stream through blasted skeletons,
 To some far region of the Night or Morn.
 Out of this dream land thick with phantasies,
 Into the sea that swalloweth all seas !

CHEAP PHOTOGRAPHS.

SEPARATE apartments on the same floor, in the same tenement, were occupied by a barber and a French photographer. One day a countryman, desirous of trimming and pruning the luxuriance of his locks, entered the premises of the latter, and, being somewhat of a taciturn disposition, he made no inquiry or remark, but, divesting himself of his coat, sat down in his shirt sleeves for the needful operation, feeling assured that all was right, from the presence of a portly mirror and an accompanying comb and brush. The photographe, little loth to propose nice queries to what he naturally fancied a customer anxious to obtain a portrait, began his artistic preliminaries by a due disposition of the hands, slight elevations and depressions of the chin, and a careful adjustment of the head and shoulders. Re-

treating a few steps, he, for one moment, surveyed, with an air of complacency, the object of his solicitude, and in the next disappeared within the curtains that depended from his camera. The eye of the rustic, innocent of the secrets of photography, followed the course of the busy artist, who, in his turn, outraged by the disturbance of the fixed image, instantly rushed out, in a despairing tone exclaiming—"Ah! sэр, it is gone! it is lost!" "What's gone, sir? what's lost?" shouted the excited rustic, starting to his feet, and seeing, convulsively, whether the hair, which he intended to go, remained on his head, or the head, which he did not intend losing, still adhered to his shoulders.

Photography is, indeed, now-a-days as accessible as the tonsure, and has effected quite a social revolution in the matter of family portraits, by introducing into the cabin and the garret almost a new idea—the idea of ancestry—which, among those who have had the luck of being well descended, amounts somewhat to a sentiment. With what a strange vagueness and vacuity the little urchin hears from the lips of some garrulous crone the whispered family secrets of his grandmother's girlhood, or his grandfather's school-days! What queer pictures his imagination forms of toothlessness, and baldness, and wrinkles! and how, in his limited notion of time, he almost fancies the immediate progenitors of his great-grandfather as among those who, when the flood came, saw the ark itself floated off! Just think what precious family heir-looms must be multiplying now, when, in the lapse of years, at the cost of a few ancestral six-pences, grandfather will be preserved as he appeared when a boy in his new jacket, or grand-aunt as she showed up, all smiles and confusion, in her bridal attire! It is not unlikely that these family records of the humbler ranks may serve to make family ties—not always indissoluble bonds—a degree or two more sacred. One wonders, too, as he glances at these poorer efforts of the art, at the air of spruceness diffused through these faces. Traces of want, or toil, or care, are seldom strongly visible. They have all the appearance of having been taken on a holiday, when the best suit is donned, and the best face purposely put on. But we are forgetting that there is an entire cabinet of cheap photographs before us, and, to say truth, it is quite astonishing to see such various expression of human sentiment in hues so ghastly, and livid, and leaden. The vapours and blackness of Erebus brood over these devoted beings, some of whose faces seem to have begun to smile before the body to which it belonged had begun to exist. The complexion, here jaundiced and sooty, would adapt itself better to expressions of disquiet, or jealousy, or pain, far better, certainly, than to the jaunty, brisk, and assumptive air of these countenances, which may all be reckoned the productions of the Black Art. One generic character seems respectively to prevail in these male and female portraits—the latter are all winning, the former all heroic. The females are without reflection, the males without sympathy. Have both been thus sitting (to the artist) in judgment against themselves? Are we to throw back these admissions literally in their faces? Among these cheap anonymous immortals, here is one of the fair, very calm and subdued, certainly, but it is evidently the

torpor of a virago. Thomas—the nearest male relative—as he first looks at that countenance, fails to recognise it as that of his spouse, from its very tranquillity, and he naturally thinks, poor man, why it should not be always so. See how the cunning craftsman of an artist, in an after-touch, has put ring after ring on the fingers, has thrown a chain of gold around the neck, and slipped a watch, all but concealed, into the waist-band. There she sits in a kind of resolute rigidity, gazing on vacuity, and evidently determined to sit it out, notwithstanding that a range of bleak lakes and wild uplands stretch away reward, and that she is placed in this exposed situation without bonnet, or shawl, or companion. She looks, for all the world, the impersonation of "the unprotected female," in the act of catching cold, and pleasantly associating the opposed ideas of rheumatism and the romantic. But here a male portrait catches the eye, and invites a moment's inspection. It may be that of a drayman, addicted to the absorption of malt, or of a carnivorous fishmonger, or of a rat-catcher out of work. In the act of getting his likeness taken, he seems to have been suddenly seized with the idea of going down to posterity, or, which to him is much the same thing, of being put in a shop window. A thought, all at once foreign to his mind, seems to have cropped out into his face, and constrained his muscles from their natural play, for he positively looks ferocious; that is his title to the admiration of friends, and the consideration of future ages. Now, had he been honest, he would have had his pipe in his mouth, or his whip in his hand, or his cap on his head, or his apron on. Another female portrait of the downright strong-minded class, here offers itself for inspection. These eyelids, so wide apart, furnish evidence of a resolution which has nerved her for a great occasion, and she here presents herself to the world as having gone and done it. She wears the air of a medium under an instant inspiration, or of a clairvoyant subject, who is looking steadily into the middle of next week. She has evidently worked up all her disposable energy, and remains in the firm determination to appear a dencued plucky person. She has tried, and has succeeded wonderfully. As the fore-finger of her left hand is buried in the pages of a huge music-book, which she is trying to poise on a small table, one would fancy that in mistake she had opened her eyes instead of her mouth, as a preliminary to a stave; and, indeed, if the truth were told, the insignia of the kitchen would be more appropriate accessories to the picture. This vision does not flit from before us till another takes its place. It is remarkable as being the only full-length portrait in the group, and is undoubtedly of a somewhat pretentious kind. The individual is represented as standing on the top of a terrace, of having apparently unrolled himself from the labyrinthine folds of a coloesal drapery, and thus released, triumphantly stands forth, resting his right hand on the entablature of a marble pediment. Does the artist try to flatter poor Dribbs by these tawdry accompaniments, or does Dribbs become a party to the delusion, and thus straitens himself up, and assumes his genteest, and looks his knowingest, and gives himself the air of one who dwells in marble-halls, or is in the hourly habit of gliding down the gay saloon? Poor Dribbs, with open eyes, to connive at the proposal of being thus carried to a mock-

moon on so slender a broomstick. Dribbs! if you ever drive a phaeton and pair, it will be by leaping in, with your eyes shut, as the smart equipage moves slowly past. If this picture, and its scenic associations, mean anything, it signifies that Dribbs, the *bona fide* tenant of a two-pair back, is the scion of a noble house, that he is looking out over his paternal acres, and revolving in his mind the original notion of tenanting the laurel thicket with a brood of caged canaries, and that, in this happy moment, the furtive artist had planted his tripos in the shade of an acacia, and fixed Dribbs beside that giant balustrade for ever.

A FORGOTTEN ESSAYIST.

The world's literature is a mummy-vault. Our libraries, at best, are so many sarcophagi, piled to the roof with corpses, in all stages of wear and tear. A few of the vast number of remains have been so decently bandaged and gummed by pious hands, and patched and mended by contemporary posterity, that the critical air is excluded from their tissues, and their integrity thereby preserved. But, of the great masses of the defunct, there remain what—dust and raggedness! Our ancient brethren of the pen—if, indeed, we may pretend to a relationship so ambitious—have not been worse treated in this respect than those whose light set, as it were, but yesterday. Whole volumes of Greek thinkers may have been devoured in the combustion of ages. (Ah, friends, that is the big funeral pile to which we must all commit our reputations, hopeless that some kind hand will gather their ashes.) Even the Romans have not passed scatheless through the fire. Cicero and Cæsar have their grievances, and from the shadow of the Seven Hills Paul complaineth. For these we have apologies by the dozen. Lapse of time and tide—literature running the gauntlet of intermittent barbarisms, and saved only piecemeal by the church! Probably, too, it may be urged that the world is oftener a gainer by its losses. A variety of the mob of gentlemen who delivered themselves to the stylus, even in the brightest days of the classic intellect, are, to be very vulgar, no great bargain. Their elegance is too often counterpoised by their grossness—their best thoughts are death-warrants, presented on gold salvers. We should be sorry, indeed, that we had lost Tully's "Essay on Old Age;" but we could be contented with a simple delectus of Ovid. No one questions the richness and beauty of the Elegies of Propertius; but, again, there are those who wish they were as fragmentary as the Elgin marbles. Perhaps it is commendable to indulge in sentimental sorrows at the spectacle of wreck and havoc presented by the literature of the ancients. There is a something divine in sympathy, whether it be manifested for a book or a leper; but what apologies, supposing they were due, can we offer to the battered and disjointed skeletons preserved in the death-houses of our own

literature? They, indeed, are a ghastly crew, with their marrowless bones, and rotten articulations, and fleshless hands, stretched out, as if imploring the mercy the world denies them. Do you think there is no reparation due to Chaucer? Ought we not, remembering the desecrations he has suffered, prostrate ourselves in sackcloth and ashes before that precious bust in the church of Stratford-on-Avon? The gulf that divides Shakspeare from our contemporaries is broad and deep as an Inferno; and many a stout ship has sunk far below the diver's reach in its abysses. Only the other day, when he was disinterred by an editorial pick and spade, people, for the first time, heard of George Herbert! Who knows next to anything of Marvel, or Vaughan, or of Carew, "sutler in ordinary" to the Second Stuart? What curious reader has chanced to light on Mandeville, whose travels were at one time the delight of all England, and received no small patronage on the continent? We may be reproached by a book-worm or two with assuming a state of ignorance which does not exist. Our queries, however, are not intended for the select few that sleep on book-shelves, and live on the odour of decayed calf. These are words for the multitude. England had at one time a fashionable poet, whose name was Edward Moore. His imagination was warm, his lyric licentious, his morality at the lowest par—he travelled in the groove of time—and was petted and fondled by that very nebulous element which people call "the best society." Although a tragedy of his—"The Gamester"—still holds the boards, we fancy that his poems are as much strangers to our readers as "Fernam Mendez Pinto's Adventures in the Eastern Countries." This latter book, by the way, was very popular in England about the end of the seventeenth century. It was first published, as a literary curiosity, by the Jesuits of Venice, in 1565. Poor Fernam Mendez Pinto! What has become of Dyer's "Fleece?" Who has run away with Lord Lyttleton's poems? and what doom, in the name of all that is gracious, has befallen Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination!" Dr. Black was a celebrity in his day; and Bloomfield basked no brief season in the blaze of popular favour; how little we hear of either! Let us shut the door on those intermediate worthies, and look after others whose footprints are still fresh upon the mat. Prior has gone down with his big odes, and his filthy idylls; Pye is only saved from total damnation by a stanza in the "Vision of Judgment." Heally, a dark star of *that* night which fell on English literature, was a great man, once upon a time, in Paternoster-row. His poetical epistle on painting raised him (on the shoulders of his discerning parasites), to the level of the highest genius; his Ode to Virtue fetched him slippers and kettle-rugs by the dozen. Where is Heally? Will any reader place his hand to his heart, and declare, in honourable candour, he has read him—nay, even heard of his name? Poor John Clare, whom Coleridge and Lamb brought up to London, and killed, out of pure kindness, with dissipation, was a man of mark amongst friends and critics. His ghost haunts the book-stalls—his fame is "writ in water." We pass over Fitzgerald, with a deserved sneer. His pewter-plated witticisms went to the hammer with the other furniture of the tap-rooms he delighted to

honour. Byron speaks of a "dunc'd clever youngster—one Reynolds," who brought him a very promising poem one morning. His lordship thought much of him. Need we ask for Reynolds? Not to pile up the agony, "let us," as the German ballad has it, "sit and think." Let us ask, with amiable commonplaceness, if this fame, after all, is much better than nothing? Literary history is but a terrible foot-note to Ecclesiasticus. Every author dies atop of an office-stool, which his successor insists on knocking down. Posterity, for decency sake, may pick it up and twine a charitable laurel around the withered brows, but thenceforth it abides in the potter's field, under the lock and key of the sexton. We willingly grant there are a few, the guardianship of whose graves, the conservation of whose fame a world, kindly withal, reserves to itself. There are names which outlive all calamities, voices audible above all storms, lights that are fairer in proportion to the surrounding darknesses. Yet, who are those? A small band (you may count them on your finger-tops), who have climbed to the heights inaccessible to human change and prejudice—whose immortality is in the living rock. England has seen, perhaps, but three at the utmost. Speculation on the probable addition which our own days may add to the numbers is arrested before the already visible action of taste and time, from which our contemporaries begin to suffer. Dispute the fact as you may, Byron is not much read; people question Scott's claim to be a poet; Moore is known as a melodist; Milman is voted a bore; Coleridge is a metaphysician, skilled in the science of being ignorant with method; Wordsworth is unintelligible; Southey prosy, and Lamb is considered puerile. Of the entire constellation, how few shine with undiminished glory! Keats is still in the ascendant, and Leigh Hunt is read for his geniality and good nature. Tennyson rules the host to-day; but a time may come—mark as our speculations tend to the contrary—when he, too, may share the fate of our Forgotten Essayist.

A thin-bodied legend tells us that Shenstone was the author of a once-popular and really pleasant poem, "The Schoolmistress." A fragment of the same may occasionally be found in those collections of moral and didactic pieces, eclecticism by gentlemen who seem to attack the poets with a butcher's knife. They have no need to fetch the block; nature has anticipated that necessity. From the dim notion that Shenstone was a thriving poet, something better than Congreve, and infinitely superior to Phillips, there is no right to infer that he was an essayist as well. Yet he was. The essays, as we have them, are quite fragmentary; evidently jotted down at random, with a view to subsequent enlargement. To compare them with the essays of Montaigne or Goldsmith would be a flagrant injustice to two consecutive and original thinkers. Their plan is manifestly modelled on that of Paschal's *Reflections*. They are specula of thought, scattered over a marvellous extent of paper, in which the white dominates the black. Let us not be supposed for a moment to suggest the slightest parallel between Paschal and Shenstone. Whilst the latter, his neat, close-shaven paragraphs, and conventional humour are almost forgotten, the other retains his strong hold upon humanity. The one played the buzzard

to the salons and coteries of his day, and was much too fashionable to be profound ; the other, wrapped in abstraction, and glorying in a system of asceticism which set up pure intellect as the object of life, turned his melancholy eyes into those awful depths, whose secrets are the embarrassments of Being. We have mentioned Montaigne and Goldsmith, and it is only just to say, that with them Shenstone cannot pretend even to the honour of a third-cousinship. He displays but a poor talent for sarcasm ; his sympathies are deficient in breadth. Montaigne may be described as a literary nightman, who followed his cart to manufacture sarcasms. Shenstone appears contented if the world gave him credit for the nice conduct of a clouded cane. Goldsmith loves to stand apart from the crowd, and laugh at their follies ; and to enjoy the mirth, works his "passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness." In Shenstone we have the gentleman writer, the dandy who supplies us with the aroma of clubs and drawing-rooms—a nice person, full of easy grace and wholesome insipidity. He is not wholly valueless for all this. Indeed, it would have been absurd of him to write a cheque on posterity for a thousand pounds worth of praise, payable nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years after eight ; but he has said some good things which are worth looking after. Let us take as a sample the pleasant essay on publications, in which he tells us it is taken for granted that on every publication there is at least a seeming violation of modesty ; a presumption on the writer's side that he is able to instruct or entertain the world ; which implies a supposition that he can communicate what they cannot draw from their own reflections. "The reader," he adds, "is in general styled the most loving, candid, and courteous creature that ever breathed ; with a view, doubtless, that he will deserve the compliment ; and that his favour may be secured at the expense of his better judgment." The style of preface thus satirized is no longer in vogue, having gone out with the class of dedications in which authors besought their patrons' favour on the knees of their hearts. The apologies survive, however ; and, looking at the tide of rubbish shot hourly from the press, we think it would be highly criminal to abolish them. What judgment should Mr. Owen Meredith deservedly incur in their absence ? What other pen than his own would be qualified to stone for the indiscretions of Mr. Trollope ? From books to poets is a very natural transition ; our essayist is witty and agreeable in his treatment of the latter. A poet, he tells us, hurts himself by writing prose, as a race-horse hurts his motions by descending to draw in a team. This is uncommonly smart, but gravely wrong. John Milton's prose is a classic, and does not seem to have injured his imagination ; Lamb and Coleridge were eminent essayists, yet their pathos and beauty do not appear to have suffered in the yoke. Than Campbell, no prose writer of the era, wrote a purer or more majestic style ; and Byron, in the white heat of his poetic fury, wrote the defence of Pope and the story of the "Vampire." When Shenstone told us that every good poet includes a critic, but the reverse will not hold, he was unconsciously laying paracidal hands on his own reputation. This opinion receives confirmation from an ingenuous confession, in which he swears he dreamt

somebody told him he must not print his pieces separate, as certain *stars* would, if single, be hardly conspicuous, which, united in a narrow compass, form a very *splendid constellation*. We fear the constellation has vanished; at the least, resolved itself into one of those dark universes of which philosophers occasionally obtain a glimpse through the fissures of space. We have heard a story of a gentleman who enquired at a bookseller's shop, in the village close to which Shenstone laid out his wonderful gardens, for a copy of the poet's poems, being informed by the proprietor that he never heard that name; but was ready to supply him with a volume by Mr. James Smith, the temperance poet. Shenstone suffered in his day from the critics; and he implores them to excuse him whilst he compares them to certain animals called asses, who, by gnawing vines originally taught the great advantage of pruning them. The critics do not appear to have manifested much emotion under this exceedingly genteel sarcasm. Indeed, Shenstone was not a man capable of saying hard things. His humour reminds one of the liveliest sallies of Lord Dundreary, and his satire, at the highest pitch, is nothing more vicious than a delicate effusion of the spleen. Nevertheless, he frequently points an epigram with singular neatness. Voltaire might have written these words: "A good writer cannot with the utmost study produce some thoughts, which flow from a bad one with ease and precipitation. The reverse is also true—A bad writer, etc." The turn here is next to exquisite. Less happy is the sentence in which he declares that a poet up to thirty can see no other good than a poetical reputation, and that about that era he discovers some other. Well had it been for the writer, consumptive idealist as he was, if even at that mature period of reformation he had flung Daphne and Colin to the wind, and taken to the cultivation of cabbages in his Utopian pleasure grounds. It is rather plain that no other reputation than that which he condemns by implication would have contented himself. Love verses, written without real passion, he censures as the most nauseous of all conceits; those written from the heart, etc. The world must have sadly degenerated since the poet wrote. We know now, for a notorious fact, that love-poems written to a purely imaginative entity, have double the tenderness and beauty of those offered to flesh and blood. The one object is a spiritual being, evolved from an ideal process, clothed in all the charms of delightful fancies, and costing nothing. The other is of earth; subject to catarrh, rheumatism, and the revolutions of the fashions. As a singularly beautiful exception to this law, let us mention the lovely sonnets written to her husband, shortly after their marriage, by Mrs. Barret Browning. They unite taste, sensibility, and passion—they are indeed literary phenomena of which we all may feel proud, especially the ladies. As a piece of quiet sentiment, the following is superbly amusing. "I wonder," he says, "the ancient mythology never shows Apollo enamoured of Venus, considering the remarkable deference that art has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose; the most harmonious bird of the forest, and most delightful flower. This little concetto deserves a foremost place in the ranks of the Shenstonian

prettyisms. Oriental literature was all but unknown in the poet's time; else a pendant to the delicacy of this Eastern compliment might have been readily suggested. Oriental life itself presents, curious data respecting the position which lovely woman holds in the community of Mahomedanism. Shenstone could not have been ignorant of them; but, as Sir Toby Tweeze has it—"we claim licence, sir."

Shrewdness and common sense, with a large admixture of fancy, predominate through the entire bulk of those forgotten essays. Some phrases are exceedingly happy, and bear all the tokens of spontaneity. Thus: wit is the refractory pupil of judgment; patience is the panacea, but where does it grow, or who can swallow it? a liar begins by making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood; true honour is to honesty what the Court of Chancery is to Common Law; and there is none can baffle men of sense, except fools, on whom they make no profession. We regard the observations on life and business as the most valuable of the collection. Shenstone was anything but an incisive analyst. His talent seldom penetrated the surfaces it delighted to contemplate; but frequently, and with felicitous judgment, conjecture answers all the ends of examination. He does not hesitate to tell us that he likes ease and idleness, that they remind him of his old shoes, which are at once shabby and comfortable. He lodges in Fleet-street, which, even then, was a populous thoroughfare; and, as he lies late abed in the winter mornings, finds time to regret that there is no one with him to enjoy the humour of the pamphlet-sellers' cries under his windows. The victim of a curious phase of sympathy, he admits that he does not care much for being cheated, only lamenting his inability to afford that luxury; for, as he acutely sets it down, "the generality of mankind are seldom in good humour, except whilst imposing on you in some shape or other." Like Johnson, he shivered at the thought of being deprived of his friends, and recommends his acquaintance, when deprived of one, instantly to secure another in his place. To gain over an enemy, by kindness, was, he considered, the highest triumph of patience and humanity; and there is but little doubt that, under certain conditions, the act may be praiseworthy, and even prudent. Abandoning himself, at times, to Utopian reveries, he thinks if he had a fortune of eight or ten thousand a-year, he would surround himself with a neighbourhood. To carry out this idea, it would be necessary to build a church and a village. At proper distances, he would then erect a number of genteel boxes, of about a thousand pounds a-piece, which should be embellished with all the resources of fine taste. Well chosen friends should occupy them; and to each he would allot an annual, irrevocable income of two hundred pounds, thus securing them the advantages of independence. But the tenure of the boxes should be more precarious, so that, "in cases of ingratitude," he could change the tenants for others of happier and more grateful dispositions. We think it is Walpole who says, that in all the sciences, errors precede truths; and it is better they should go first than last. Shenstone reverses the order, and gives priority to the falsehoods. Not even the Arcadia, in "Don Quixote," was a whit more whimsical.

ical in design, or nestable in execution, than the sketch of this extraordinary community. The project, at the first blush, is chimerical ; and the absurdity of supposing that a number of people could live on terms of undisturbed equality with one to whom they were indebted for the bread they ate, and the roof that sheltered them, could only have emanated from a man whose faith was larger than his experience—too firm to be shaken by the accidents of life. It needs no clear imagination to foresee the disastrous consequences which should, in the course of things, befall a congregation of dependents, living together on this highly original basis. In the catalogue of public edifices required for their use the poet is guilty of some grave omissions. He has overlooked the court-house and the gaol. As a matter of course, the Arcadians would indulge in law-suits, and occasionally break each other's heads. Passions and jealousies, which are the curse of great nations, would not fail to invade the state ; and it is highly probable that the poet himself, disgusted with the meanness of his friends and the perversity of human nature, would be the first to abandon it. Rousseau's ideas of savage life are puerile to the last degree ; but they are the realities of Mr. Gladstone contrasted with this dream of impossible happiness. Shenstone, to do him credit, seems to have anticipated the most serious objections subsequently levelled at his invention ; and he allows the project to drop quietly, with the consoling remark, that it might form the groundwork of a very lively and natural novel. Still, we are more than inclined to believe that to himself it appeared practicable. His whole life was squandered in wild efforts to translate ideas into facts. He loved where there was no hope for his suit ; he dreamt of making gardens, which should outrival the Babylonian, on the fag-end of a paltry fortune. In a little essay, written long after this scheme was given to the world, and the interval had given him time to cut an additional eye-tooth, he makes some admissions which read like a sarcastic comment on his early speculations. He states that formerly he had been so silly as to hope that every servant of his might be made a friend. Experience convinced him that the nature of servitude generally was a contrary tendency. People's character, are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life—birth itself does but little. Kings, in general, are born with the same propensities, as other men : but yet it is probable, from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. These remarks display proofs of sound judgment, assisted by what we have taken the liberty to call “conjectural observation.” The poet has a stone in his sleeve for the attorneys, from whose rapacity his health and means repeatedly suffered. “I question not,” he says, “but there are many attorneys born with honest, open hearts ; but I know not one who has had the least practice who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is,” he adds, “the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience, and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear.” We tremble for the general acceptance of these rash and ill-considered conclusions. This was not Shakspeare's notion of servitude, which,

in his hands, follows on "to the last gasp with truth and loyalty." It would be a woful world in which the relations between master and dependent should be controlled by espionage on the one side, and interest and fear on the other. Domestics, like their betters, are of mixed tempers and dispositions; but it is cruel to charge them, in the bulk, with vices which totally exclude the slightest sense of gratitude. In ninety cases out of a hundred we are responsible for their misdemeanours. Harsh words sow the seeds of evil reciprocities. If we abuse them in the parlour, they rate us, in turn, in the kitchen; if we starve them, they force the lock, and help themselves. Call them slanderers and robbers, if you will, but, remember that you have helped them wilfully to break the commandments. More than all, their degrading inferiority, of which servants are too apt to be reminded, serves, independently of other injuries, to debase them to a level on which they forget they have hands to keep clean and self-respect to care for. We are ashamed, heartily ashamed, of Shenstone. It is too bad that he should wind up with a scene from *Titus*, and hang the steward to heighten the catastrophe. Let us charitably suppose that those words were written under the influence of bile and a low head-ache, or, that Jenkins, having interrupted him at a critical moment of poetic inspiration, he rushed into prose, and expended his wrath on the damnation of servitude. The race to which he belonged is not yet extinct. Southey had his visions as late as this century, and they were shared by no mean minds. Shelley, so dissimilar from the Brummagem laureate, in quality of intellect and depth of heart, cherished his dream of republican happiness to the last.

With all his goodnature, and it was broad and profound, Shenstone could use bitter words when the serenity of his temper was ruffled by displays of low flattery. It is something to find an author, in an age distinguished for mental prostitution, rebuking the vile adulation which persons of consequence encouraged in their parasites. "There is," he says, "nothing to me more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat, with admiration, every silly speech that falls from a person of rank and fortune. It is '*crambe bis cocta*.' The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shows the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit." In his treatment of "Dress," Shenstone exhibits, more than anywhere else, a talent for superficial observation, and an almost total absence of humour. He approaches the subject with a grave, didactic composure, as if he were going to dissect, not the science of fashion, but phlebotomy. The opening sentence of the essay is grand and formal—a sphynx at the door of the *Opera Comique*: "Dress, like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application!" He is of opinion that liveries (precious democrat!) should be rather gaudy than genteel, that the gentlemen may be more easily distinguished from the servant. Is this sarcasm, or seriousness? Surely, if the distinctions of gentility and servitude were confined to matters of dress, the argument would tell most unfavourably for the advantage of breeding and education. Mr. Thackeray, whose affected indifference to the opinions of the world is never exposed until tested on his own carpet, takes care

that his servants shall wear liveries. We may suppose the conventional badge, in which a human being resembles a claret-coloured tortoise, with saffron legs, is more strongly insisted on since the *Saturday Review* informed the great author he was no gentleman. Mr. Dickens, who professes to go with the crowd in most matters, has no liveries—a proof of honest gentlemanliness which did not escape the sharp eyes of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The American congratulated himself on beholding so much sterling greatness, surrounded with so little ostentation, and instantly invented a law to vindicate the phenomenon. Innocent man! We could tell him of dozens of literary men, living upon a twentieth of Mr. Dickens' income, who hold plush in most affectionate reverence, albeit many couples of them are binary stars, occupying the same tenement, and being part-borrowers of the same plate. We think Shenstone must have been joking. With terrible gravity, he further says that the ladies are most properly the judges of the men's dress and the men that of the ladies. We think the same maxim found an echo in Strawberry-hill, one evening, as the proprietor was lounging on the sofa with his fat dog, and the servants were incensing the apartment. From any point of view, it is open to objections, as taste is the ally of invention, and we know with whom it is the latter almost invariably originates. Women, however ungallant the assertion may seem, are poor judges of ornament *per se*. Their talent lies in the correcting of composition. Man produces, she disposes. She has a fine faculty for matching, and a large capacity for the higher development of climaxes. Less unreasonable is the sentence in which our essayist thinks there are many modes of dress which the world esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to show the human figure to advantage. Let any one with this idea in his head turn down Sackville-street between noon and four o'clock, and see if the caprices of fashion have undergone the slightest improvement since it was written. A Frenchman wittily defined dress as "the mask of imperfections." Yet he lived in the days of short waists and narrow skirts, when the human figure was overlaid with a heap of paltry extravagances, terminating in high-heeled shoes and a turret bonnet. We should like to have his notions of the prevailing style—his opinion of the changes which shifting taste has rung upon our modern belles.* The mildness and delicacy of the next observation are above all praise: "Love can be founded upon nature only, or the appearance of it. For this reason, however, a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers. A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person. It may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love." Can any reasonable person, not altogether enamoured of savage freedom of costume, deliberately accept these conclusions? Did Shenstone, when maturing them, deliberately meditate the ruin of the interests of the costumiers? Is it rational to suppose that a bril-

* The writer scorns the suspicion of a pun. He considers the question at issue too grave to pun upon.

lian turn-out will deprive you of the affections of the woman of your heart—that she must be dazzled by the glories of your tile, and overwhelmed by the splendours of your waistcoat? The noble barbarian who, to impress Captain Cook with a proper notion of his importance, received the navigator, in the midst of his nobles, royally appareled in a pair of rusty spurs, teaches a different doctrine. Honour to him who could instruct even a poet in the respect due to costume. But what shall we say for the enlightened cannibal who confronted Du Chaillu, gorgeously attired in an odd Wellington boot and a cocked hat? Is not this the progress of taste made visible? The Shenstonian theory—dress + deference—love—falls to the ground before the magnificent evidences which those rude but sagacious creatures offered at the shrine of Snipdom. We do not regret the periuke, and trust never to see it revived. Long may it flourish where it gives dignity to jurisprudence and—but we hate alliteration. The following remarks are not bad in their way, coming from a forgotten essayist:—“When a man has ran all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining which can add to his appearance. And this consists in having regard to the utmost plainness of his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; where somewhat is left to be supplied by the reader's or spectator's imagination.” The poet's aversion to the domestics is irrepressible. Even the disjunctive conjunction cannot hide the implication by which he reduces the servant to the level of the horse. As for the philosophy of the extract, we may shake our heads and exclaim with Faust, “Poor devil!” The only humour one discovers in these essays is a ludicrous facility of contradiction. One sets up an idol, that the next may knock it over; and in another essay, ten pages off, it is probable you will catch the writer striving to re-erect it with all the carpentry of logic. To decay dress at first, and then endeavour to show its uses, is a true sample of Shenstonian consistency.

A large portion of the volume is devoted to fugitive thoughts on religion. They are the very best of the collection, though their orthodoxy is frequently suspicious. Small doubt can be entertained that they were written in perfect sincerity, and after no inconsiderable amount of reflection. “Perhaps,” he says, “we should not pray to God to keep us steadfast in any faith, but conditionally, that it be a right one.” And, “when misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.” This is very true, and does honour to the writer's candour and liberality. The next paragraph is rather too open-mouthed, but we apprehend no harm from quoting it. “The rich man, adjoining to his country seat, erects a house, as he pretends, to religion, but, in truth, to his own vain glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences for prayers that will never be said. The poor man kneels by his bed-side, and goes to

heaven before him." What a pity for some, that Shenstone had not studied the art of keeping the congregation side of his face to the public! The succeeding sarcasm is viciously levelled at the palpit pedagogues of his time. " How idle to forego illustrating the power and benevolence of Providence, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election ; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urim and Thummim." He repudiates the notion of a universal moral sense—a common law of conscience. A vein of beautiful pathos runs through the twentieth reflection ; and we quote it in its entirety. " In travelling, one contrives to allow daylight for the worse part of the road. But in life, how hard is it that every unhappiness seems united towards the close of our journey ! Pain, fatigue, and want of spirits, when spirits are more immediately necessary to our support, of which nothing can supply the place but religion and philosophy. But, then, the foundation must be laid, in meditation and inquiry, at an unmolested season, when our faculties are strong and vigorous, or the tempest will, most probably, throw down the superstructure !" With this extract we end our quotations from a Forgotten Essayist.

This is the man of whom Walpole sneeringly said that " his entire life was occupied with attempting to write a perfect song. The poet is all but forgotten ; the statesman owes his flimsy immortality to his identity with the aims and struggles of political cabals, and the possession of a printing-press. The latter never pretended to be an author, though it was the ambition nearest his heart. To plot and talk flabby epigrams of highly-lacquered brass, delivered as gold from his own mint, contented the august gentleman who was mean enough to ferret out, and publish the private, personal secrets of a great, but maligned woman. Walpole lives ; Shenstone has gone down : and yet, did posterity know the two equally well, we can guess at which side the applause would be given. History—literary as well as political—may revolve in cycles, but the actors are changed, the personality is lost. We fight our battles over again—but where are the leaders of the old campaigns ? And of all battles, whether lost or won, for the greater bulk those fought with brain and pen, leave the least durable results, the fewest monuments. The colossus is overthrown : and the Jew loads his camels with the spoil. At the best, we only imitate the King's progress through the beggar, of which Hamlet gives us a lively description. Our epics heat the baths ; our most precious histories are converted into papier-machic tables, on which the Savage of the Future may rest his elbows, and study Ecclesiasticisms.

SEAGULL LODGE.

A SKETCH.

BY RUTH MILLAIS.

It was a queer old place whsn I came to it first. I was then an elderly widow. My life had met with a shipwreck; husband and children had gone down *** I am not going to tell my own history. Rather to recall and retint fleet, vivid glimpses of four other lives which one year sketched for me, leaving bright tracks of colour on some pages of memory's scrap-book; unsatisfactory pages, words broken off, a beautiful design lost, light blurred with stains, and finally merged in gloom. An illuminated story, which life the creator began triumphantly, giving promise of glorious things, but, as if with wayward malice, ended in bitterness, cruelly grieving the student, who had with breathless and reverent interest pursued his work. Seagull Lodge, with its few acres attached, was the only piece of property left of much that had been mine, and I came to take up my abode there in the Autumn of 185—. I found it wild and deserted. It was a long house, of two storeys, very much sunk, with low ceilings and narrow windows of whch the under almost touched the ground. The stairs twisted, and the rooms opened one out of another. The green damp had crept up the wall, as high as the rusty knocker on the hall-door, and fuchsias and rose-bushes almost barricaded the windows. What must have been once a gravel sweep in front was now an irregular grass-plot, and the winding path that threaded the shrubbery was sprinkled with green. Rowans and copper beeches, hollys and laburnums straggled about in confusion, reminding one of the fairy days when the trees moved over of their own accord, and stood sentinel before the gates of the Sleeping Beauty's palace. A knot of apple trees, as old as Methuselah, clustered together in one corner, all notched, and gnarled and eaten up with rich moss; and with beards of bramble trailing in the grass. The ivy on the garden wall had roots as thick as the stem of a young tree, and its leaves were thrown up in sculpturesque masses from the lichenized stones. In spite of its desolation, I felt a liking for the old place. Had I seen it first in Winter, probably I should have shrank from it, but I came just in the middle of a ripe August, and there was a luxuriousness of vegetation, a picturesqueness of grouping, and a bewildering fairy-like beauty of light and shade which fascinated me. Also, (I confess it, though my head is white,) there hung over all an odour of romance, which was not without its charm for me. Its few acres of cultivation seemed like an oasis in the midst of a desert of moorland. It was sunk, too much sunk, in the valley, and flanked by mountains north and south. Westward the sea lay, seen from the back windows, and gained by a beaten track across the brown heath. I took possession of Seagull Lodge. I had the paths restored, the garden cleared and trimmed, the walls whitewashed, the rooms aired and furnished. The crimson roses no longer shed their bright leaves into the

rank grass, but glowed on a table in the open window. I sat there and sewed, and looked out towards the sea, thinking, "this is a dear old hermitage ; I am glad, very glad to rest again in Ireland."

But when winter came it was very dreary. I and my one servant were the only living things for at least a mile round. Blue smoke floated near us from the straggling hamlet of Barrenpoint, called from the great headland, straight out before us, but unless we could have flown over the wet marshes, like the moorfowl, a twenty minutes' walk was necessary to bring us to the nearest habitation. The storms at night were continual and terrific, and the days were monotonous in a degree that made life a burden. Memories of the past sorrows throve like plants in a hot-bed, and new and healthful ideas were scared away. I said, "It is too dreary. What shall I do to clear away the cloud of desertion that hangs over the place?" At last I hit upon a plan. Many fashionable visitors came from different parts of Ireland and England to stay at the village of Dunsurf, which lay about four miles round the cliff, just at the foot of the wide bay. Some quiet spirits might like the privacy of Seagull Lodge. I advertised the greater part of the house to let, and waited impatiently for an applicant. The first came one November afternoon. It was a quiet evening after several days' tempest. I had come out for a breath of fresh air, and met him on the path. He was a graceful-looking young man, dressed in sporting guise, and carried a pouch slung across his shoulder. He had a singularly pleasant face, bright-eyed and clear, with that peculiar expression of innocence and good-nature which is so attractive in young manhood. He uncovered a head of brown curls, and asked to see the house. He said he wanted a couple of months' shooting ; had been staying two or three days at a cottage between this and Dunsurf. Did not like the village—liked the moors—would be very glad to take the rooms. He did take them, and staid the whole winter. He was careless and communicative as a child. His name was Kenneth M'Arthur, and he was heir to a good deal of property in the north. His love for moors and mountains brought him to the west. He almost thought of buying a small estate somewhere about. I had many dear associations with the north. Much of my early youth had been spent there. I discovered that some of Kenneth's relations had been friends of mine in bye-gone days. My heart warmed to him. He was perfectly free from the affectations with which most very young men spoil themselves. He was light-hearted and full of life, intellectual, after a lazy fashion, showing glimpses of latent power, which an impulse from without, some crisis such as life teems with, might impel to fervid action. At present he was sunny and large-hearted, revelling in the enjoyment of his youth. His mind was quick to grasp, keen to appreciate. He loved society and sympathy, and hated a lonely room. Thus it was, that when indoors he was ever by my side. We grew to be great friends. After his day's shooting, I at my lonely knitting was glad to hear him come rattling into the hall, laughing over his spoils, tossing off his boots, and making the hole house seem merry and thrifty. Soon after he would come tapping my door, asking leave to come in, as it was so lonely down stairs.

When our chat was exhausted he would pull a book from his pocket and read aloud to me till bed-time. I never knew a franker, purer mind; I never knew a larger, more loveable nature. I grew very fond of my young lodger, and when his stay drew near its close I felt grieved, almost as if I were losing a son. His enthusiastic love of the moors led him to put off his departure from month to month and from week to week. At last he found himself obliged to change his quarters, and my advertisement appeared again in the papers. It was April when my next visitors came. An elderly lady and two young girls. She was not their mother, as I had at first supposed; she was a maiden lady, their guardian, known as Mrs. Craig. Marcella told me afterwards, in one of her merry moods, that they only called her so, "because it was more comfortable to speak of an old lady as 'Mrs.'" They came driving up in a phaeton, from the village; liked the place, engaged it, and went away again, having arranged to come in a few days for good. I liked the pair of bright, young faces which had peered from under their hats into the nooks and corners of my old house; a dark face and a fair one, contrasting pleasantly. I liked the idea of their abiding in Seagull Lodge, of their muslin skirts fluttering through the passages, and their fresh voices coming up to my room from the parlour. I thought it would be pleasant to watch them from the window as they amused themselves out of doors, to study their different characters from their habits and pursuits, as well as from their looks and words. Mrs. Craig said to me: "These girls are cousins. Marcella is the elder, she is twenty. Lettice here is only nineteen." That "Lettice here," with the accompanying look and gesture, spoke volumes to me. Lettice, the fair girl, was the pet. Poor Marcella, as I afterwards discovered, was like the unloved step-sister in the fairy tales. On the appointed evening I had all things ready for them. The old house forgot to brood over its uncomfortable secrets, and looked quite social in the bustle of preparation. The dim parlour winked with firelight, rich scents lurked in it, and flowers brightened it. I loved flowers myself, and it had pleased me to see Marcella (I had taken an especial fancy to the dark girl) picking among the ferns and mosses, and seeming much more interested in the droop of a branch by an upper window, than in the softness of the beds or the quality of the carpets.

I stood watching for my visitors. My last lodger had left me in the morning. He said he would spend the day on the moors, and walk to Dunsurf in the evening. I felt a tear on my cheek when he shook my hand and said "Good-bye." I said "God bless you, my dear young friend, you take my affectionate remembrance wherever you go."

What, then, was my surprise at seeing him return in the evening. He came through the trees in company with my three new inmates. Lettice, the younger girl, leaned on his arm, and Mrs. Craig walked beside her. Marcella loitered behind, examining the old trees, and picking primroses. I soon learned how it was. The beauty of the evening had tempted the three ladies to walk along the beach from Dunsurf to Barrenpoint; Lettice had slipped on a rock and hurt her sole. Kenneth M'Arthur, saun-

tering along the cliffs towards the village, had met them just as the accident happened, and offered his assistance. So it chanced that he returned with them that night. I cannot say that I, even from the first, could control my dislike for Mrs. Craig. She was a tall, spare woman, dreadfully thin and chilly-looking. She had cold eyes and tight lips. Her hair, which was fair, and never would be gray, was so scanty that a matronly cap would have been an immense acquisition to her head. However, I suppose this was not her opinion, as she only wore a little flounce of black lace depending from her comb. She dressed handsomely, and assumed a great deal of state. I am sure she meant to be very civil, but I felt her manner uncomfortably patronizing. However, I overcame my distaste for her company, and endeavoured to be amiable for the sake of the girls, in whom I felt much interested, the more deeply so as our acquaintance ripened. At Mrs. Craig's request, I consented to do the honours of my house on that first evening; so, while the new-comers made themselves at home, I poured out the tea and attended to their wants.

I remember Marcella on that evening. She sat near the narrow window, with the shadows from within gathering about her, and the tranquil light from without spiritualizing her head and figure. Her big dark eyes were roving through the trees, and a look of satisfaction rested on the full red lips, whose meaning I read as clearly as a printed page. The whole face said to me: "It is a large soul, in close sympathy with nature. At present the brain teems with images, and the heart stands still with intense enjoyment." She wore a pale buff dress of the most unpretending print. A scrap of blue ribbon tied her collar. Her hair was very dark, and clung in clustering masses about her head. I said in thought: "Marcella, you are a rare woman; I wonder what your fate will be." As I looked up, I met Kenneth's glance. He had observed my scrutiny, and read in it tenderness and appreciation. His eyes met mine with his frank, intelligent smile, which seemed to say: "We agree. Our tastes are the same." I liked to look at Marcella sitting there as we like a rare work of genius, a rich, mellow painting. It was pleasant to turn one's eyes upon her, and find her always full of ripe loveliness. There was nothing proud or triumphant in her beauty, neither was she remarkably shy or diffident; it was a musing nature, fond of wondering, venerating, solving, with immense capabilities for love, enjoyment, suffering, and deep hidden wells of fortitude. I did not discover all this in one evening, but very soon. I wondered at her contentment that night, because Mrs. Craig's voice sounded cold and ungenial when addressing her; but she did not seem to mind it. Her thoughts seemed wrapped in some delicious abstraction. I thought: "It is the artistic temperament which I discover in her already. It is that which makes her so happy."

Lettice did not please me so well. She was a slight, fair girl, delicate in feature, and very dainty in her dress. She was pretty, and had a kind of guile which was pleasant enough for a time. She was one who gave a favourable first impression. I felt inclined to like her in the beginning, but an hour passed in her company altered my opinion. Little things re-

vealed to me that it was an empty mind ; nothing disenchants one sooner than to discover self-conceit in another ; and her vanity was apparent. Besides, her selfishness was unmistakable. She possessed some real or fancied advantage over Marcella which she would never let her cousin forget. I knew not what this was ; something of no real consequence I felt sure. I noticed that her dress was always richer than Marcella's, and yet my favourite looked as ladylike as she, and much more picturesque. Lettice made a great fuss about her uncle. I thought she displayed a great deal of affectation. She seemed one of those young ladies for whom I have a distinct aversion, who always monopolise the attention of the gentleman present, and are quite out of humour if they fail to receive all the homage they try to exact.

Kenneth M'Arthur chatted to her, amusing himself, like a light-hearted boy as he was, but his eyes followed Marcella. When I went to my own room that night, I said : "Kenneth, my dear young friend, we shall see you here several times again."

I was right. Kenneth discovered that the village of Dunsurf was more unendurable than ever, and very often walked the whole way to Barren-point, "just to see the moors once again." His visits became so frequent that I smiled when I saw him coming down the path with his fishing tackle in his hand. Mrs. Craig smiled also. Seeing this, I thought : "If she does not love Marcella, she is at least glad that some one else will love her, and give her a happier home."

One day, Mrs. Craig actually discussed the matter with me. She was naturally anxious to know something of the young man's character, position, etc. I had very good means of knowing all about him, and I satisfied her completely. I wound up a very sincere eulogium by saying : "I am sure that Marcella will find him everything that her heart can desire."

"Marcella !" she repeated, aghast.

"Yes," I said ; "were you not speaking of Marcella ?"

"No," she replied, looking at me with a kind of terror ; "I was speaking of Lettice."

Then I saw clearly her stupid and unpardonable blunder. I felt indignant at her blindness. After a warm discussion, I walked to the windows she following. We both at the moment beheld a now usual sight, Kenneth coming through the trees. We saw Marcella sitting in the sunset on a heap of ivied stones, wearing a greenish-coloured muslin dress, and that scarlet shawl which, for fear of cold, I had tied loosely round her neck. A book lay at her feet, forgotten, for the beautiful, picturesque head was slightly thrust forward, and leaned upon the firm hand ; while the dark eyes gazed intently afar, seeming to search space for an answer to the question that burned under their lids. We both saw the change that transfigured his face when he saw her, and we both saw the light that flashed from that smouldering fire in hers, when his voice startled her. Lettice, indeed ! no ; the echo from Marcella's life swelled the music of Kenneth's. The fire of her soul burned in a sacred flame with his. His enthusiastic love of nature refreshed itself with her passion for the beautiful,

as one glad stream rushes into another. Lettice had no music, no fire, no enthusiasm for anything. And yet, from Mrs. Craig, I gathered that, encouraged by her, the vain girl had imagined herself to be the object of Kenneth's attentions, and that galling mortification would be the consequence of the information Mrs. Craig must now give her. My poor Marcella ! how bitterly she was tried after that. How they did worry her. I have seen her brow burn and her throat swell. Once or twice I have seen her eyes blaze with rebellion, but oftener they brimmed up with whole rivers of grievous tears, that pride could not force back to the stung heart. At times she has rushed up to me for sympathy, and I have said, "Cry here, darling, as if it were your mother's breast."

But Kenneth still came, and Marcella's clouds vanished. One evening we had all been straying in the direction of the moors. Kenneth had twisted some of my crimson roses round Marcella's hat, as it lay on the grass, just for mischief, as he said, when I charged him with theft. Marcella stood among the trees in her white dress, with the hat on her arm, and I feasted my eyes on her beauty. We rambled far, and somehow, coming back I found only Mrs. Craig, Lettice, and myself. Both my companions seemed angry and dull. When we got to the house, I was glad to escape to my own room. Soon I was followed there by my stray lamb. She came and stood before me with such a glorified face, that I dropped my sewing, and said : "Why, Marcella, my dear, what is it ? Have you seen a glimpse of heaven ?"

She laughed, a low, mellow laugh, so glad, like the very utterance of happiness. Then she nestled down at my feet, and said :

"Perhaps I have. Shall I tell you what has happened ?"

It was scarcely necessary. Of course, she was going to be Kenneth's wife. That was the whole.

Next evening I met her in the shrubbery. Her face was flushed and angry. When I questioned her she said :

"They are trying to disparage Kenneth. They grudge me his affection ; that is it. I tell you this," she went on, speaking with a kind of passion, "that I would not marry any man, no matter how well I loved him, if I did not think he would help me to eternity, as I would try to help him. Standing beside a rock I am strong, but I should beat my life out upon weak sands. They know this that is in me, and they work upon it. But they may spare their hints and frowns ; I will not believe a word against him."

I felt very indignant. Trying to disparage Kenneth ? What could it mean ? Mrs. Craig had been more than satisfied with my account of him. Surely her strange dislike for Marcella could not have developed into wanton cruelty. I went into the house, resolved on remonstrating with Mrs. Craig ; but at the parlour door my resolution failed. Had I a right to interfere ? After all, a little patience on Marcella's part, and all would be well. Sitting here now, I lay down my pen, and bow my head, and say, "Why did I not obey that impulse ? Why did I not stand by the unloved girl, and intimidate her persecutors ?"

I would I could leave off here, and let the end remain a blank to be filled up by the fancy of happy readers. But no; the waves roar, the old trees sob; Nature will not endure the smothering of dark truths. The page must be written out. That night Marcella came to my bed-side, crying, with a letter in her hand. She said: "I cannot rest. Some terror is hanging over me. I don't know whether it is death, or separation from Kenneth. But it is dreadful, and I cannot rest."

I said: "My dear, you are nervous. Have patience, and go to bed and sleep. Nothing is going to happen ill. Your life lies very bright before you. You should be thankful, and willing to bear a little."

She said: "Yes, I know, and I try to pray a great deal, and be patient, but there is something coming upon me; I feel it. This evening Mrs. Craig sent for me, she wanted to speak with me in private. I could not bear to go. I asked her to wait till the morning. I dread to hear what she has to say. I feel an awful gloom gathering round me. I know—I know she will part me from Kenneth. If it prove so, if we are separated will you give him this?" and she put the letter in my hand.

I said: "Marcella, my dear child, you are not well, or you would acknowledge that it depends on your own strong spirit, which I have known, tried, and proved, whether you are parted from him or not."

She lifted her face from the bed where she had buried it. "Yes," she said; so long as my inclinations might control my actions. But suppose I ought'—(shuddering)—"suppose my duty—"

"Duty!" I cried, in amazement.

"My duty to God and my own soul," she went on. "Surely, my guardian is not a fiend, and she has said and hinted,—oh! you cannot know how they have poisoned my thoughts!"

The piercing anguish in the young voice shook me with trouble. It was useless to reason with her. I soothed her as well as I could, and sent her back to her own room. I did not see her till after breakfast the next day. Then she came out of the parlour and flew past me on the stairs, with such a burning, burning face, with such passion, shame, agony, in her eyes that I was terrified. I caught her skirt, and called "Marcella!" but she broke away and rushed on.

She staid in her own room for two hours. I sat in mine, and listened. At last I heard the impetuous step going down stairs again. I heard Mrs. Craig's voice, and the word "letter." Then Marcella said, "I will post it myself." Her voice sounded so harsh and stiff I could hardly recognise it.

Puzzled and grieved, I went to the window and saw Marcella hurrying away among the trees. I remember the young figure so well, the brown straw hat, the dark shawl, and light skirt. I went down stairs, and across the shrubbery and meadow, by a shorter way than she had taken, hoping to intercept her, and learn what was the matter.

She was surely bent on some rash errand. They had been telling her some wicked, wretched story, which had maddened her. She had written some wild letter to Kenneth, and was going to the post-office, which stood half a mile this side of Dunsurf. She was gone. She was swift; and I

was late. I saw her hurrying across the moor, a solitary figure, out on the brown stretches of heath, her light dress fluttering in the breeze.

I went into the house, and staid in my room all day. I avoided Mrs. Craig. I was disgusted, angered. I felt a throbbing indignation for the poor, outraged girl. Why thus wantonly torture her with all this suffering? Wantonly, for an angel would scarcely have made me believe that one word of blame could with justice be breathed on Kenneth M'Arthur's honour or honesty. Marcella! Marcella! why did you not come to me, then, as you had done so often, for comfort and reassurance? Your eyes might still have been full of light, and the hungry sea denied one victim.

I look now out at that brown, wintry moor, over which the fast feet travelled, over which the young life throbbed with its restless fervour of suffering, hurrying away, away out of our sight, out of the world's reach for ever. The moorfowl's shriek comes up through the mists like the drowned girl's voice, crying from the rocks, and clouds lean and loom over the steep of Barrenpoint, gathering their white strength, as if to crush a defenceless head. Marcella! Marcella!

Dinner came, and I could not eat; evening, and I was restless. Heavy clouds had been mastering since mid-day, big drops began to fall. I put on my cloak and goloshes, and went a bit out on the moor, but I tottered in the storm, and the sharp rain drove me back. A sullen mist wrapped all the coast line towards Dunsurf. I went in and shook out my cloak at the kitchen fire. I said to my old servant:

"I trust she has taken the high road home."

"Lord send!" said the woman, crossing herself with awed reverence. The meaning of her frightened face flashed upon me.

"Good God!" I cried, "the spring tides began last night."

"It's thrue for you, ma'am; the moon's at the full, an' there isn't a rock between this aa' Dunsurf, but the Point ahead, an' Dun, farther round, that'll have its head above water by eight o'clock."

Instantly I dispatched a swift messenger to the hamlet to send off men with mauls and ropes, in case of emergency. "Tell them," I said, "to hasten, in God's name, and not to leave a nook in the cliff's unsearched between this and Dunsurf!"

I went up stairs, and sat in the window of an empty closet that looked over the hills to the sea. Oh! the roaring of those old trees, and the shrieking of the scared seafowl as they fled inland. Alas! to what rocks were the poor hands clinging; what ear heard the crying of one solitary voice, drowned in the rage of the breakers? "Doom! doom!" they thundered in my ears. Hush! cruel murderers, give me peace to finish the record! I heard Mrs. Craig come out to the hall several times, and ask if the young lady had returned yet. Once, coming to the top of the stairs, I saw Lettice's face, peering half-frightened from the door into the storm. She gasped as the wind snatched away her breath, shut the door, and went shivering back to the parlour. Remorse must have been at work, to make that selfish heart uneasy for Marcella. Eight o'clock, and no Marcella! I shuddered to think of the full tide seething round the tall

shoulders of the Point. Nine o'clock—ten! I sat still in the dark closet. Light would have been an outrage on the stifling suspense of the hour. I heard the loud tick of the clock, and now and again the opening and shutting of the parlour door, as though troubled watchers wore the time painfully there too. Midnight! The storm was over. The moon, like a conqueror after a fierce victory, floated full and triumphant in the heavens, drifting across the dark vault, and looking with its cold, white face into the hidden places of the earth and sea, beholding sights whose unseen terror filled the human soul with racking guesses. Oh! cruel, bright eye, gazing so calmly down on the young, piteous face of the desolate dead. Yes, the dead! I felt it all along; I knew the young life was crushed, the quick feet chained, the burning heart cold.

Mrs. Craig, with her conscience-stricken face, whispered a suggestion.

I said, sternly, "No; though persecution has driven many to worse things than a hasty marriage with an honourable man. If she were a different girl I might say 'perhaps'; but Marcella, 'no!'"

It was two o'clock. The mists had crept away, leaving the moors bare and solemn. Beating my heart against vain hopes, I stood looking from the dark window. I saw moving shadows coming across the heath, from Dunsurf side. A chill sickness harrowed me. A dumb cry to heaven for the wronged and murdered seemed to rive my soul. They brought her in, those rough, weather-beaten fishermen, and shook and sobbed like children as they laid the dripping figure on the floor. Oh, earth! oh, sea! it was a piteous sight.

Marcella! Marcella! I look now at the spot where they rested your head. The noble head, with its dark wealth of hair, soaked and matted, its broad, womanly brow disfigured, the eloquent eyes mute, the sweet lips discoloured and anguished in death with the echo from that fierce, last, lonely struggle. That glorious head, with its troupes of bright fancies, its wells of puzzling thought, its wondering, its veneration, its enthusiasm. I would not let them touch her. I braided the long, wet hair. I draped the round, perfect form, this morning bounding with life, now so cruelly, so awfully, cold and stiff.

She lies yonder among the old trees. How the branches trail over the mound in the storm. I had left Seagull Lodge long ere this for a less eyry dwelling, only for that solitary grave. There is a woe in its story that overpowers me when I think of deserting it utterly. And you, Kenneth—you, with the frank eyes laughing in life's face. How shall I tell of the morning that brought you to gaze on the dead? Of the agony I witnessed, my poor boy, when you bent your burning forehead on my sympathizing hands, and writhed under the intolerable burden of your sorrow. You are gone, Kenneth. A hotter sun shines on your mature manhood. That letter I gave you, that one drop of balm I had, to pour into your wound, do you still wear it around your neck? I know not. The book of your life is closed to me. And those other two lives?—Hush! enough has been written. Who shall penetrate the motive of the human soul? Who shall accuse—who defend? "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord.

ROBSON.

A MEMOIR.

The early incidents in the lives of great actors have always had a strange and uniform resemblance ; remarkable, in most instances, for unvarying ill-luck and hard fortune to certain periods in their careers. The probationary days of Frederick Robson were not remarkable for a deviation from the usual course. He suffered, and in due time succeeded. The disposition to bear privations cheerfully, and encounter difficulties bravely, denotes, at least, strong determination and firm self-control ; without which the former might develope itself in a questionable manner. That Robson possessed, and in an eminent degree, both determination and self-control, a perusal of this memoir will, it is hoped, sufficiently manifest. From the earliest years of the future great comedian, he exhibited a fondness for the stage, and its first remarkable indication was noticed during the occasion of a visit which his mother made to London, bringing her son with her, he being then only five years old. The performance took place in the Coburgh, now called the Victoria, Theatre, a place, at that time, not by any means remarkable for the excellence of the High Art Dramatic productions. A certain Mr. Sloman, renowned as a funny fellow, sang on the night of Robson's first visit there, a number of comic songs, which were greatly to the taste of the young visiter, and the vocalism was followed by one of those ponderous and "terrifically interesting" melodramas which depend as much for success upon a taking title as the intrinsic merits (?) of the thing itself. The piece in question bore the attractive name of "The White Devil, or Villany Detected." To the "White Devil" is due the honour of having left such an impression on Robson, then in short frock and pinafore, that he resolved forthwith to be himself the proprietor of a theatre—a fact which may be regarded as a very precocious instance of juvenile enterprise in the managerial line. In those days Christmas-boxes, Easter gifts, and such monetary presents were in vogue, and more freely bestowed—though not more eagerly looked for—than in this tight-fisted and insolvent era. By the liberal hands and pockets of friendly visitors, and other acquaintances of his mother, Robson was soon placed in so prosperously financial a position as to enable him to begin and finish the construction of a theatre.

Start not, reader, it was but a small one—a minor—in fact, so small and portable that the proprietor could, with ease, carry it himself, with the satisfaction of knowing that he was his own architect, carpenter, painter, property man, and manager. In due time, he "opened house" to a few, but, in his opinion, very discriminating judges, each being of about an average in years with himself, and to whom his theatre, placed upon a table, was a marvel. The piece was the "Forest of Bondy," in which the manager, Master Robson, played *all* the parts himself ; but tradition does not aver that the "Dog" was included in his cast. One may well imagine that little, merry, innocent audience, seated in front of the theatre, and almost fancy he hears the peals of joyous, reverberated laughter that hailed

the appearance of the rustic Blaise, scattering his fusciments as he shook his sieve of oats; then the still, and gradually increasing terror that held mute that astonished children's party as the noble dog (how did he manage the dog-part) seizing the murderer is buffeted, and half conquered by that ' blood-bloated individual, but finally prostrated with a "back-fall," which must have almost shaken into dissolution that frail Thespian temple, accompanied, as it indubitably must have been, by the tumultuous hand-clappings, and shrill acclamations of the delighted *uncritical* and dog-applauding urchins, for whose especial delectation the whole performance was given. A memoir, it is reasonably expected, should contain some particulars of the person whose story and acts it is professedly intended to tell and illustrate; and, in accordance with this just expectation, let it be known to all to whom "these presents come greeting," that Fred. Robson was born of humble parents, at Margate, on the coast of Kent, in the year of grace 1821.

After his first childish success, the latent desire for distinction in the line theatrical began to develop itself strongly; and many nights were devoted, by stealth, to the study of such dramatic pabulum as his scant pennies could procure. He bought the small editions of acting plays, and also purchased some portraits of "leading men" and "first ladies,"—prints more attractive by the red, blue, and gorgeous gamboge colourings with which the envied originals were bedaubed than for any conceivable likeness to the worthies whose names and parts were set forth to an admiring public something after the following style:—"Mr. Moribund Mordauant, as *Tetra Biliuso*, in the intensely powerful sensation-drama of *The Nine Nuns of Nuremberg; or, the Dark Despoiler of the Danube!!!*" Upon such prints and writings Robson used to spend hours of contemplation, when his mother, simple woman, thought her boy was fast asleep; and day-by-day the increasing *rabies* to be an actor occupied his mind, to the exclusion of more wholesome and befitting thoughts and studies. The usual consequence followed: the young lad played truant, and was often found loitering about the stage-door of the theatre of Margate, during those hours his mother was paying for his supposed attendance at school. Amongst the performers at Margate theatre there was then a Mr. Stubbs, a low comedian, whose powers appear to have afforded to the young aspirant in that line most supreme delight. His gratitude for the entertainment evidenced itself in a rather novel fashion. He solicited, and obtained permission from that eminent man and member of the profession to carry at night, from Stubb's lodgings to the theatre his wig, or wigs, waistcoat, "back"-dagger, trunk-hose—each, or all, if necessary. It must not be forgotten that any mercenary notions possessed the lad in so discharging the functions of a porter; for it may be presumed that Stubbs, being unencumbered by any distressing surplus of money, repaid these "courtesies" by occasional *orders* to his young henchman and admirer, in lieu of more solvent recognition. By this means the boy's appetite for the stage was stimulated by more admissions in front and "behind" than he otherwise could have hoped for in his wildest aspirations.

Time flew by, and at last it was decided by his mother that he should be put to a trade or calling of some sort. He was accordingly apprenticed to an engraver, in London. It is not important to know how he liked the new occupation; however, little opportunity of testing either his liking or capacity was allowed, for, in a short period after he was bound, his master failed, and he was thrown, still a mere boy, upon the world, to do the best he could under such unpromising circumstances. He did not hesitate long. He resolved, "come what come may," to adopt the stage as his future means of subsistence; and, although he had already, even from amateurs, experienced a foretaste of the bitters he afterwards so manfully gulped down without complaint or useless grumbling, yet, his determination once formed, he never subsequently swerved from it; and, when sneeringly told, "You are too small—you are not fit to play, the footlights would hide you," his simple reply was, "I will try."

Firm to his resolve, he did try. His first attempt was made at a private theatre in Catherine-street, Strand, on the night of the 12th of May, 1842, as *Simon Mealbag*, in the drama of *Grace Hunley*. It is recorded that his *début* was the reverse of an eminent success. Like a genuine artist, he was somewhat cast down, but not defeated nor dismayed. "A person seldom swims at the first trial, and an actor is not made in a night. I'll try again." He found that his earnings as an engraver just kept him above starvation-point, and, as he felt he would be more satisfied to endure privation in the profession towards which the current of his hopes, desires, and ambition, was steadily setting, he finally resolved to abandon the graver for the dagger—to put aside the magnifying glass, and "hold the mirror up to nature." He obtained his first engagement at the small town of Whitstable, the great oyster port of Canterbury. The Whitstable oyster dealers had no sympathy for the retailers of the drama who then sojourned at their town; and, as the Thespians were too poor to patronize the oysters as edibles, the oyster merchants had other and more profitable fish to fry than what was offered to them by the needy professors of the drama. The poor players did not "draw," and the result of their dramatic dredging, after many a weary haul, was no oysters in the net-theatrical.

The manager's speculation turned out a miserable failure. Poor neophyte Robson, who had been promised sixteen shillings a week, received five shillings for the first month; and, at last, was reduced to such extremity as to seek relief from absolute starvation by the following ingenious, though unfortunate, device:—He and the orchestra, comprising in its entirety one artist on the violin, called, vulgarly, a fiddler, had begun to entertain serious misgivings and alarming doubts as to the endurance of their separate and joint stomachs against the systematic, repeated, and unpitiful assaults of hunger, which had been borne almost incessantly for much more than one calendar month. The one had not as much money as would buy resin for his bow—the other was bare of cash as an egg of feathers. Their condition could not be much worse; change of quarters might bring change of diet, but the problem to be considered was, would it bring any? Accordingly, the two emaciated strollers set out in quest

of bread and a draught of ale. They arrived at Canterbury, having walked eight miles from Whitstable. A tavern near the barracks was considered a good place to make a commencement with their projected entertainment, and the wretched fiddler struck up a tune (by way of musical preface) *outside* the door ; but, not attracting any visible audience, he began certain, or rather uncertain, improvised strains, introductory to the comic song which Robson had promised to sing. But the imitable warbler of "Vilius and his Dinah," and "Poor Dog Tray," in vain tried to clear his throat. He coughed, and coughed—ah ! that cough from the empty stomach, added to the sense of his misery, and the apparent degradation to which his forlorn condition had reduced him, were too much for the little hero. His strength passed away from him ; he grew sick ; his voice refused its office, only half-stifled sobs were audible ; and, unable to suppress his feelings any longer, down came a flood of tears. His commiserating partner in distress at once ceased to play, and cheerily bidding his *confrere* to be of good courage still, they turned to depart, and seek for better fortune at some other place, when Robson's foot struck against a small impediment ; he stooped down, and picked up from the pavement a little parcel, tightly rolled, and, opening it, found money—the sum of two pence ! It was near evening, and they had eaten nothing that day—a penny loaf was bought, and a half-pint of beer. On this meagre fare they boldly took the road, from undiscriminating, and, to them, at least, ungenerous Canterbury, to Whitstable. There, to the inexpressible delight of Robson, a letter from a friend awaited him, containing a post-office order for one pound sterling. Still the oyster-merchants of Whitstable evinced, more shame to them, no disposition to patronize the theatrical birds of passage seeking shelter and food amongst them. Robson's feathers had been for some time, too, in a moulting state, so, anticipating the discomfort of entire nudity, he trimmed those yet remaining to him, and spread his wings for a flight to a more congenial covert than Whitstable.

To another seaport in Kent he directed his course, but found, on arrival there, that Faversham did not possess a theatre, his courage and firm determination to act held out, and he made one of a company which gave a few representations in a loft, fitted up for the occasion. The receipts were poor, but, during the fair, which was held soon after the arrival of the troupe, a larger space, and cooler (it was under canvas), having been procured, the reward of perseverance was secured, for, upon division of the profits, after three days' performances, Robson's share amounted to the munificent sum of eighteen shillings. He was, at this epoch, a married man, and one can imagine the glow of satisfaction with which a young, affectionate husband, as he was, passed into the hands of her whose comfort and happiness were more—oh ! how much more—tenderly cared for than his own, the gains of his persevering industry, eighteen shillings, a sum that had exceeded any he had previously received for an equal number of performances. But for him such an unprecedented run of good luck could not last. By the time that his last shilling of the eighteen was regrettfully parted with, his circumstances were again at zero. He left Faversham, and, on his way towards

Watford, in Hertfordshire, supported himself by giving "readings" in way-side inns and public places. How few of those who then applauded the little man's spoutings and comic songs, and "few and far between" cast their coins into his hat or hand, would now recognise in him the great actor, to honour whom the present royalty of England has often delighted. He has, also, amongst other vicissitudes, been obliged to make himself "a motley to the view" on the platforms in front of booths. Upon select occasions, when, perhaps, he had been more liberally dispensed to the money-taker, and, consequently, had more potent effect upon him than usual, Robson has acted as *locum tenens* to that functionary, but the "returns" were so often *nulla bona* during his tenure of office, that his experience warranted him in pronouncing it a sinecure.

That the now prosperous and successful comedian remembers those times and incidents with pleasure, may be assumed from the fact, that he still wears, when singing the "Country Fair," the identical coat in which he often strutted along the platform of many a booth; and he relates, with a quaint, peculiar look of triumph and gratification, the anecdote of an admiring village lad, whose mental appreciation of theatricals, under difficulties, was great; but unaccompanied by anything more material or valuable than a pinchbeck brooch; and that he offered for admission to a performance, in lieu of the current coin of the realm. It was accepted by Robson, who was sinecure treasurer that day, and has been carefully preserved by him ever since.

Watford proved almost as unproductive to his funds as money-grudging Whitstable. But during those periods of almost interminable ill-fortune and depressing circumstances, he was acquiring a profound knowledge of his profession and human nature, in most of its various phases. At the time he was playing in Watford, a respectable manager, named Jackman, had a company performing at Uxbridge: Robson had long desired to be received into that *corps*, for he thought, that once enrolled a member of it, he might claim the *prestige* that attached to one of a regular company of actors, in contra-distinction to the utter want of "local habitation and a name," inseparable from the genuine stroller: and, although Jackman's troupe, strictly speaking, were strollers, yet, from the solvency of the manager, and general deportment of those under him, they were, on the whole, recognised respectable, and not mere vagabonds. To solicit the engagement, Robson set out on foot for Uxbridge, leaving at Watford his young wife. The journey was a long one, and he ill-provided for travelling. Hope, with whose illusory treasures he was abundantly stored, beguiled his way, and for many miles the ideal superseded the actual. But the practical stomach began to crave something more solid than theoretic aliment. The poor wayfarer grew tired, hungry, and thirsty. Involuntarily his hand is manipulating the contents of his pocket—alas! they, or more probably *it*, was easily reckoned. He pauses at the door of a neat, rose-embroidered road-side inn. The scent of the flowers is grateful to the weary man, enticing the array of mugs and giugling glasses that decorate the bar. The creamy foam that slumbers on the tankard, just

raised to that jolly farmer's lips, calls up vague longings; and the traveller's thirst at once becomes painful. His foot is on, over the threshold; his hand half out of his pocket; and he is about to give an order to the smiling hostess, when the thought of *one* in Watford, who was thinking of him, perhaps, at that very moment, flashed across his mind, and, filled with that thought, the needy, hungry, thirsty pedestrian turned back into the road, and, with a supreme self-denial, passed along upon his lonely way. Searing himself beneath a hawthorn, on the bank of a rivulet that babble through one of those green lanes that form so sweet a picture in rural English scenery, he—

“ Stripped the brook with mantling creases spread,”

and with that vegetable substitute contented himself. Again were his hopes doomed to disappointment. Jackman was not to be found; and the company knew not of his “whereabouts.” Undaunted by this discouraging information, he, nevertheless, determined to find the manager, and, at all events, to have an interview with him; so, enquiring everywhere he thought it was possible he might be met with, he persevered: he sought him in those places where actors “most do congregate,” and where they never do; he asked parties who were likely to claim acquaintance with the missing one, and of others who would have deemed it profanation to know or address a stage-player under any circumstances—all without success. His courage abated a degree or two; his patience was sorely tested: but his resolution was inflexible. As a *dernier resort* he would again scour the town, and, retracing his steps, was returning towards the theatre, when he saw approaching him a man that looked like an actor, if not a manager. Instinctively he felt he was right, and, walking up to the stranger, presumed he was Mr. Jackman. He was engaged, and, at the (then) large salary of twelve shillings a-week! Forgetting his weariness, he walked back to Watford with the joyous news. His wife, with tears of pleasure, heard of his engagement, and heartily congratulated him. Then, for the first time in his life, that star of hope so long worshipped, shone brightly down upon him, and, in the future, he traced its light still shining cheerfully. True artist, as he was, he set to work sedulously, vigorously, and so well satisfied at his progress and attention to his professional duties was the manager, that he, within a month, and, (wonder of wonders) sans solicitation, raised his salary from twelve shillings to fifteen shillings per week. This substantial recognition of his ability was particularly gratifying to Robson; and, although three shillings in the week was a very important consideration to him, yet, it was scarcely more valuable, in one point of view, than the appreciation of his professional efforts which it manifested on the part of his manager. With Mr. Jackman he remained until 1843, when, in consequence of ill-health, he was obliged to leave his kind friend and manager, and go up to London for medical advice. In a short time he recovered, and proceeded to Tunbridge Wells, where, however, he played but two nights, and received for his services—*£1.* That rate would never

pay ; he returned at once to London, and was engaged at the old Standard Theatre, for low comedy, at the nominal salary of twelve shillings a-week, of which the unlucky comedian never got even a portion. Crossed thus in hope, depressed in spirits and in circumstances, he promptly preferred to go back again to the provinces, when, fortunately, the proprietor of the Grecian Saloon, Mr. Rouse, having heard a satisfactory report of his talent, sent for and employed him. His professional pride must have been sorely wounded, as, according to the terms of his engagement, he was obliged to "go on" as a ballet-dancer—not even as a principal—but one of a group. In fact, he should do all or anything that might be required of him by his new proprietor.

The consciousness of the power within him remained unshaken—his nerve, in such an unpromising position, was rudely strained, but not impaired ; and after an interval his hopes reached their zenith, when he was permitted to undertake the part of *Wormwood*, in the *Lottery Ticket* ; his aspirations were, for the time, fulfilled, as he found himself entering upon the stage of the Grecian Saloon, in the famous character of the great actor Laporte. At length he was happy.

He became such a favourite at the Grecian, that upon one benefit night he realized, by the sale of tickets alone, £50. For six consecutive years he was the cynosure of the Grecian ; and although the class of dramas produced there was not of the most refined order, yet he acquired stage tact, experience, and the art of acting ; meanwhile, studying the works of higher and more elegant authors than those whose *manufactures* he was for so long a period nightly occupied in exhibiting. His estimation of his own resources and powers having been ratified by applauding audiences for six years, his histrionic ideas grew more expanded and ambitions ; and a desire to test himself by a more critical public than he had yet appeared before possessing him, the current of his thoughts flowed towards Dublin. He had heard that there the audiences were intelligent, exacting, critical ; and, as a consequence, more difficult to satisfy than was usual in other places.

At that particular period Dublin had, in Harry Bedford (nephew of the great Paul), an actor of low and eccentric comedy such as few cities could boast of ; and in such high and well-deserved repute were his talents estimated by the citizens, that to Robson competition against him seemed hopeless ; yet, with that ingenuous and ungrudging high mind, which, in a man of genuine abilities, is ready and willing to accord to another the meed of the like desert which he is naturally anxious to obtain himself, (for he had long known and admired the powers of Harry Bedford, as a fellow-comedian.) he knew that so long as Bedford was at the "Queen's" there was no available opening for him. The fortunes of the manager of the "Royal" were at that time down to theatrical zero, so that he did not particularly wish an engagement there in consequence. At length, on the night of the 11th October, 1850, Bedford took his farewell benefit (having been secured for the Haymarket Theatre,) and delivered an address, which

indicated the nature of the relations previously existing between him and the Dublin public.

In the same month, in the same theatre, on the 28th, Robson made his obeisance in the character of *Wormwood*, in the *Lottery Ticket*; anticipating some approach to the success he had achieved at the "Grecian," in the same part. He was received, not coldly, still it was without any great warmth. The striking contrast in personal appearance and style of acting between him and Harry Bedford, to whom they had wished God speed only a few nights before, told greatly in favour of the gentleman who came so soon to fill the place of their especial favourite. There was no attempt on the part of the strange actor to imitate the style of his immediate predecessor in the same walk of the drama. Both artists had individual mannerisms; but as broadly marked and distinct in kind from each other, as they were in personal appearance and bearing. Bedford's salient characteristic was, perhaps, his quiet, insinuating, *passive* humour; a glance of his eye, a movement of his hand, the pronunciation of one word, has often convulsed the entire audience with laughter; his own face the while as imperturbable as that of a serious Quaker. In bold opposition to these traits may be placed the *active* fun, the artistic bustle, the plastic workings of Robson's whole face; independently of his wonderful powers (not then known) in the portrayal of the higher feelings and passions; so that, as an actor, in the most comprehensive meaning of the term, he would, it is probable, be considered degrees above Bedford; yet it may be questioned if the latter were not a more genuine son of Momus; he made you laugh right from the heart; while it must be allowed the other artist can, upon occasions, bring up your tears from the same source.

Robson gradually crept into the graces of his audience, and, while admitting their correct judgment in matters dramatic, and, having witnessed its emphatic application to inefficient members of the corps of which he was one, yet, he unhesitatingly proclaimed their true kindness to struggling talent, and acknowledged that their *leaning* was, on the whole, considerate and generous, although, now and then, they could be severely just, as many a pretender could testify. Under the able management of Mr. John Harris (the present lessee of the Theatre Royal), Robson remained for four months at the Queen's, when that gentleman retired from his leadership for the purpose of making arrangements for opening the beautiful theatre in Hawkins'-street. Robson continued with Mr. Joseph, the lessee, for two months longer, at the Queen's, by which time all things being in readiness, he passed over to Mr. Harris, at the Royal. It was buzzed about in saloons, taverns, parlours, and drawing-rooms, that however successful the little man had proved at the Queen's, he would be found a "brilliant failure" at Hawkins'-street. "He was all right as long as he confined himself to a small stage, such as that of the Queen's, but he would find, to his discomfiture, that he was not 'the thing' for the grand stage of the other house." Such was the tenor of opinion when it was known Mr. Harris had engaged him in his new speculation. But a few, very few, amongst whom was himself, had other and more flattering notions on the

subject. He was not a whit disturbed by such uncomplimentary vaticinations. On St. Stephen's-night, 1850, Mr. Harris commenced his first season at the Theatre Royal, with a first-class company, of which Robson formed not the least amongst many important names in that still well-remembered *corps dramatique*. The play was, *Love in a Maze*, he performing *Tony Nettletop*; in conjunction with T. C. King, John Webster, and Mrs. Hudson Kirby (all of whom appeared then, for the first time, in Dublin), he made a hit. Having fairly attained position, and obtained considerable reputation, he resolved to do his best to retain the status he had so deservedly won. He studied much, and opportunities were soon afforded to him of displaying his mental capacity to the full; for the manager brought out a series of Shaksperian revivals, one of the first of which, if not the first, was the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Bottom the Weaver* being entrusted to Robson. He had never played the part, had never seen it acted, therefore, his task was an arduous one, calculated to make him nervous, and test his histrionic confidence in himself for the superior drama. His anxiety, as the night approached, was observed, as also his timid apprehension of his powers to conceive, as he said, and adequately develop the various phases of that very trying character.

His career at the Theatre Royal was triumphant, and lasted over two years. He was recognised as an extraordinary actor, and had become a general favourite. An Irish audience is more than ordinarily sensitive if the clergy of the "Old Faith" are mentioned upon the stage, in what they may consider disrespectful terms, and, upon one occasion, Robson was under ban, though not in fault. In the part he was enacting uncomplimentary allusion was made to a "preacher," and, some noise prevailing as he pronounced the word, the "gods" thought he said "priest." At once a storm of indignation arose, and causing the interruption of the performance. Robson, having been told of the cause of the uproar, endeavoured to explain how they had misunderstood what he did say. He could not be heard, and the result was, he retired from the stage amid disapprobation, and did not re-appear for a few nights. Upon his resumption of his place, the matter was but slightly adverted to, and soon afterwards was totally forgotten. The rapidly acquired fame he had attained in Dublin soon bore important results. Naturally enough, his aspirations were breathed Londonwards; and he had heard that the fine actor, Compton, was about to leave the Olympic Theatre. Had he sufficient confidence to offer himself as one suited to fill the vacancy to be left by such a comedian? He had not. His opinion of his own abilities was, as yet, of too modest a sort to embolden him to write to Mr. Farren upon the subject; but while pondering over the matter, his timidity was considerably abated, and his self-opinion somewhat more exalted, by receiving, one fine day, a letter from Mr. William Farren, offering for his acceptance the position just vacated from by Mr. Compton. He at once accepted the offer.

Arrived in London, he was introduced to Mr. William Farren by the theatrical agent at Bow-street, and his engagement as first low comedian at the Olympic, was then and there ratified and perfected. The poor half-

starved stroller, comic singer, booth parader, spokesman at fairs and markets, whose "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen," often resounded from below, "unfed sides," and that, too, without any paying result to his hoarse invitations—the buffeted of Fortune, was, after all, graciously nodded to, recognised by that capricious lady, and presented by her to one of the "reserved seats" in her gilded temple.

But the audience at the Olympic, on Easter-Monday night, 1853, did not seem to care much for Compton's substitute, who appeared before them, for the first time, in a piece called *Salvatore*, a French hash, *alias* adaptation, and *Catching an Heiress*. No impression was made by him upon that occasion, nor upon any other, until the production of Talfourd's burlesque of *Macbeth*, on the 25th April, same year. Next morning all London echoed with the praises lavished upon the great little actor at the Olympic, whose very name was, so to say, utterly unknown.

After his second performance of the burlesque *Macbeth*, the *Times* thus spoke of him:—"But far more important than the burlesque itself, which has its light and heavy moments, is the performance of *Macbeth*, by Mr. Robson, a low comedian, who but recently joined the establishment. There is such an originality in this actor's humour, and his grotesque embellishments of the character show such a fund of comic invention, that we may consider his acting of the mock murderer as something more than promising. His peculiarity is that he really seems to be aware of the tragic foundation which lies at the bottom of the grotesque superstructure; and hence, however extravagant the gestures and articulations, we find that they are odd expressions of a feeling intrinsically serious. The imitation of the dagger soliloquy by some violent dumb show, to the air of the *Pas des Poignards*, while excessively droll, has in it something of actual desperation; and the appearance of *Macbeth*, after the murder is committed, is marked by that caricatured horror which may sometimes be found in the works of those eccentric draughtsmen of the Callot breed, who love to sport with things in themselves terrific. The *Macbeth* of Mr. Robson belongs to no recognised school of burlesque acting, but it is an original creation." To him, then, belongs the honour of creating an original style of impersonating burlesque; and so immediate was its effect upon his own profession that he has had hosts of imitators. His fame, now impregnably established, was further augmented by his wondrous and passionate acting in *Shylock*, *The Yellow Dwarf*, *Plot and Passion*, and *Hush Money*; while his inimitable drollery and complete individual characterization in such diverse parts as *Jem Baggs*, *Mawaniello*, and the father in the *Porter's Knot*, amazed the town, and raised his name above all competitors. His singing remains to be adverted to; and in this province he conceals the defects of a voice, not very noticeable for silvery sweetneess, by such various resources as his stage tact, native wit, abundant humour, and true pathos, supply; and this is so artistically accomplished that most of his auditors attribute his vocal success to the natural gift of a good voice, improved by musical education.

Through all his triumphs in the great metropolis of the world, he has

always thought with grateful remembrance of Dublin, as the principal place where his powers were first thoroughly understood and appreciated ; and, on the earliest opportunity after his crowning hit in London, he returned there, as it were, to thank his generous Irish patrons. He was received with acclamation on his re-appearance at the Queen's, on the 14th August, 1854—his characters being *Shylock* and *Jacob Earwig*. He remained until the 31st, when his engagement closed, with his performances for the benefit of the lessee, Mr. Henry Webb.

Since 1854, he has often reappeared in Dublin, and with like pleasing and profitable results to Mr. Webb ; but professional duties, managerial cares, to which must of late be superadded ill health, have deprived the people of Dublin of the enjoyment his visits afforded to them. They must now solace themselves, if they can, with reading of him in the journals, for his name and fame are to them associated with pleasant memories. In conjunction with Mr. Emasden, his management of the Olympic has been attended with prosperity. New comedies, if not original, are brought out in quick succession ; also pieces written for the express purpose of developing the peculiar idiosyncrasies of this singular actor, whose talents are of so Protean a nature that strange opinions have been promulgated respecting them ; some holding that the *Sir Giles Overreach* of Edmund Kean was not more terrible than Robson could make him, and that he who can throw such tremendous energy into the burlesque *Shylock*, would not fail in imparting a similar degree of intensity, life-likeness, and tragic truth, in his delineation and portraiture of the original "Jew that Shakespeare drew ;" others contending that excellence in a burlesque, whether tragic or the reverse, does not typify equal excellence in the performer, should he essay the more elevated characters of the drama ; and, perhaps, the latter class of reasoners is the more correct and just of the two. Nobody can withhold his admiration from Robson on witnessing his *Medea*, *Macbeth*, *Shylock*, *Yellow Dwarf*, amongst burlesques ; his *Desdemona* and *Daddy Hardacre* in legitimate plays ; his *Autolycus*, *Bottom the Weaver*, and *Touchstone*, in Shakespeare's comedies ; but, will it not be conceded that he wants the personal attributes, and physical grandeur of deportment that give dignity to such heroic creations as *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Bruno*, *Othello*, *King Richard*, or *Coriolanus*? Granted that his conception of one, or all, of these dramatic incarnations is perfect, as no one, probably, will doubt ; yet conception, without the concomitant requisites for high tragedy, will not be sufficient ; and a stately bearing is hardly compatible with the stature of Robson. A miniature Macbeth, even if aided by a full and harmonious voice, would be hardly "tolerable ;" and it is more than probable an unprejudiced audience would pronounce such a Thane of Cawdor "not to be endured."

The opinions of the second class, to which reference has been above made, appear to chime with Robson's own estimate of his tragic powers ; he has not, and it is said will not, although urged by men of high literary standing, undertake any character in the classic or purely tragic drama ; and most thinking people will say, he has decided with just discrimination.

JOHN DUGGAN.

THE FISHERMAN OF SKERRIES.

How quickly time rolls on ! It appears but yesterday since I first went wooing, and still, through how many eventful scenes have I passed since then ! Nearly all my early friends and acquaintances are dead and gone, and often I seek in memory to recall them, and, as in fancy I bring them around me, I wander back to those scenes of boyish pleasure, when the heart was full of promises, none of them broken, and when life spread out like a glorious panorama, full of beauty and sunshine, before the young traveller, ignorant and careless of the many dangers and trials that were to beset his path on his arduous journey. Amongst my many acquaintances, I selected one as my special companion. From childhood we were inseparable even up to manhood. We had no secrets from one another, and either of us never dreamt of going on one of our many aquatic or shooting expeditions without his friend; indeed, up to the time of our parting, we evenly shared all our dangers and our pleasures. We became studious, and read all kinds of books, and on several occasions we wrote verses for provincial newspapers, which were generally printed. At my suggestion, my friend wrote what he called a poem, and forwarded it to the editor of one of the periodicals of the time. In about a week it was sent back, with "the editor's compliments," and from that moment we came to a conclusion (which it would be well a large number of verse makers of this and other times had come to) that we were not poets. We wrote prose, and attacked one another in letters *a la Junius*, which caused us the most intense merriment. On a winter's evening, Fred called for me to accompany him to his house, and I perceived his usual light-heartedness had forsaken him ; something appeared to weigh upon his spirits. I asked him the cause, and he replied that we should part within a week, as he had been appointed to a lucrative situation in India, through the influence of a maternal uncle. I felt overwhelmed with what I regarded as most sad intelligence, and I was selfish enough to wish that Fred's uncle was in the bottom of the Red Sea. The few days that my friend was to remain soon passed over, and I never will forget the anguish I experienced at parting from him. We wept like children, and, as the steamer left the pier, and as I bade him a last adieu, I thought there was no one half so lonely as myself in the wide world. I heard from him after he arrived in London, and he promised to write to me again before he would leave for the East. Days and weeks rolled on and no tidings came of Fred ; but at length the news came, the saddest I had ever heard. My old friend and dear companion was no more. He died of fever in London at the residence of his uncle. Death, of which we speak and hear so much, how little do we understand it until it is brought near to us through those we love ! For the first time, I saw what a fearful thing it was, and reflected how truly was it said, "The very frequency of death causes us not to regard it with concern, if only one death occurred in half a century the world would be terrified." I was for days indifferent to all things around

me, as my thoughts were centred on him so young, so gifted, and so early called; and after some time I determined to leave a place that now became unbearable, because of its being identified with the happiest and saddest hours of my life. Having independent means, I determined to travel in other countries, and with a heavy heart I left on my pilgrimage. Some may say that my regard for Fred Raymond was too romantic, but "true friendship is love without its wings," and is so exquisite and unselfish that he who finds it has found a priceless treasure, and he who has lost it has sustained a loss indeed. Though I wandered far and wide, my feelings of regret for the loss of my friend were as acute when I returned to Ireland as when I had left. This was in a great measure accounted for by the fact of my having lost my parents when I was an infant, and never remembering to have seen a relative save an old maiden aunt, who left me all she possessed in the world. I was what was called a "Ward in Chancery," and was placed under the care of a guardian, who, being a sensible man, allowed me to do just as I pleased, and to the best of my opinion, I don't think he robbed me during my minority. In one of my wanderings in the summer of 1844, I made up my mind, on as fine a day as ever shone out of the heavens, to ramble till evening along the sea coast. I loved to be alone, and I met few with whom I would care to converse. I proceeded by railway to Lusk station, situate about two miles from the pretty fishing village of Rush. I walked along, at a leisurely pace, through the delightful pastoral country which lies between the railway and the coast. As far as the eye could reach nothing was to be seen to mar the peace and harmony of the scene. The hedge-rows were white with the blossoms of the hawthorn that filled the air with perfume. I followed one of the narrow roads by which the locality is intersected, and I felt a kind of release for the first time for years from the melancholy which had haunted me like a shadow. I was thoroughly alive to the beauties of Nature, which seemed to be enjoying a kind of dreamy, drowsy languor, as she basked in the glorious sunshine that flooded all things around in brilliant light. There was not a breath to stir the green corn from which the sky-lark soared cloudwards. I stood, and looking around me, I asked myself musingly if there was ever scene more beautiful, as my eye wandered over the tranquil landscape to the broad and sunny ocean spreading out in the distance. The homeward-bound craft with wide-spread canvass seemed to repose on it, as they appeared to be perfectly motionless. It being early in the day, and having much leisure on hands, I determined to continue my journey by the coast road to Skerries, and postpone my visit to Rush to some future occasion. After a delightful walk of about four miles I found myself at my destination. I sauntered through the little streets, with their neat thatched houses at either sides, and to the small harbour in which the fishermen of the village moor their little vessels in bad weather. The men were genuine sailor-like looking fellows, and altogether unlike the fishermen I had met before in this country or in England. They spoke as if they had travelled much, and I was not a little surprised to hear them speak familiarly of what they had seen in the northern coun-

tries of Europe and in Canada. I came to the conclusion that they went long voyages occasionally in large vessels, and when not so engaged they employed themselves at fishing off the coast. Nearly fifty small enter-rigged vessels, averaging about sixty tons burden were lying at anchor in the small harbour, and my curiosity having been excited, I asked a weather-beaten looking old man, who was seated on a broken spar near where I stood :

"From what port did the fishermen sail for the distant places of which they had been speaking?"

The old man rose from where he was sitting, and touching the leaf of his glazed hat respectfully, said, "From here, sir."

"From here," said I, re-echoing the reply. "Surely, no large vessels belong to a fishing village like this?"

"Nor does there either," replied my informant. "They go to where you heard them talking of, and further off too, in them small craft yonder. They go up to the coast of Greenland, and to Iceland, fishing, and if necessary they go in search of fish to Newfoundland and Canada."

The old man, who observed that I was rather incredulous, continued :

"They go far oftener to find a market for their fish after they have caught and cured it. Sometimes they go down south as far as Lisbon, and are generally well paid for their trouble. In my younger days many a time I went there to sell fish; and I remember the last voyage I was on, I was away from here for three years in a cutter not as large as some of them over at anchor."

"How did your family manage during your absence?" I inquired.

"Very well," he answered. "We sent them home money regularly when on a long cruise, and saved as much as we could till we came home ourselves; and although I don't look to be better off than my neighbours, there is £500 to Jim Simmon's name in the bank in Dublin."

I immediately perceived that my newly-made acquaintance informed me as to his independent circumstances, under the belief that I was going to offer him some money, but if I had any doubt as to that being his motive it would have been at once removed, as he said :

"Do you see that thatched house nearer the strand than the other houses?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, continued he, "if you will come down there when you have done your walk, you will be welcome as the flowers of May to what is going; and Peggy will be glad to see you."

I said that I would be most happy to avail myself of his hospitality, and would call on my return.

"I will go with you on your walk," replied Jim Simmots, who seemed to have taken a great liking for my society, "if you will remain here till I come down after telling Peggy that you're coming."

I could not but feel impressed with the genuine hospitality and good nature of my friend as I assented to the course which he proposed.

The tide was ebbing fast, and crowds of well-dressed children were amusing themselves by all kinds of contrivances on the sandy beach. I



As I seated myself on the ledge of a rock beside Simmons, he said :

"I forgot to ask you your name, sir, if you do not think it strange in me to ask it, I would like to know it, for some-how or another I never took so well to a stranger in all my life."

"My name is Gerald O'Brien," I replied; "but it was my fault in not letting you know it sooner."

"Well, Mr. O'Brien," said Simmons, "I will tell you the story I promised, and it is a sad one; and although many, very many years have passed since it occurred, the circumstances connected with it are as fresh in my mind as if they had only happened yesterday. My father, mother, my four elder brothers, and myself, were the inmates of a snug cottage which stood on the place which I pointed out to you a short time since. I was the youngest member of the family, and while my brothers were almost always at sea with my father in his fishing-smack, the 'Lively Sally,' I was left at home to go to school, where I soon became, what was called in the village, a 'good scholar.' There was no one on board the 'Lively Sally' to fish and to manage the little vessel but my father and four brothers, who were strong, active fellows, and did their work willingly, because they knew that they were working for themselves. There was no craft sailing out of Skerries so fortunate as the 'Lively Sally,' and in three years after she was built my father was out of debt, and every day after we became more and more independent. Our little vessel used to go on long voyages fishing, and my mother was in the habit of receiving remittances regularly from my father, from Norway, Denmark, and Canada. They were often two years away from home, and their return was always looked forward to by my mother and myself with the greatest anxiety. From my birth up to my sixteenth year I was very delicate in constitution, which was the principal cause why I was not included in the crew of the 'Lively Sally,' and any little knowledge which I possess, is owing to my having been what was called a 'sickly boy.' In the autumn of 1781, my father and brothers went on a short fishing cruise, but being aware of the exertions which were being made to entrap sailors for the navy, great precautions had to be used to keep clear of the press-gang who were constantly on the alert. It was blowing fresh from the south-east as the 'Lively Sally' was making for Skerries harbour. A revenue cruiser, that had been prowling for the purpose of capturing fishermen, was off the coast. My father, who saw the cruiser, and guessing the object of those on board of her, and knowing the coast well he steered for a point which the revenue craft could not go to without incurring the greatest danger. But the commander of the cruiser, 'Kingfisher,' not knowing the peril that he ran, blindly pursued the 'Lively Sally,' at a time when it was blowing half a gale, and the shore a lee one. My father addressed my brothers, and told them that the chances were against their ever arriving ashore with their lives, and, he added, that it would be better for them to die like sailors than to be imprisoned in men-of-war for years. Those on board the cruiser saw their danger when it was too late, and every effort was tried to beat her off the land, but to no purpose, as she went ashore that night, and

her commander, crew, and the poor fellows they had torn from their homes, perished. The 'Lively Sally,' with her usual good fortune, made the harbour, and in our humble home that night there was sincere and heartfelt gratitude given to Providence for the mercy that was shown to us. The next day and the next the wonderful escape of the 'Lively Sally' was the talk of the whole village, and it went abroad that it was while in pursuit of my father's smack the 'Kingfisher' and all hands were lost. For several months my father and brothers, as well as the other fishermen of the village, kept a sharp look out for the press-gang, until, by degrees, their caution relaxed. On a cold winter's night, we were all seated round the fire at home, listening to my father's account of many strange things which he had seen during his many voyages and of a winter which he spent in Iceland, when the door was forced open, and in rushed a navy officer and about fifty sailors, armed to the teeth. Before the slightest resistance or attempt at escape could be made, my father and brothers were borne to boats on the strand, by which they were conveyed to a ship off the harbour. That ship sailed the next morning, and my sorrowing mother and myself were alone left in our once happy and cheerful home. I was then not more than ten years old, and was quite unable to be of any assistance. Years rolled on, and we grew poorer and poorer every day. The 'Lively Sally' had been sold for half her value, and the only means of support which remained to us was the trifle I could earn by assisting fishermen to arrange their tackle, or to remain in charge of a smack during the absence of the crew. Necessity and active occupation gave me new strength, and gradually my health improved, until I became able to take my place as a fisherman-sailor on board one of the cutters of the harbour. How anxiously did my old mother look out, during years of bitter trial and suffering for, some tidings of my father and brothers, but none came, and she seemed to have abandoned hope. From early habit, I acquired a great love for books, and I often made a long night pass quickly by reading for her the lives and histories of those whose sorrows were greater than her own. It was on a Christmas night, while I was away on a fishing cruise, and lying wind-bound in a Welch port, that my mother sat alone on her now desolate hearth. The large candle burned as usual in honour of the festival, and an attempt at a yule log blazed brightly in the grate. Though our little home was neat, clean, and looked cheerful, there was within it as heavy a heart as ever beat in human breast. The old woman was thinking of the past, and of those who had been ruthlessly torn from her, when a gentle knock came to the door. My mother rose and opened it, and a poor old gray-headed man stood before her. 'This is a cold and bitter night for you to be out, poor man,' said she, 'and although I am but poorly off myself, I will not drive you from my door; come up to the fire, and sit down while I try and get something for you to eat.' The old man did as he was directed, as he shivered with the cold. He bore the appearance of an old sailor, although his clothes were in rags on his meagre frame; one of his legs was replaced by a wooden one, and the left sleeve of his old jacket was armless. When my mother placed food before him his eyes filled with tears, and

he exclaimed : ‘ Mary, you do not know me ! ’ It was my poor old father.’

I perceived that Simmons was becoming quite affected as he proceeded with his narrative, which, I must confess, possessed considerable interest for me, and I sought for the time being to direct his attention to some subject that would give him time to overcome his emotion. I observed, “ Simmons, a very long time has elapsed since the events which you have recorded took place, and still you appear to feel as much about them as if they had only occurred yesterday ; this should not be so.”

The old man was so wrapped up in his story that he made no reply, but quietly resumed the narrative by saying :

“ When my mother heard the voice of my father she immediately recognised him and fell on his neck in tears. What joy and sorrow there was in that meeting ? — joy at the return of the wanderer, and sorrow on seeing the wreck that remained of him who, but seven short years before, was the head and the pride of his peaceful home.

“ ‘ Where is Jim ? and have you ever heard of the boys, Mary ? ’ asked my father.

“ ‘ I expect Jim home from sea every hour,’ she replied ; ‘ but of my four fine fellows that were taken the night they carried you off, I have never heard a word.’

“ ‘ They were drafted into different ships, at Portsmouth,’ said my father, ‘ and from the second day after we left here, I never heard from them or saw a soul who could tell me of their fate.’

“ In about a fortnight after my return home the old man died, and my mother soon followed him, and they are both buried in the old churchyard not far from this. The remainder of my history is soon told. I followed the occupation of fishing for some years, and, being of saving habits, I put up a trifle of money which I added to what Peggy brought me, when I married her, and I purchased a fishing-smack, which thrrove well with me. I felt that I was getting too old for the sea about two years since, and my sons, Jack and Tom, have the little craft between them.

“ Come, Mr. O’Brien,” continued Jim, “ you have heard all I have to tell you, and it is time for us to go to my humble house, to which you are heartily welcome.”

We were not long walking to Jim’s cottage, and, as we approached, I thought I perceived a female figure retire hastily from one of the windows which commanded a view of the road by which we approached. Jim introduced me to his wife, who bid me welcome over and over again. The cottage was kept scrupulously clean, and an array of pewter and copper vessels on the dresser were kept as bright as scrubbing could make them. The white boards were strewn with fine red sea-sand, and the hearth and kitchen utensils, that were suspended above it, spoke volumes for the house-keeping of Peggy.

“ Come down this way, sir,” said Simmons, “ you must be in good humour now for your dinner, as, to my own knowledge, it is a long time since you eat anything.”

I was shown into a neat little parlour, in which a small table was laid for dinner. I had scarcely sat down when Simmonds entered, pulling Miss Kate, his foster-daughter, after him. As I rose from my seat, Simmonds addressing me, said :

"I have made her wait dinner for you, and, although she may deny it, she was longing to see you, after what I was telling her about you."

The young lady blushed and laughed, and I became so confused that I scarcely knew what to say. However, I stammered out a few sentences, and, as Jim did the walter, after his own fashion, to Miss Kate and myself, I contrived to feel more at ease, and to recover the use of my tongue. I thought I never saw anyone half so beautiful as Kate Fitzgerald, and she and I became great friends before I unwillingly took my departure in the evening. For reasons which the reader will guess, my visit to Jim's cottage became most frequent, and before the autumn Kate Fitzgerald was my wife. For several years after our marriage we spent the greater part of the summer months at the Skerries cottage, but, after the death of poor old Jim, whom I met by mere accident, and who got me the best of wives, we discontinued to do so. Peggy, on the marriage of her sons, came to reside with us, and she ended a long and peaceful life under the roof of her foster-daughter. A short time since I visited the old cottage, and it was with a feeling of pleasing melancholy I thought of the past, and of the good old Fisherman of Skerries.

THE MECHANISM OF TERRESTRIAL CHEMISTRY.

It has been well observed that as travellers in an unexplored country, working their way through the native forests, sometimes arrive at an opening in the thicket, or upon the summit of a rising ground, from which they obtain the long-wished-for prospect of unknown hills and lakes, and widening plains; so the philosopher who, with patient and unwearying steps, pushes forward through the untrodden paths of his science, also occasionally gains the high ground, and then first becomes aware of the beauty and harmony which surrounds him on every side. He recognises the fact that he has been straying, and he can compare his circuitous route with the more direct path, which now seems so plain. Those alone who have been eye-witnesses of such scenes can appreciate the high intellectual pleasures they afford, or can understand the keen enjoyment which the true man of science finds in his most laborious investigations. In the present paper we propose to conduct our readers to such an intellectual eminence, not long since discovered, from which a glorious expanse of new and unexpected fields of knowledge has been suddenly revealed to sight.

In the first instance, however, let us understand what is it we are to see; let us be sure that the view from the summit will repay us for the trouble of the ascent. When we learn that one amongst the numerous objects

which will attract our attention is to understand how it comes that two German philosophers, quietly working in their laboratory at Heidelberg, should have been able to determine, without the least shadow of a doubt, the actual chemical composition of the sun! We shall see that this conclusion, although it appears, at first sight, more like a vague story of the alchemists than the exact statement of modern science, is strictly true, and is based upon a few simple experimental facts. In carefully tracing our steps to this point, we shall have much more to observe; we shall see that a new terrestrial chemistry rises to view, giving us information respecting the composition of the earth's crust never before dreamed of, and thus opening out a vast field for further inquiry. Understanding, then, what we have to look out for, let us start on our way, following exactly the path trodden by the first discoverers, beginning with that which was well known, and gradually working our way into the new districts, until we arrive at the point from which we obtain the widest horizon.

In the first place, it will be necessary to ascertain the principles upon which the new terrestrial chemistry depends, and endeavour to bring home to ourselves the grand results thus opened out to mankind. The methods of analytical chemistry—that is, the means which chemists have at hand for either detecting the presence, or estimating the quantity of chemical substances—have, up to almost within a year since, almost always been rough, though very seldom ready. This is, however, not to be wondered at, for the science of chemistry is one of very recent date; it is, therefore, but incomplete, and each year, almost each day, sees the old habits of investigation set aside for new and more perfect methods. The discovery which we have to consider marks a turning point in analytical chemistry. By means of the methods thus employed, we are enabled to gain a knowledge of the composition and distribution of terrestrial matter with a degree of accuracy and delicacy hitherto unheard of. Substances formerly supposed to be most sparingly distributed are thus found to occur everywhere, and elementary bodies, the presence of which had been altogether overlooked by the use of the old processes, have been brought to light by the application of this new mode of analysis.

It cannot be denied that the chief facts upon which this new system is based have long been known, but they had not been examined before this with the care necessary to make them available for exact research. Thus it was well known that certain bodies, when heated in a colourless flame, imparts to that flame a particular tint; in the common pyrotechnic displays we have an example of such colours; the red fire of the stage contains salts of strontium; the green fire salts of barium, and these substances always produce the same characteristic colours. In that child's delight at Christmas, the snap-dragon, we have a familiar instance of the peculiar yellow colour produced by common salt, or by any of the salts of sodium in the colourless flame of alcohol. Chemists have long been aware of this property of bodies, and have used it as a means of detecting certain substances; thus the pale purple colour imparted to a flame of salts of potash,

and the bright yellow colour given by soda salts, have been used as tests of the presence of these bodies separately; but when they are mixed together this reaction cannot be employed, as the bright yellow colour produced by a very small quantity of soda completely masks the paler principle of the potash. For this reason these colour reactions remained without any wide application, until Professors Kirchoff and Bunsen—experimental philosophers, each standing at the head of his science—applied to them a method of observation which did away with all difficulty of recognising the constituents of a mixture, and, therefore, rendered the reaction available as an exact mode of analysis. The arrangement employed by the German savans is as simple as it is effectual and beautiful. It consists in looking at the coloured flame, not directly with the naked eye, but through the medium of a prism, an instrument for separating, or splitting up the light into its different constituent parts, in such a way that the variously coloured rays do not overlie each other, but are each seen separately and distinctly.

If we pass a fine beam of sunlight through a prism, or a triangular piece of glass, we obtain the solar spectrum discovered by Newton, a gloriously painted band, containing colours of every hue, and hence we find that the white sunbeam does not consist of one kind of light, but of an infinite number of differently coloured rays, each endowed with distinct and special properties. That these coloured rays really make up a white light was also shewed by Sir Isaac, as he passed all the coloured rays back through another prism, and obtained the white light again. In the solar spectrum we find that the colours are always arranged in a particular order; at one end, where the rays are least bent out of their original course, we see the red rays, and passing on, we meet with every tinge of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet light, until we arrive at the extreme limit of the visible violet, in the most refrangible part of the spectrum. If we thus carefully observe the different portions of the sun's spectrum, we shall notice, in addition to the different coloured rays, certain very fine dark spaces in the middle of the colours, denoting absence of some particular kind of light. These dark spaces or lines, which, in very great numbers run vertically throughout the different colours of the spectrum, have been called "Fraunhofer's Lines," from the name of their discoverer. They are always seen in exactly the same relative position in the solar spectrum, and as the parallels of latitude and longitude serve to determine the position of any point on the earth's surface, so any particular position in the solar spectrum can be exactly defined by reference to these fixed dark lines. The importance of this discovery of Fraunhofer to our present subject becomes at once apparent, when we learn that it is solely by the aid of these dark lines in the solar spectrum, that we are enabled to draw conclusions respecting the chemical composition of the sun's body.

Professors Kirchoff and Bunsen, the German philosophers already alluded to, applied this method to the examination of the coloured flames produced by various substances; they looked through a prism at the yellow light produced by bringing a salt of soda into the flame, and they saw, instead of all the colours of the rainbow, one bright double yellow line, situated in

a particular position, all the remaining space being perfectly dark. This showed that the light given out by the soda flame is all of one kind, that there is no light present in this flame but the solitary bright yellow ray. Other scientific men have, indeed, previous to the researches of Kirchoff and Bunsen, observed that definite spectra are produced by the luminous vapour of certain metals. Thus, for instance, the existence of the yellow soda light has been long known; and both Wheatstone and Talbot in England, and Masson and Angstrom on the Continent, have observed many of these spectra. The value of a great scientific discovery does not, however, become less, because some few of the phenomena upon which the discovery is based, have already been known. Bunsen and Kirchoff have earned the hearty thanks of those interested in the true progress of science, for having, as we shall learn, created a new branch of chemical analysis, by applying the methods of exact scientific investigation to phenomena which were previously unconnected, and incompletely understood, and which, but for their genius, would have remained uncared for and unknown.

The first instrument used by the Hiedelberg Professors for observing the spectra produced by various coloured flames, consisted of a prism placed inside a blackened box, having its horizontal section in the form of a trapezium, and resting on three feet; the two inclined sides of the box, which are placed at an angle of about fifty-eight degrees from each other, carry each a small telescope. The eye-piece of the first telescope is removed, and in its place is inserted a plate, in which a slit made by two brass knife edges is so arranged that it coincides with the focus of the object-glass. A lamp, giving a colourless gas-flame, stands before the slit in a position such that the outside of the flame is in a straight line with the axis of the telescope. The coloured flame is produced by bringing a fine platinum wire, upon which some of the required substance is placed, into the colourless gas-flame, by means of a holder. On looking through the second telescope, the coloured spectrum of the flame is seen, and, by moving a handle, and thus turning the prism, any desired portion of the spectrum can be brought into the centre of the field of view. An improved and much more perfect instrument for spectrum analysis was made by the celebrated optician, Steinheil, of Munich, under the direction of Professors Bunsen and Kirchoff. It consists of a firm iron stand, upon the centre of which a glass prism is secured by a spring and set screw; two brass tables are fixed on to the stand; the table carries the slit through which the light from the lamps pass, and at its other end it contains a lens, having its focus at the slit, serving the purpose of rendering the rays from the slit parallel. The arrangement of the slit is somewhat complicated, but its chief feature consists in carrying a second small prism placed only over half of it, thus enabling a double image to be formed by the two lamps. The light from one lamp passes directly through the uncovered and lower portion of the slit, and produces a distinct image in the lower half of the field of the telescope, whilst the light from the other lamp enters the tube by refraction through the small prism, and produces a separate image in the upper half of the field. The arrangement is a most important addition to the instrument, as it enables the observer to

compare at one glance the spectra produced by two different bodies. In this instrument, seen by means of which the spectra of the various rays appear as gloriously bright bands, sharply defined, of a beauty and vividness of colour which defies description or imitation ; the prism is fixed, while the observation telescope moves in a horizontal circle, and thus the different portions of the coloured rays can be brought into the centre of the field at pleasure. When in use, a black cloth is thrown loosely over the prism and telescopes, to exclude foreign light. When thus examined, it is seen that all the salts, or all substances containing soda in any form, give the very peculiar yellow band to which we have already alluded. Just, moreover, as soda produces its own peculiar spectrum, distinct from any other substance, so the compounds of each metal give characteristic spectra, each one distinct from every other, and each produced solely by the one particular metal. It is, however, perfectly impossible to give, by means even of the most elaborate engraving, anything but the most incomplete and inadequate idea of the reality. No man can paint like Nature, and Nature's painting of the solar spectrum, and of the spectra of these metals, is one of her most marvellous and magnificently beautiful achievements.

It may be interesting to mention some of the more important examples of the application of the new processes of chemical analysis to the determination of the composition of terrestrial matter. If a drop of sea-water be heated on the platinum wire, it shows at first a strong sodium reaction, and after the greater part of the chloride of sodium has been volatilized, a weak calcium spectrum is seen. If a few grains of sea-water are evaporated, the spectra of both potassium and lithium can be obtained by adding to the solid residue a few simple chemical re-agents, to separate these two substances from the large excess of soda salt. The presence of strontium in sea-water can be best detected by examining the boiler deposit from ocean-going steamers ; in all such deposits strontium can be detected. Many mineral waters exhibit the re-action of potassium, sodium, lithium, calcium, and strontium, by mere heating. It would be tedious to recount the ordinary methods of analysis which chemists have been obliged to employ for the purpose of detecting these bodies. Suffice it to say, that the processes are wearisome and complicated, and that the result often does not compensate for the trouble bestowed on the analysis ; for when a small quantity of any one of those bodies is mixed with a large amount of the others, its presence is almost sure to be overlooked, owing to the incapacity, not of the observer, but of the method he is obliged to make use of. But by the employment of this new method of spectrum analysis, quantities, however small, of these substances, can be with marvellous ease and certainty detected, even when mixed with any other matter.

Another most interesting example of the information which the application of this beautiful method has opened out, is the discovery of the presence of strontium, lithium, sodium, and potassium in limestones of very different geological ages. These observations, extended by a series of extra spectrum analyses, must, as Professor Bunsen remarks, prove of the greatest importance, both as regards the order of the

formation of the limestone deposits and their local distribution, and may possibly lead to the establishment of some unexpected conclusions respecting the nature of the oceans from which these limestones were originally deposited. The most remarkable example, however, of the rich harvest of valuable facts elicited by this new method of analysis has yet to be noticed. It consists in the discovery, by Professor Bunsen, of two new, and hitherto undetected, alkaline metals. It is evident that if bodies should exist in nature so sparingly diffused that the analytical methods hitherto employed have not succeeded in detecting or separating them, it is very possible that their presence may be revealed by a simple examination of the spectra produced by their flames. Professor Bunsen has found that, in reality, such unknown chemical elements exist; and, relying upon the unmistakable results of the spectrum analysis, he has proved that, besides potassium, sodium, and lithium, the group of the alkaline metals contains two new members.

The mode in which this discovery was made is as simple as beautiful. In examining the spectra produced by the alkalies obtained from the mineral waters of Baden and Dürkheim, Bunsen noticed two bright blue bands, which he had not seen when the alkalies from other sources were examined. Hence, he concluded that in this mineral water some new and rare alkaline metal was present, and he set to work to find the substance, and, in time, succeeded in separating, by chemical means, all the soda, potash, and other well known bodies, and then actually obtained the compounds of a metal left behind in their pure state. This new metal is chiefly characterized by two bright blue lines, and, owing to this peculiar property, the body was named, "Cæsium," from the Latin *cæsius*, blueish gray. Cæsium forms a whole series of peculiar salts, and closely resembles the metal potassium in its properties. Whilst working on the cæsium, Bunsen remarked the frequent occurrence of two magnificent bright red bands in the spectra of these mineral waters, which had never been seen before. Following this thread with all the ardour of a true man of science, he found that these red lines were produced by a new alkaline metal, and after a series of long-continued and laborious operations, he succeeded in obtaining the pure compound of "Rubidium," as he christened his second-born. The discovery of these two new elementary substances is the crowning point of these most interesting investigations; it gives us a notion of the magnitude of the results which may thus be realised by future research, and of the vastness of the field thus opened to our view; for we must remember that we are still at the threshold of these things, and that the two new metals were discovered, so to say, by the first chance application of the method of spectrum analysis to a certain mineral water. This, however, does not in the least degree lessen the brilliancy of the discovery, or render the thanks of the scientific world less due to Professor Bunsen for the marvellous manner in which he has overcome all the difficulties of separating the bodies—difficulties, the successful solution of which, perhaps, only those versed in such matters can thoroughly appreciate.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS.

FEAST OF THE HOLY CROSS, 1607.

"The 16th September they embarked in the ship ; it was on the festival of the Cross in Harvest. That was a distinguished company for one ship ; for 'tis most certain that the sea has not borne nor the wind wafted from Ireland, in the latter times, a party in any one ship more eminent, illustrious, and noble, than they were in point of genealogy, or more distinguished for great deeds and valorous achievements. Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that planned, woe to the council that determined on the project which caused the party who went on that voyage to depart, while they had no prospect to the end of their lives of returning safe to their hereditary estates or patrimonial inheritance."—*Annals of the Four Masters*, 1607. [The company on board the ship numbered one hundred individuals.]

'Tis an old story : Might awrath with right :
 A nation conquered and her shrines o'erthrown ;
 Her chieftains flying seaward in the night,
 And not a trumpet of departure blown.
 For the last hope of Ireland lost its light ;
 And all the voices of the Past were flown.
 And England, glaring through the smoke and heat,
 Beheld the people prostrate at her feet.

Prostrate and broken ! though O'Donnell made
 Peace with the robbers of his home and race.
 Prostrate and broken ! though O'Neill had laid
 In English dust a vanquished heart and face ;
 Prostrate and broken ! slanders, vile and base,
 Dishonoured them. They sheathed dirk and blade,
 They furled the Irish flag, and sailed away,
 Out of Lough Swilly, with the setting day.*

And with O'Neill went kith, and kin, and wife :
 Brother and sister with O'Donnell fled.
 Clansmen and friends that oft in bloody strife
 Saw the long spear-ranks flashing bright and red.

* One of the reasons assigned by O'Donnell for his flight was : "That all the priests and religious persons dwelling within the said Earl's territories were daily pursued and persecuted by his Majesty's officers." Item :—"Sir Arthur Chichester, now Lord-deputy of Ireland, told the Earl, sitting at the said Lord-deputy's table, in the presence of divers noblemen and gentlemen, that the said Earl must resolve to go to church, or else he should be forced to go thereto." And O'Donnell further affirms : "The which menacing speeches proceeding in open audience from the governor of the realm, contrary to the former toleration, that the said Earl and his household until then enjoyed, wrought that impression in the Earl's heart, that for this only respect, of not going to church, he resolved rather to abandon lands and living, yea, all the kingdoms of the earth, with the loss of his life, than to be forced utterly against his conscience, and the utter ruin of his soul, to any such practice." Similar reasons, amongst others, are given by Tyrone, for his departure. We subjoin the first : "It was by public authority proclaimed in his manor of Dungannon, that none should hear Mass, upon pain of losing his goods, and imprisonment ; and that no curate or ecclesiastical person should enjoy any cure or dignity, without swearing the oath of supremacy."—*Grievances of O'Donnell and O'Neill, from the original unpublished documents in possession of the Rev. C. P. Meehan.*

Slowly the heavens around were pulsed with life ;
 The great stars throbbed and twinkled overhead.
 And the moon glimmered thro' the eastern lights
 On the gray abbey of the Carmelites.*

And then arose hoarse farewells from the shore,
 And shrieks of women, fierce with misery.
 And ever and anon, amid the roar,
 Clenched and imploring hands were lifted high.
 It was the feast of Holy Cross—no more
 Bell-tone or vesper floated to the sky ;
 For war and pestilence had blighted all
 The fair, green valleys of bright Donegal.

Out on the surges—from the holy spot
 Where Hugh O'Donnell was entrapped by foes ;†
 Far from the battle-fields where they had fought ;
 Far from the castles, and the green repose
 Of hills and meadows, through which rivers sought
 The ocean, babbling immemorial woes.
 Far from the holy sanctuaries of home,
 Out on the billows between wind and foam !

Then, as they saw the violet mountains wane
 Dim in the misty distance of the lee,
 Upswam a cry, like a funeral strain—
 One awful psalm of bitter agony.
 White faces turned to the dark land again,
 Wild looks were strained across the belt of sea ;
 They cursed the traitor, Cecil—and the hand
 That smote their liberties, their homes, their land.

Silent and sad, his shoulder to the mast,
 Blackwater's‡ conqueror stood motionless.
 Near him O'Donnell, lip and face aghast,
 Bent, wretched, comfortless and purposeless.
 The canvass crackled in the moaning blast,
 The holy mountains glimmered less and less.
 The sun went down as to a fiery sleep,
 They were alone with God upon the deep.

Alone ! alone ! oh, never more to hear
 The morning bugle on their native hills ;
 Never to chase the mighty-antlered deer,
 Through the brown forests and the golden dells ;
 Never again to hurtle a free spear
 In battle, when the roar of conflict swells
 Round tent and standard, the stubborn earth
 Reels to the allied shock of west and north.

* The venerable ruins of this Abbey, founded by the Mac Swinys of Fanad, still remain on the shores of Lough Swilly.

† For the perfidious capture of young Hugh O'Donnell, vide " Mitchell's Life of Hugh O'Neill."

‡ Alias the Yellow Forde, where O'Neill routed the English army commanded by Bagnall.

Even for them the ocean was not free.

For hostile ships were ploughing in their wake,
Chichester, counselled of their flight to sea,

Dispatched his murderous crews to overtake*
The little bark that bore right gallantly

Hearts that calamities could never break—
Fortunes that outlived the sun and rain ;
And honour that afflictions could not stain.

But the saints watched for them, and with the dawn
The mighty waters slumbered all around.

But with the noon, the tempest vapours, drawn
Out of the cloud and froth, up-scaled and wound
Their giant arms and locks of lightning tawn

Across the sun, that hid in the profound
Gloom of their thund'rous chaos, ceased to shine,
And second midnight brooded on the brine.

Sudden, the topmasts glittered all a-blaze,
And half the sails flashed whitely in the dark.

Against the heavens, like many-coloured rays,
The dazzled yards stood out, austere and stark ;
And like a hell-blast, in the dusk and daze,

The thunder-throated tempest struck the bark.
Down, down, she plunged, but yet to rise again,
Dashing her bow across the surge to Spain. . .

Three days, three nights, amid the howling storm
Tost at God's mercy on the brawling wave !

They saw the reeling mists of ocean form,
Like pillars guarding a Druidic grave.

But hope in One in heaven was strong and warm.

Their consciences were free, their hearts were brave
Under the green flag on the billows broad,
The compass of their souls was turned to God.

And close behind them, trailing on the brine,

A relic of the cross of Calvary†
Sparked in the surf—a brilliancy divine—
Cast out to tame the fury of the sea ;

* Immediately on their flight, Chichester wrote to the English captain, commanding the *Lion's Whelp*, on the coast of Scotland, to intercept them.

† The Irish MS. entitled, "*The Flight of the Earls*," written by O'Keeman, who accompanied the illustrious Exiles, describes the incidents mentioned in the poem; and dwells particularly on that of O'Neill trailing the cross in the ship's wake during the storm. It may not be out of place to state that two copies of this precious work are in the possession of my good friend, the Rev. C. P. Meehan, to whom I am indebted for all the details of the poem, which are historically true.

Two sea-larks, as the morning bells beat nine,*
 Folded their wings upon the good ship's lee ;
 Most willing captives. Sudden the wind ceased,
 And the hot fires of sunrise lit the east.

And round the bark the tranquil waters shone,
 Nigh the thick-masted port of Havre-grace.
 Thanks rendered they to God, through Whom alone
 The tempests of affliction boltless pass.
 Then up the golden Seine they wandered on,
 Till Rouen's towers dipped straight in the clear glass
 Of the broad river ; and the scent of vines
 Was blown to them across the meadow pines.

Sweet is the sense of troubles drifted o'er,
 Dear the remembrances of griefs gone by,
 Rich as a vesper tolled on a low shore,
 When the last gleam of day is in the sky.
 But woe for them, for there was woe in store,
 Foul enemies, and worse—captivity—
 The English hatred plotted for their falls,
 Rouen received them captives in its walls.

To Henry, king, and victor of Navarre,†
 With solemn brows the English envoy went
 Saying : “ These are rebels who have waged hot war
 'Gainst us with deeds and arms incontinent ;
 I pray you, knighthood's high, ascendant star,
 In fetters let them be to England sent,
 For they are men of bloody minds and hearts,
 And masters of abominable arts.”

But the king answered, while the valiant blood
 Flashed to his cheek, “ We know for what they fought.
 We know the plunderers they have withheld ;
 We know the deeds their chivalry has wrought,
 The brave man battles with the winter's flood ;
 The coward sinks ; our succour they have sought.
 And if our lieges hold them, set them free,
 No king dare outrage hospitality.”

And Freedom knocking at the city gates
 Gave them acquittance ; so they issued forth
 Fugitives hounded by relentless fates,
 Finding no resting-place on God's fair earth.

* This is historically correct. On his arrival in Normandy, O'Neill presented the two birds to the governor of that department.

† O'Neill and O'Donnell, on arriving at Rouen, where they were placed under temporary arrest, despatched Maoitool to Henry IV., who received him graciously, and sent him back with assurance that the instances of the English government for the detention of the exiles would not be entertained.—*Vide Boderie's Ambassades—Flight of the Earls*, &c., and *Correspondence in Winwood's Memorials*.

O Grief, that time and passion antedates !
 O bitter memories, of fireless hearth !
 The chieftains of a race and faith sublime,
 Forlorn and outcast, in an alien clime !

Albert and Isabella, may your name*
 In the gold book of ages ever shine.
 When unto Brussels, comfortless they came,
 Ye honoured them with sympathy divine.
 Once more they sat and saw the cresset's flame,
 On silver beakers brimmed with banquet wine.
 And heard, while yet the morning loomed aloof,
 The minstrel's voices beating to the roof.

And endless glories bless thy walls, Louvain,
 Thy doors received them with profoundest love.
 To thy Franciscans, with a yearning pain,
 O'Neill did give his son. The ages move
 Down thro' the futures, black with storm and rain.
 The pillar reels—the destiny is wove.
 But the immortal deed survive them all,
 Its glory gilds the ruins of their fall.

Drift by dark days, drift by and bring them rest.
 Lorraine's thrice ducal portals greet them soon.
 They crossed the shining thresholds, prince and guest,
 And there, in vaulted halls of marble hewn,
 The Duke received them ; whilst along the west
 Clouds loomed, fir-scabbered ; and the waning moon
 Looked through the lofty window's traceries
 A heavenly pity on their miseries.†

Across the Rhoetian Alps, with dawn, they go,
 Scaling their purple scalps and crimson peaks ;
 Up through the vast eternities of snow,
 Where never cleaving wing of eagle breaks
 The chilling silences, with motion slow—
 Where the frost crackles in a thousand creeks
 Of ice, that, gleaming in the cloudless blue,
 Blooms at the heart into a violet hue.

Higher and higher, till, below their feet,
 The olive lands slept, bronzing in the sun ;

* The Archdukes, as we find in O'Keenan's narrative, feted the exiles at Brussels and Binche magnificently. It is needless to state that the celebrated Franciscan Monastery of Louvain, so renowned for its great Irish scholars, John Colgan, and many others, was founded by Albert and Isabella.

† O'Keenan informs us that on their arrival in the territory of Lorraine, the Duke issued a proclamation forbidding his subjects to take money from the exiles, whom he ordered to be entertained during their stay in his dominions at the public expense. At a subsequent period (during Cromwell's usurpation) the then Duke of Lorraine befriended the confederated Irish Catholics.

Down the sheer slopes till, margining the sheet,
 The Alpine dairy, amber-cored and dun,
 Blossomed ; and the air was faint and sweet,
 With gusts of odour from the poplars wan,
 And all around—a verdurous, rich sea,—
 Laughed like an Autumn vineyard—Italy !*

Milan, that liest like a frozen dream
 In the rich vagueness of a precious Past,
 To thy chief's palace, turreted and dim,
 Mid myriad welcomes, the exiles passed.
 Glory to thee, Fuentes ! not the last
 Of the bright Spanish chivalry whose gleam
 Shames the slow conscience and the petty ways
 Of selfish valour and ignoble days.†

They sat, thrice-honoured guests, around thy board—
 Thy bounty gifted them with steeds and arms ;
 In the great city temples they adored
 God who delivered them from hates and harms,
 When the green banner tottered, and the sword
 Was hacked, from slaughter of invading swarms.
 Before St. Charles' shrine they knelt long hours,
 And strewed the holy sanctuary with flowers.

Parma and Bologna saw them feast
 With Duke and Legate ;‡ thence they bent their way
 Unto Loretto,§ as a solemn feast
 Kindled the splendour of a holiday.
 And from the north and south, and west and east,
 The pious pilgrims came to kneel and pray,
 Within the holy house, whose roof did hide
 The patient mother of the Crucified.

There is no exile given unto faith,
 No region too remote for God to hear
 Voices that, lifted from this vale of death,
 Like crystal arrows, cleave the atmosphere ;
 So they adored and prayed, with sob and tear,
 The Virgin to deliver them from wrath,
 And comfort fell upon their grief and pain,
 As gently as the mist of summer rain.

* The journey across the Alps is graphically described by O'Keenan : as is also the Earls' joy on reaching the sunny climate of Italy.

† The Conde de Fuentes, the Spanish Governor of Lombardy, entertained the Earls and their entire retinues, and on leaving gave them rich presents of arms. This fact exasperated the cabinet of King James, as may be seen in the English Ambassador's correspondence.—*Apud Winwood's Memorials.*

‡ The Legate by whom they were entertained at Bologna was Maffeo Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII, who so munificently succoured the confederated Irish Catholics.

§ O'Keenan tells us they sojourned a considerable time at Loretto, where they beheld with astonishment the rich treasures of that celebrated Sanctuary.

Rome ! splendid temple on eternal hills,
 Vast apotheosis of faith and art,
 God's shrine, from whose bright cisterns there outwells
 Strength of the spirit—wisdom of the heart,
 In thee, the past, beside the present dwells,
 Lights of the future through thy twilight dart,
 Tomb of the Cæsars—sepulchre and shrine,
 Of all humanity believes divine.

Towards thee they journeyed. From the latest ridge
 Of upland, glowing in the noonday light,
 They saw the immemorial Milvian bridge,
 Where Constantine beheld the cross of light
 Flame in the Latin heaven, a lustrous pledge
 Of hope and victory in the coming fight.
 Quick beat their hearts, their words were choked with sighs,
 Tears rushed unbidden to their aching eyes.

For there stood Peter Lombard, of Armagh,*
 Exiled Archbishop—banned from his see ;
 And, grouped round the prelate chief, they saw
 The princely heads of Rome's nobility.
 Soon there were voices raised in joyful awe,
 Embraces and exultant jubilee ;
 " Faithful and strong, we welcome you," they said,
 " Rome loveth the Lord's disinherited."

And when they pray'd before St. Peter's tomb,
 To the fifth Paul, the Pontiff, they were led.
 Up through the Quirinal, in the gorgeous gloom
 Of pillared corridors and halls, o'er spread
 With miracles of genius, through whose bloom
 Shine out the spirits of the gracious dead—
 Rich in the fervour of the soul and heart,
 Bright in the immortality of art.

The Pontiff rose, and took them to his breast,
 And weeping, blessed, and welcomed them to Rome ;
 " Here may the exiles of the world find rest,
 Here, O, my children, find a hearth and home.
 Religion is the host, and you the guest.
 Lord, with thy sweetest consolations come
 To those who, firm through agony and shame,
 Contended for the glory of thy name."†

Close by the holy church, where Tasso's bones
 Sleep like a heaped perfume in an urn,

* At the Milvian Bridge, now Ponte Molle, they were met, according to O'Keenan's narrative, by the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh, Peter Lombard, and a long train of the Roman nobility. Lombard, on hearing of their arrival at Louvain, wrote to congratulate them on their escape from James I., who was intent upon their destruction. Two letters addressed to them by the Archbishop are now in possession of the Rev. C. P. Meehan.

† All these incidents are taken from O'Keenan's narrative.

Where memory consecrates the silent stones
 That round the high-priest of the muses mourn,
 And solemn vespers rise, in thrilling tones :
 The roofs and casements of a palace burn.
 Under those roofs affront the golden west,
 'The chieftains and their retinues found rest.*

Great honours on their heads the Pontiff showered ;
 'Twas theirs to bear his canopy,† when slow,
 Thro' the vast spaces of St. Peter's poured,
 The long procession ; and the choirs sang low,
 And from St. Angelo the cannon roared,
 And heaved the myriad multitudes below
 The wondrous dome, that floating in mid air,
 Lets in celestial splendours everywhere.

But thro' all glories of the heart and soul,
 The bitter memories of Ireland strove
 With feigned forgetfulness. The world might roll
 Still closer to the sun ; but their great love
 Had holy Ireland for its deathless goal.
 They saw the happy seasons change and move,
 The leaf fall, and the star of spring wax dim,
 But *that* survived which never changed with them.

Home, home ! O pleasant valleys of Tyrone !
 Sweet woods and rivers of green Donegal !
 Castles, by the spoiler's hand o'erthrown,
 The death moss rooted in the banquet hall !
 Land of their sires, they might not call their own,
 Priesthood and people suffering in thrall !
 O give them, for Rome's brightest miracles,
 One glimpse of heather on their native hills !

Hope, buried hope ; O'Donnell, sick and tired,
 Journeyed to Ostia ; but for him no peace !‡
 There came not to his heart what it desired ;
 He looked to heaven, and hungered for release.

* The palace allocated for their residence was close by the church of St. Onofrio, where Tasso is buried. Pope Paul V., furnished them, out of his privy purse, with a munificent income ; and further provided them with horses, carriages, etc.

† As described in the poem, they were the first Irish nobles honoured by being permitted to support the Papal canopy on the festival of Corpus Christi. In our times, the present illustrious Archbishop of Dublin has obtained the same privilege for the students of the Irish College at Rome.

‡ After a pilgrimage to the various churches, and particularly to the seven patriarchal basilicas, O'Donnell fell sick, and, at the suggestion of his Doctor, O'Carroll, who accompanied the exiles, proceeded to Ostia, for change of air, where he grew worse, and returned to Rome, to die in the palace, close by St. Onofrio. His funeral, the expenses of which were borne by his Holiness Paul V., was of the most imposing character. O'Keenan describes the solemn cortegie in almost the words of the poem.

God gave it. In Rome's heart the chief expired,
Calling on Christ until his tongue did cease.
Far from the home of mournful memory,
He closed his eyes beneath an alien sky.

They buried him with majesty and pomp—
Rome's noblest held his pall ; from street to street
Slow cannon thundered, and the mournful tromp
Blared ; whilst the drum of lamentation beat,
Its mournful clamours under cross and lamp,
And torch, diffusing odours exquisite.
And when the iron-throated echos ceast,
Up-swelled the requiem of the black-robed priest.

Past fount and temple, and high monument,
Trophy and arch, the vast procession stream'd,
On the great funeral-car, with tears besprent,
The sun in melancholy glory beamed.
And close behind, bowed down, paced one who seemed
Crushed low by an immortal discontent.
The Romans bared their heads in mute appeal,
Or whispered, as he slowly pass'd, " O'Neill."

On the Janiculum, in the holy shade
Of *Monte d'Oro*, they interred his dust.
There, in the habit of St. Francis laid,
He waits the resurrection of the just.
For thro' all wishings, baffled or delayed,
Unshaken was his long-abiding trust.
O'er all earthly illa, his soul could see
The radiance of a white Eternity.

Death mowed his race ; Cathbar, his brother, died*
In the full flower and vigour of his youth.
Too soon young, young O'Neill, the great Earl's pride,
Fell prostrate in unseasonable ruth ;
Their precious ashes were interred beside
O'Donnell's. Tender was the pagan truth,
Ages ago, with inspiration sung,
Whom the gods love, the singer said, die young !

Sick and forlorn, most companionless,
From shrine to shrine the comfortless great chief
Wandered in a dream of wretchedness.
Time brought no soothing glory to his grief.
But tho' his hope-star glimmered less and less,
There triumphed thro' all doubt the strong belief
In vengeance—in a quick approaching day
With Irish pikes in terrible array.

* Cathbar, O'Donnell's brother also died of fever ; and young Hugh O'Neill, Baron of Dungannon, fell a victim to the same malady. In the hope of preserving the life of the latter, he was removed to another palace on Monte Citorio ; but the change did not avail him. O'Keenan mentions this fact, and bitterly bewails the death of the hope of the House of Tyrone.

Often, mayhap, oppressed with ill, he heard
 The trumpet throbbing on an Irish plain,
 Or saw the Red-hand in the war-wind flared.
 A comet-splendour glittering on the slain.
 And, when the looming cloud of battle stirred,
 Out flashed the lances of his ally—Spain.
 O dream deferred ! O vision most forsook !
 “ It shall not be ! ” was written in the book.

And so in silence—dumbest agony,
 The gray years ate his heart and blanched his hair.
 There were no friendly ships upon the sea ;
 Vastness and vagueness girt him everywhere.
 His spirit lost its old divinity.
 A pestilence was floating in the air.
 God’s heaven was blank to him, for he grew blind,
 And triple darkness locked his eye and mind.

He died ;* Rome keeps his ashes evermore.
 Of all his greatness but his tomb remains.—
 A fragment wreck upon a sainted shore.
 The dawn breaks and the golden evening wanes
 Down crypt and aisle, and folds its splendours o’er
 The sepulchres abloom with tender stains—
 The holy monuments, within whose space
 Inurned repose the chieftains of our race.†

The old, old story ! have they died in vain ?
 Be there no solemn voices from their dust ?
 Beside their graves, although our hearts complain—
 Let us confess that Destiny is just.
 God rules the epochs, and his works remain ;
 And we are blind—but leaning on our trust,
 We know, although the substance mocks our sight,
 This sacred truth—whatever is, is right.

CAVIARE.

* “ O’Neill died at an advanced age, after having fulfilled his time and career with pre-eminence, power, prudence, honour, and excellence. Where he died was at Rome, on the 20th July (1616). Although he died far distant from Armagh, the burial-place of his ancestors, it was a manifestation that God was pleased with his life; for the place in which God granted him to be buried was Rome, the capital of the Christians.”—*Annals of the Four Masters*.

† The tombs of the exiled chiefs are still preserved in the church of St. Pietro, on the Janiculum. During the Garibaldian occupation of Rome they were considerably injured, and remained so until the expulsion of the revolutionists. Their restoration was effected through the happy interposition of an Irish priest, who chanced to be present whilst the church was being repaired.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, of facetious memory, is reported—for as half a wit says is forgotten, and half he is supposed to say is invented for him, we do not like to vouch for the authenticity of the remark—to have once, from his senatorial seat, indignantly demanded, why we (that is, the present generation) should inconvenience ourselves by doing aught that might serve posterity, seeing that posterity never did anything to benefit us. Our claims, however, upon the gratitude of succeeding generations are by no means despicable, although we smile, of course, at the idea of being recouped; the world is not so utterly selfish as it is implied that it should be in the query of the eccentric knight. From the antedeluvian period, down to the nineteenth century, mankind has undoubtedly been imbued with a marked regard for self-interest, but there is not a second of time that we are not doing something which, while it primarily and materially effects "number one," indirectly, but essentially, influences the character and the fortunes of posterity. For them, as for our contemporaries, we pore over dusty tomes, and pursue costly experiments, the secrets of which, unlike those of the alchemists of old, do not die with us, but from which we eliminate marvellous natural truths, destined to exist, "not for an age, but for all time." For them, too, our fleets plough the "green bath of the whale," every furrow in their wakes marking a path for the guidance of those yet unborn, who will "go down to the sea in ships." The thirst for discovery and adventure which characterises our day is, indeed, insatiable. We are no longer dependent for instruction or entertainment on such tales of wonder and narratives of hazardous enterprise as those gravely recorded by the book-makers of the past, and which now only exist in the nursery rhymes with which the story-telling talents of wiser heads appease the craving imagination of childhood. Our faith in the existence of

"Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

has been sadly shaken, and we are fain to accept, in their stead, chimpanzees and gorillas. Even our old friend the Maëlstrom has lately turned out to be a myth; and all the stories which we once were taught to believe of its fatal vessel-engulphing powers are nothing more than "airy nothings." Such facts are due to the circumstance that now-a-days there is scarcely a portion of the globe to which the adventurous footsteps of travellers have not been directed; and we are frequently, anomalous as it may appear, more familiar with the natural features of the prairies of America, of the arid plains of Hindustan, of the Archipelago of the South Seas, or of the inhospitable regions of the North Pole, than we are with our home scenery. In no department of literature has the press been of late more prolific than in the issue of innumerable books of travel and adventure; and this is how it is. Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, resolved upon a vacation-ramble,

cast aside the venerable classic tome or ponderous ledger with an alacrity unmistakably demonstrative of the many weary hours they formed the subjects of their lucubrations ; shake the dust of Alma Mater or the counting-house from off their feet ; don Knickerbockers and courier-bags, or knapsacks, and, if they do not happen to already possess them, cultivate those hirsute appendages which render the "greater" such a cynosure in the eyes of the "lesser man," as Tennyson calls the fairer portion of creation. Long "in city pent," they scarcely take thought to where they shall make pilgrimage, provided the insipid bricks, and dust, and heat, and surging tide of humau life are left behind. And so, with bounding hearts and glowing expectations of "fresh fields and pastures new," they are off, "anywhere ! anywhere !" out of their monotonous work-a-day world. It is a matter of indifference the locality or object that tempts their roving footsteps. It may be the fiords of Norway, or the geysers of Iceland, or the peaks, passes, and glaciers of the snow-crowned Alps, or the Brunnen of Nassau, or the bye-paths of sunny Italy or France, but the result is, in nine cases out of ten, identical—the issue, upon their return, of a volume, and, generally speaking, a genial, instructive volume too, descriptive of what they saw and how they fared ; illustrated, perchance, by scenes of nature in chromo-lithography, or—what is better and more faithful still—taken by the unerring pencil of the sun, guided by the gentle but plastic hand of Science. This class of books, as we have observed, are ever teeming from the press ; and it is to them we are chiefly indebted for the many new lights which are gradually, but surely, dispelling the mist of ignorance which conceals from us the true aspect and character of the world in which we live. But there is another class of pioneers in the paths of knowledge, of whom, perhaps, we hear less, but who are, nevertheless, working determinedly, arduously, and unselishly, in the best interests of our common humanity. Of such a stamp we find a noble example in Livingstone ; and it is to the labours of one as earnest and sacrificing as he that we are indebted for much of the information embodied in the present paper respecting the history and civilization of that long-neglected territory, "over the seas and far away"—the Island of Madagascar.

Until the commencement of the present century Madagascar was, to Europeans, almost a *terra incognita*. Its western coasts were frequented by those pirates and buccaneers who infested the Indian Ocean, and continued their depredations until the year 1722, when a British squadron, under the command of Commodore Matthews, was sent against them, and the most of the survivors found refuge in the neighbouring islands of Bourbon and Mauritius, where their descendants can still be traced. A settlement had been formed by the French at an early period, on the eastern coast of Madagascar, at Fort Dauphin, for the purpose of trading with the natives ; and in 1774, Baron Benyowski, a Polish adventurer in the French service, took possession of Foule Pointe, and connected it, as an outlying factory, with the small French establishment which had already been formed at Antingol Bay. Such an arbitrary exercise of authority, however, did they assume, and such was their cruelty to the natives, that,

except the insignificant island of St. Marie, they were gradually expelled from all their possessions. Until the year 1810, the islands of Bourbon and Mauritius continued to derive their supply of slaves from Madagascar, when they were seized by the British forces despatched from India for that purpose. Sir R. T. Farquhar, the first English governor of Mauritius, entered into a treaty with Radama, King of the Hovahs, who, from being a petty chieftain in the north of the island, had gradually subdued most of the native tribes. Radama, in terms of this treaty, had agreed to suppress the slave-trade throughout his dominions, and received an annual subsidy from the British government as an indemnity. An English political agent was permitted to take up his residence at Antananarivo, the capital of the Hovah's, and Radama's subjects were partially instructed in the doctrines of Christianity and the arts of civilized life, by missionaries and mechanics from England. After the lapse of ten years a grammar and dictionary of the Malagach language had been composed, a printing-press established at the capital, schools opened in different localities, and Christian churches organised. Throughout the entire country civilisation was rapidly putting its broad arrow on the goods and chattels of barbarism, and the most sanguine expectations were entertained that Madagascar would soon take its place among other civilized nations. These expectations were doomed to disappointment. Radama died in the year 1828, at the early age of thirty-six. Though not a Christian, he was a man of enlightened views, and anxious to promote the happiness of his subjects, and to develop the material resources of the island. An entire change was effected in the policy of the native government after his death. His nephew, whom he had nominated as his successor, and who represented the enlightened views of his uncle, was assassinated, to make way for the late queen. Christianity was tolerated for a time, and the missionaries continued their labours till 1835, when, at a national assembly, held on the first of March, the profession of Christianity by any of the natives was prohibited, and all Christian books ordered to be given up. The year following, in consequence of this order, the missionaries left the island. The reasons, remarks a keen observer, that led to this attempt at the suppression of Christianity, seem to have been partly of a religious and partly of a political character. The old heathen, or conservative party, were jealous of the progress of a religion directly opposed to their own system of idolatry, and the queen was hostile to it, because she believed, and perhaps with reason, that it would lead to the transference of her subjects' allegiance from herself to the sovereigns of England. The religion of Madagascar is a sort of apotheosis of the ancestors of the ruling dynasty, who are elevated to the rank of gods, and made the objects of a species of hero-worship. It was supposed that Christianity was similar in its nature, and that all who embraced it necessarily transferred their allegiance to its promoters. Hence the queen resolved on the suppression of Christianity as the only means of retaining her sovereignty, and preventing the spread of disaffection among her subjects. As mere threats were ineffective in arresting the progress of the new religion, recourse was had to more violent

measures. In 1837, several of the native converts were subjected to the ordeal of the "tangena," or poison-water, a test employed for the purpose of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of those who are accused of any crime. Many of them were punished with imprisonment, others were subjected to the payment of heavy fines, and not a few condemned to perpetual slavery. The first martyr of Madagascar was a woman, of the name of Bassalama, who walked to the place of execution singing, and met her fate with that fortitude which an earnest belief in the saving tenets of Christianity could only inspire. To recount the cruel tortures with which the believers in the faith were henceforward visited, would be to picture another Aceldama. We draw a veil over them, but have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that these persecutions had the same effect as in the days of Nero and Diocletian; instead of eradicating Christianity, they gave additional impetus to its progress, and led many to adopt its principles, who would never have embraced it in less dangerous times.

Matters continued in this state until 1845, when the queen issued a proclamation to the effect, that all foreigners resident in the island must either leave it or submit to the laws of the country. As an independent sovereign she had an unquestionable right to issue this proclamation; and the foreign residents, if dissatisfied, had the means of redress in their own hands, by at once quitting the island. Instead of doing so, they appealed to the governors of the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon for assistance, and an attack was made upon the town of Tamatave by one English and two French men-of-war. The attack was unsuccessful; the assailants were repulsed with considerable loss. The bodies of the slain were decapitated, and their heads exposed upon poles, in which position they remained till 1853, when they were removed by the French, and buried in the neighbouring island of St. Marie. The results of this attack were most disastrous. It not only destroyed the prestige which had hitherto surrounded the French and English in the eyes of the natives, and led to the cessation of the export trade, on which Mauritius and Bourbon had hitherto been mainly dependent for their supply of provisions; it also rendered the native Christians objects of suspicion, and paved the way for the bloody persecution which broke out in 1849. Meanwhile, we are informed, they had found a protector in the queen's only son and heir-apparent. The circumstances that led to his conversion are so singular and striking, that we cannot overlook them. He had been informed by a native priest, that a certain idol and its temple could not be destroyed by fire, and repeated this remark in the hearing of one of the officers of the palace, a Christian. Soon after the idol and its temple were reduced to ashes, and the prince witnessed the conflagration from the balcony of the palace. From that moment he renounced idolatry, and avowed himself the friend and the fellow-worshipper of the persecuted Christians. This avowal led to repeated attempts on his life, undertaken at the instigation of the heathen priests, and exasperated the queen still more bitterly against the Christians, whom she accused of employing witchcraft to seduce her son from the ancient faith. In 1849, she issued another edict against Christianity, immediately after which all

the buildings known, or suspected to be used as places of worship by the Christians were destroyed ; a free pardon was offered to all who apostatized, and the severest punishments threatened against those who remained firm. But the progress of Christianity, though opposed by those apparently insuperable barriers, could not be restrained, and no one, on reading the persecutions and sufferings of those who, for its doctrines and duties, willingly laid down their lives, can fail to be struck with the resemblance which their history bears to the letter in which the younger Pliny describes the circumstances and character of the Christians in his province.

Having thus epitomized the history and prospects of Christianity in Madagascar, we shall proceed to give a digest of all that tends to shed light on the civilization and social habits of its people, etc. Like all Africans, the Malagaches exhibit a decided taste for music, and a thirst for education seems to pervade most classes. The costume of a Hova is simple and becoming. It consists chiefly of a silk or cotton lama, a sort of large scarf, like a Highlander's plaid, worn like the Roman toga. The chief food is rice, with which the island abounds, and which forms an important article in the export trade. The advantages of an opening of a foreign trade is evident in the improved dress of the natives, and in the presence of different articles of European handicraft. Besides the manufacture of different kinds of cloth, the Malagaches are acquainted with the use of iron, tin, copper, silver, and gold ; and some of their articles of jewellery, such as ear-rings, etc., are of neat and elegant workmanship. The whole island abounds with iron, and some of the mountains seem to be composed of iron ore. The process of smelting is extremely simple, and different articles of domestic use are made by the native blacksmiths in their primitive forges. The island abounds also with medicinal plants and gums, with the value and use of which the natives are in some measure acquainted. A shrewd American merchant has contrived to establish himself at Tamatave, and to monopolize this branch of trade. As yet, no cure has been discovered for that species of fever which derives its name from the island, and which sweeps off thousands of victims every year. It is less frequent in the interior than in the low, swampy grounds that abound along the coast. It is peculiarly fatal to Europeans ; and that energetic and courageous lady-traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, succumbed to it three years since in one of the hospitals of Vienna. The journal of her experience in Madagascar is deeply interesting, and will well repay perusal. Small-pox is another disease which may be regarded as endemic, and its ravages are all the more severe from vaccination being unknown. Deaths are not unfrequent from the sting of serpents, and the bite of certain poisonous fishes, which abound among the reefs. Like some of the nations of antiquity, the Malagaches regard the serpent with a superstitious feeling, and its life is sacred in their eyes. The same sentiment is entertained towards the crocodiles, with which the swamps, rivers, and lakes, teem. They are at liberty to devour the Malagaches to any extent, who allow them the full benefit of the *habeas corpus*, without the application of the *lex talionis*. They avail themselves of this privilege when opportunity offers, and, conscious of their im-

punity, may be seen basking in the sun, or sleeping in the mud, at all hours of the day. The favourite gold ornament among the natives, which is regarded as a sort of talisman, or charm, is an imitation of a crocodile's tooth, which occupies a prominent place in the royal arms. Another animal peculiar to Madagascar, and which is also regarded with a sort of superstitious feeling, is the Aye-Aye (*Cheiromys Madagascariensis*). We believe that there is only one specimen of this animal in Europe, in the Museum of Paris. Its rarity is attributable to the averseness exhibited by the natives to undertake its capture.

The mode of travelling used by the native chiefs is the palanquin, a conveyance different in construction from those that are to be seen in Calcutta and other cities of the East. It is shaped like a common arm-chair, only larger, with a foot-board suspended in front, and two long poles on each side, which rest on the shoulders of four slaves, who move along at a rapid trot, without appearing to be much inconvenienced by their load. These palanquins are the only kind of vehicles used in Madagascar; those of any other description would be unfit for use, as the only roads in the island are the dry beds of rivulets, or the paths that have been formed by the treading of oxen's feet. The lakes and rivers are crossed by rude ferry-boats, provided by the government. The country between Tamatave and Foule Pointe is richly wooded, and abounds with the different flowers, orchids, creepers, and plants, peculiar to the tropics. Our authority mentions that he added several of these plants to his collection at home, adding—"One, a fine *Angracum Superbum*, which I exchanged for a plant from India with a nurseryman near London, bore during the present spring (1858) a number of large pure white flowers, which I have been since informed were selected, on account of their rarity and beauty, to form part of the bridal *bouquet* on the occasion of the nuptials of the Prince of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England—an honour which few could have supposed a plant, originally growing in a Malagachy wilderness, ever would attain." The far-famed Traveller's Tree (*Urania Speciosa*) is indigenous to the island. Each of the leaves contains a natural reservoir, filled with the purest and sweetest water, for the refreshment of the weary traveller. One property of this tree is so strikingly illustrative of the Divine goodness that it is worthy of being pointed out. If the natural reservoir at the base of each leaf continued to leak after being perforated, the tree would soon cease to be a blessing to the traveller; but, by a curative process, similar to that which takes place when a wound is inflicted on the human body, the fissure by which the water oozes out soon closes up, and the cistern is again ready to receive the water conveyed to it from the surface of the leaf. Many of these trees have been noticed bearing the scars of hundreds of wounds; and yet, on piercing it with a penknife, and applying the lips to the orifice, is found—what in the East is the greatest of all luxuries—a draught of cool, sweet, refreshing water.

The inhabitants of Madagascar consist of two distinct races, the one of Arab, the other of Negro origin. The former, known by the name of

Hovahs, belonged originally to a district in the interior of the island, but gradually extended their sway over the entire. They are in the habit of reducing their prisoners of war to a state of slavery, or of selling them to the delegates of the government of Bourbon, where they are employed on the plantation under the name of free immigrants. The Negro race is far superior to the Hovahs in point of numbers; but inferior to them in every other respect. All the government officials are Hovahs, who occupy the same position towards the other race as the Mantchu dynasty in China. The Malagachy Negroes differ little in physical organization, or mental characteristics, from their brethren on the other side of the Mozambique Channel, save that they are more stalwart in frame and turbulent in disposition. The slaves in Madagascar consist of three classes; those who have been born in a state of slavery, those who have been captured in war, and those who have been condemned to slavery for offences against the laws of the country. Generally they appear to be treated by their masters with kindness.

In the early part of this paper, we casually alluded to Baron Benyowski, a Polish adventurer, who, in the year 1774, took possession of Foule Pointe, where he endeavoured to establish himself as an independent sovereign. Any notice, however, of Madagascar, would be incomplete without a passing notice of this man's strange and chequered life. Born in Hungary, but descended of Polish parents, he held the rank of general in the Russian service, till after the death of the king of Poland, in 1765, when he joined the Polish army at Cracow, was taken prisoner, and banished to Siberia. He contrived to effect his escape in company with some other exiles, and after capturing, at Kamtschatka, three vessels of war, reached Macao, where he disposed of them and their cargoes. From Macao he proceeded to Mauritius, where his attention was directed to Madagascar. He proceeded to France, and was invested by the government with authority to form a French settlement at Madagascar. He raised a corps of volunteers, and reached Mauritius in safety, where the authorities, from a feeling of jealousy, placed every obstacle in his way. After some delay he embarked for Madagascar, where he met with a friendly reception from the native chiefs, and proceeded at once to form a settlement at Antongil Bay, using Foule Pointe as one of his outlying factories. Everything seemed to promise a successful issue to his enterprise, when the French government were induced, by the representations of the government of Mauritius, to send out a commission of inquiry, after which Benyowski left the settlement and the service of France. Meanwhile, an old female slave from Mauritius had circulated the report that Benyowski was the son of a native sovereign, who had been carried off to Mauritius. Exposure to the sun in tropical climates, for a lengthened period, often so alters the complexion and the very expression of features, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish Europeans from the natives, whose habits and dress they have adopted. When her Majesty's brig, the "Frolic," picked up Dr. Livingstone, at Quillimane, to convey him to Mauritius, his face was so scarred by the wounds which the "far-darting" god had inflicted on him, and his gestures and action in

speaking so similar to those of the African tribes, who had been his sole companions for years, that he had far more the appearance of a Bechuana than of an Englishman. We mention this to show that there was nothing improbable in the story of the old slave, which met at once with general credence. Benyowski was proclaimed sovereign of the Mahavelona district, which extends from Tamatave to the north of Foule Pointe; and, on the evening of the same day, 300 females came to Madame Benyowski by moonlight, and took the oath of allegiance to her as their sovereign. Anxious to open commercial relations with other countries, Benyowski proceeded to Europe, but, being unsuccessful in his attempts to form alliances with the French and English, he bought a ship and sailed for North America. He returned to Madagascar with two vessels, and soon after a frigate was despatched against him from Mauritius, which attacked and destroyed his fort, and he himself fell while defending it. Several documents in the handwriting of this extraordinary man are still extant, and evidence that his views on many points must have been far in advance of the age in which he lived.

The Malagaches are a race, we may observe in conclusion, who are extremely jealous of their liberties, and of all foreign interference with the management of their internal affairs. France is the only European power that ever possessed settlements in Madagascar; but any claims which she may have enjoyed prior to 1815, ceased when all her settlements in that island were handed over by the English to the native authorities. Recent events, however, prove that France has still a strong desire to establish a footing in the island, but the task is one the difficulties of which it would be impossible to overrate. Radama's two generals, Hazo and Tazo (jungle and fever), are still alive, and ready to strike down any foreigner who dares to encounter them. It is probable, however, that Madagascar will be left to work out the problem of her future history, free from all alien interference. As it is, we have but to express an earnest hope that a purer faith and a loftier civilization may ultimately inaugurate a new era in the history of this plenty-gifted island "over the seas and far away."

BRICKS FROM BABEL.

THAT there are many points of resemblance between man and the lower animals is a fact patent in the pages of grave zoologists, not to speak of acrid satirists. But, in spite of Buffon and Mandeville, the points of difference are so numerous as to reduce all such magnified analogies, as approximate the blue ape, without a tail, to Newton, to their natural and insignificant proportions. The difference is, that between any isolated number, say ten, and a problem connected with an infinite series—in working which the mathematician has, after a few terms, discovered the law of progression.

To be sure, the former fight, travel, construct ; they have their industries, their laws,—diplomacies, perhaps, and separately peculiar gifts,—all which are concentrated and magnified in man. We, however, can only observe, we cannot understand them ; though, could we do so, we would very likely gain a good deal of interesting and valuable information. For instance, we should like to have the opinion of a Persian nightingale on Jenny Lind's contralto register, that of the winner of the Derby on a steam-engine, of the sword-fish on those newly invented iron-prowed steam-propelled batteries—the results of which have compelled mankind to concentrate their intellects on the improvement of artillery, as the only chance left for maintaining civilized war ; of the bee, that instructive mathematician, on our want of industrial organization, which perpetuates the poor-house and barrack ; and hundreds of others which will occur to every mind. It is well ascertained that the lower animals discern, feel, remember, reason, within narrow limits ; but, although man, in virtue of his thumb and an upper storey to his cerebrum, has thus been gifted with powers which place the rest of creation at a vast distance, his supreme and transcendent superiority depends on his possessing the godlike gift of language, the faculty of creating symbols for, and thus communicating his thoughts by, intelligible, vocal signs—without which he would be unable, in any large sense, to reason, and without which the rudiments of any civilization, worthy of the name, would be impossible. Language is the distinctive characteristic of man—the insuperable barrier between the lower animal creation and him. But this great and obvious fact has been so powerfully illustrated of late by Mr. Spurgeon and the gorilla, that we refrain from weakening the effect thus produced by any less eloquent comment. Compared with the other Sciences—with gray, wrinkled mathematics, solemn, sky-faced astronomy, patient physics, magic-wanded chemistry, some of which have attained an immortal manhood and adolescence,—that of language is still in its childhood. It is a bantling of hardly more than fifty years' old ; and, if no longer in its cradle, it is only just beginning to observe correctly—to think and speak. Up to the commencement of the present century, it had been the custom to trace all languages up to, and from the Hebrew ; which philologists, ignoring the existence of the Indians, Chinese, and many other nations, unanimously regarded as the primitive speech of mankind. As yet, no extensive classification of languages had been formed ; and, consequently, comparative grammar, by means of which the great families of human speech have been traced to their origin in India, and distinguished each from the other, was impossible. Leibnitz, the German philosopher, had essayed a limited classification, and the Spanish Jesuit missionary, Hervas, one much more ample ; but those, and other linguists, merely arranged languages geographically, not genealogically, by the analogies of their grammatical construction. While accumulating the materials of the science, they were yet unable to investigate the principle on which it should be founded, or to unite, under distinctive heads, its scattered elements. At length, the discovery of Sanscrit, that old and sacred language of the Hindus, which had ceased to be a spoken tongue 300 years before the Christian

era, but which remained stratified in an extensive literature, threw a distinct light on the origin and ramifications of all the antique and modern languages. It was like the discovery of the compass to the mariner; for just as the loadstone points to the north, so, after an examination of the verbal and grammatical construction of Sanscrit, all other groups of tongues assumed their historic position—all those named Indo-European were found referable to a single source in the east. The value of Sanscrit arose from its being the oldest written tongue. That it had reached its condition of grammatical perfection at an early age is a necessary inference, from the fact of its being the first formed of the Aryan tongues of which we have any memorial. That it was spoken as it exists in the Vedas, at the time of Solomon, is evidenced by a reference to the book of 1st Kings. The fleets of Tharshish and the navy of Hiram, we are told, returned once in every three years, bringing with them gold, silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks,—all which words are not Hebrew, but corruptions of the Sanscrit, and as foreign to the vocabulary of the Bible as the Malay words *gutta percha*, or gum of the percha-tree, are to the English. It must not be understood, however, that Sanscrit, though older than Hebrew, was the original tongue of mankind. It had very likely, at a remote period, been an agglutinative language, like those of the Turanian family, and had only been perfected by its becoming the vocal medium of the first settled agricultural community, that of the Aryans, who selected this name. It is derived from the word *ar*, to plough, to distinguish themselves from the nomadic races, or Turanians, whose name, Tura, signifies the swiftness of a horseman. Resemblances sufficiently strong are found between the Sanscrit and the Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic, to lead to the classification of those tongues in the same group; but, as all the latter display a series of formations more primitive than those of Sanscrit, it is inferred that the great family of Indo-European languages were not directly derived from it, but were branches of one original Aryan stock of speech, not as yet Sanscrit, which, disseminated over Europe, in successive waves of migration, reflected each, the original condition of the Aryan tongues at their period of separation. Languages are now divided into three great families—the Aryan, or Indo-European, the Turanian, and Semitic. The people who spoke the first are supposed to have had their original seat among the elevated plains of Central Asia, from which region their earliest movement was into Northern India, over which they spread, developing, in process of time, the modern Indic dialects—the Hindi, Hindustani, Mahratti, and Bengali. Long before these latter arose, however, branches of the Aryans extended over different districts of Asia, and had passed into Europe, by two great highways—one through Chorassan, to the north and the east of modern Russia, to the Black Sea, and Thrace; another from Armenia, across the Caucasus and Euxine, to northern Greece, and along the Danube, to Germany. Let us briefly enumerate those divisions of the Aryan family of languages, which indicate the historic ramifications of mankind from their cradle, near the dawn, to the west, and setting sun. First, in order of time, comes the Iraic class, which comprises the Zend, the

ucent language of the Zoroastrians, that of modern Persia, of Armenia, Afghanistan, Bochara, of the Kurds, and the Ossetis of the Caucasus. Secondly, the Celtic, the tongue of the first people who passed into Europe, and who occupied Switzerland, the Tyrol, the country south of the Danube, Gaul, Spain, Belgium, and Britain. The only remaining dialects of this tongue are the Cymric—namely, the Welsh and the Cornish, which latter became extinct a short time since; the Armorican of Brittany, and the Gaelic, or that still spoken in Ireland, the Gaelic dialect of West Scotland, and that of the Isle of Man. Thirdly, the Teutonic, which includes the old Gothic, the Dutch, Friesian, Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian. Fourthly, the Slavonic, of which the eastern branch comprises the Russian, Bulgarian, and Illyrian, (among the last is to be numbered Servian, Croatian, Slavonian, and Albanian); while the western branch is represented in the language of Poland, Bohemia, and Lusatia, in the Windic or Lettic tongue of Kurland and Livonia, in the Lithuanian of East Prussia, and in old Prussia. Fifthly, the Hellenic, whose history is easily traceable from Homer downwards. And Sixthly, the Italic, which includes the provincial dialects of Italy, the Oscan, Umbrian, the classical Latin and its branches, the Provençal, modern Italian, modern Spanish, Portuguese, French, Wallachian, and Grison. However diverse the vocabulary of those numerous languages may be, the grammatical resemblances they exhibit testify that they belong to one family—the Indo-European grammar is the unmistakable proof of the genealogical affinity between languages the most remotely scattered; and it is by this test we discover such startling facts, for instance, as that the natives of Ceylon and Iceland—that the Sepoy and British soldier—virtually speak the same tongue. The Semitic family of languages, or those spoken in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia, are divided into the Armaic, the Hebraic, and Arabic. The Armaic, or that spoken in the north of the first-mentioned regions, has two dialects, Syriac and Chaldaic, which latter was adopted by the Jews, after the Babylonian captivity. In the Targums, or paraphrases of the Old Testament, which were made about the period of the first century, specimens of this old tongue are preserved, and hence it has been discovered that it was the language of Christ and his disciples, for the few authentic oriental words which are scattered through the Greek gospels as spoken by Christ, such as *Tabitha*, *Kumi*, *Maranatha*, and *Abba*, are not Hebrew or Chaldee, but Armaic.

The Aryan and Semitic are the only families of speech worthy of the name, they are what are called inflective languages, to distinguish them from those of the Taurian or agglutonative, terminational tongues, and as both presuppose the formations of a perfect system of grammar previous to the divergence of their dialects. The characteristic of the Semitic languages, which testifies their unity, is that each root must consist of three consonants, all words thence derived being formed simply by a change of vowels, leaving the consonantal skeleton intact. Like the groups of the Aryan languages, the Semitic are formed from about five hundred roots; the Chinese also, which is the most primitive of the Taurian tongues now existing, is, like the San-

script, based on a similar number. The English, also, has but five hundred roots. But how extensively a language can ramify from so limited a number of primitive words may be seen in both British and Celestial vocabularies. The Turaman languages, or those which are still in a state of infancy, cover almost all the barbarous regions, and include some of the civilized and semi-civilized regions of the globe. They are spoken all through the islands of the South Pacific, in the Malay Peninsula, in China, Japan, Siberia, Northern Persia, in the Caucasus, Asia Minor, Hungary, in Southern Russia, along the Baltic coasts, in Lapland, and other places. With the exception of the Finnic and Turkish, few of the Tauraman languages have a grammar or a written literature. Comparative philology, which considers languages not as a means, but as objects of the natural history of the human mind, and which divides them into families, according to the different analogies of their internal structure, leads us back to the most primitive ages of mankind, indicates how races and nations, separated from each other by wide intervals, are originally related; how they proceeded from the same source and locality, it follows them in their growth, manhood, decay, and resurrection, and those who speak them in their migrations, and while throwing a valuable light not only on written history, but upon epochs of which we have no memorial, enables the student to ascend to the very beginning of human speech itself. Looked at in this point of view, those dry particles of language, called roots, become in the highest degree interesting; when in any familiar words we trace a particle which has preserved its meaning in its descent from a language long extinct, spoken by people thousands of miles, and thousands of years removed from us, the discovery surprises us like that of finding some coin of an antique dynasty of the East among our pence and halfpence. Roots are words which cannot be reduced to a simpler form. There are two descriptions of them, respectively named, predicative and demonstrative. A predicative root is so called, because, into whatever composition it enters, it predicates the same conception; a word, for instance, which originally meant light, would form the root of those by which the sun and stars are named; while demonstrative roots are those which express isolated and definite ideas, such as here, then, who, what, and such like particles. Pronouns, which are among the oldest elements of language, have, in those of the Indo-European group, preserved their terminations with greater fidelity than either nouns or adjectives. Some have attempted to account for the creation of those roots by supposing them to have been involuntary interjections; others, that they were imitations of sounds;—such is the principle of the two theories of interjection and onomatopœia. That, indeed, a portion of a language might be formed on the latter principle is possible, in illustration of which, we have the story of the Englishman in China, who, feeling suspicious of the ingredients of a dish placed before him, and wishing to know whether it were a duck, said interrogatively, “*Quack-quack?*” upon which he received the satisfactory answer, “*Bow-wow!*” Were, however, languages so formed they would be merely limited to imitations of the sounds of the lower animals, etc. But this theory, as well as the other, has been completely exploded by an examination of the

mass of words in all languages, in which every root is found to express a general, not an individual idea, originated by the constructive reason of mankind. The word moon, for instance, (a very old one by the way) and which is named *mas* in Sanscrit, is not derived from any idea connected with its light as a mere object of the senses, but from a root *ma*, to measure, because it was the measurer of time, of the months ; hence came the word for month, *masa*, hence that of an instrument for measuring, *matram*, hence the Greek *metron*, and our *metre*. Again, as an instance of the interjectional theory, take the German word, *fiend*. Some have supposed it to have been formed from some expression of dislike or disgust—from *foh*, fie ! But what is the fact ? It is a participle of *fian*, to hate, which had its origin in the Sanscrit *piy*, to hate, or destroy. Among the class of words which have best resisted the wear and tear of the centuries succeeding the separations and migrations of the Aryan family are the numerals of the Indo-European tongues. Several of those in the Sanscrit point to a period long before the west bore the traces of Celt and Teuton. There, *par example*, is the numeral seven. It has been supposed by Chevalier Bunsen that the old hieroglyphical language of Egypt had an existence long antecedent to the formation of the Semitic languages, before the Hebrew or Phœnician (speaking those dialects) set foot on the land of the pyramid and dromedary. In illustration of this hypothesis, we find that the word seven, in the hieroglyphic language, is *safeh*, and this not only closely resembles the Sanscrit *sapta*, but the old Persian *hapta*, the Greek *epta*, the Latin *septem*, on the Aryan side ; but on the Semitic, the Hebrew *schilechah*, the Arabic *sabatum*, which latter explains the Hebrew Sabbath, or “seventh day.” In short, such roots are like seeds, which, though they may exhibit various developments, according to the different soils and climates through which they are scattered, invariably preserve the germs of the plant from which they originally sprung. When any form of speech becomes the medium of a fixed, civilized, and literary community—when it becomes classical—its natural growth ceases, or is only contingently maintained through its dialects, which resemble green saplings springing round the trunk of some old tree, which has long ceased to expand, or to fresh rivulets running into some moveless sheet of water. Sometimes we find, as in the communities of ancient Greece, a number of dialects of the same tongue, each highly cultivated. Sometimes, and such is generally the case, a single dialect becomes fortuitously that of a nation—as in Italy, where the Latin obtained a supremacy through the Romans ; while others, equally old, such as the Oscan and Umbrian, continued the languages of the provinces during the period of the empire, but long afterwards, as the modern Italian, which is not specially a dialect of the Latin, but a growth of all those of Italy, testifies. In the Romance languages the process of formation was similar ; and those of every modern people, east and west,—Indians, Persians, Germans, French, Portuguese, Anglo-Saxons,—while retaining each an original specialite, have, in like manner, grown up and taken shape from their cognate dialects. The language of England, for instance, which dates from the seventh century, and in which the proportion of Latin

to that of German words is vastly greater, but whose Teutonic origin and character is demonstrated in its grammar, is surrounded by a great number of dialects; some of which, such as that of Dorsetshire, not only exhibits forms more primitive, but possesses a vocabulary richer in many points than that of Wessex, which became the basis of the language in which Shakspeare wrote. From the 500 roots on which the English is founded, a vocabulary of forty thousand words have ramified; but of these, an immense collection have become obsolete. Since 1611, when the translation of the English Bible first appeared, 388 words current in the volume have fallen into disuse. Since then, also, many changes have occurred in the grammatical forms of the language. The third person singular *th* has been entirely replaced by *s*. People no longer say or write *he liveth, spak, drave*, etc. The distinction between *ye* and *you* has been abolished, and we have created, or rather popularised, the neuter pronoun *its*—a word which is not to be found in the Bible; and, though occurring a couple of times in Shakspeare, has only acquired a prominence in the language since the beginning of the 17th century. How moderate a quantity of the English vocabulary has been, or is, in use, will be seen from the following facts:—In Shakspeare, whose command of language was greater than that of any other writer, ancient or modern, there are 15,000 words; in Milton, 8,000; in the British Bible, 5,642. The general number used at the present day, in conversation, in press and circulating library literature, is limited to between three and four thousand words, though accurate thinkers and eloquent speakers frequently ascend to the command of 10,000. For all practical purposes this number suffices; but it is a curious fact, that four-fifths of the English tongue remains fallow in the dictionary, which resembles a vast wardrobe crowded with the fashions of manifold ages, of which John Bull and his family are content to exhibit but a few well-fitting and useful suits. The per centage of Anglo-Saxon words in Shakspeare is from 80 to 90; in Milton, nearly the same; in Swift, from 68 to 85; in Johnson, 72; in Tennyson, 87; in Ruskin, 73. The effect of Johnson's Dictionary was to bring a large proportion of Latin words into use; but this proportion has declined since the resumed study of the Elizabethan literature.

The superior grammatical construction of the Aryan languages has been the cause of this wide-spread extension—the area of the Semitic has been comparatively limited—Mesopotamia, Syria, Arabia, and the strip of North African coast, from Egypt to Mauritania. The tongues of the Africans and the American aborigines are confined to small regions, nor from their defective structure can their spread be facilitated. It may be said, indeed, that, conditions favouring the language with the most perfect grammar would obtain the widest acceptance, even some of the most perfectly formed are capable of improvement. The English, for instance, might be much advantaged by giving its declension an ablative and vocative. English is, perhaps, the most heterogenous language in the world: of its 40,000 words, 30,000 remain unutilized in its lexicons; of those 22,500 are Latin, 7,500 English; and of the 10,000 in use, an equal proportion are

Latin and English. Its terms for perception are Saxon, of appreciation, foreign. From the Hebrew it derives all terms connected with religion ; those relating to arithmetic, astronomy, and chemistry, from the Arabic, and also the names of many objects of merchandise ; almost an equal proportion of exotic terms from Persia, Hindustan, China, and the aborigines of America ; and from the Dutch the greater part of its sea terms, such as sloop, skipper, schooner, yacht, etc. English, in a word, is just as much composite on the following sentence : " *Como esta, Monsieur ? J'espere que usted se porte, very well;*" but, while its expression of feeling and thought is essentially Latin, so indissolubly is its original Saxon element, which now chiefly forms its articulative links, interwoven in its tissue, that it would be impossible to write a sentence of twelve words without one being Saxon. The great power of homogeneous languages, Indian, Greek, German, etc., consist in the facilities they afford for creative verbal composition. In Aristophanes there is a word fourteen syllables long, which was considered a curiosity of construction until the Germans rivalled it in forming the following equivalent—

Morgendammerungshandelnacherrchtoverderbmiihwanderung — which means laboriously wandering about in the morning twilight to bring actions and pervert justice.

Sanskrit is, undoubtedly, one of the most perfect and grammatical languages in the world. In its abundance, delicacy, perspicuity, and exactitude of analysis, it typifies the Indian genius, no other tongue exhibiting in such extreme degrees the spontaneous qualities of tropical exuberance, in union with so unequalled a power of concision. This latter character is seen in the Vedic and grammatical Soutras, or bodies of rules and maxims, which exceed even the golden verses of Pythagoras in their intense apothemic brevity of expression. A few data respecting this, the earliest and most complete spoken language, may not be uninteresting. The alphabet of Sanscrit (whose name means, compact, purely compounded ; in contradistinction to the Pracrit, or that later dialect in which the dramatic literature of Hindustan is written, and which has an exactly opposite meaning,) consists of fifty letters. No tongue has so many compound nouns and adjectives, and these, unlike those of other languages, are not contained in the dictionary, but capable of being formed orally, at pleasure, and by a rule, which consists in changing the final letters of each word to agree with the initial of the next ; the number of compounds of which it admits are thus indefinite, so that a single word may be a hundred syllables long, a circumstance which has afforded the Indian poets boundless scope in the use of vocables, and accounts for the great variety of metres which are found in this literature. Sanscrit has twelve kinds of adverbs ; its nouns, like those of Latin and Greek, end in *os* and *us* masculine, and *on* neuter ; like them, also, its pronouns are irregular ; its verbs have three voices, like the Greek, but in their conjugation, under different moods, they have fifty-four tenses less, or eleven in the active, middle, and passive, respectively ; while, in Greek, there are twenty-eight in the first, twenty-eight in the second, and thirty-one in the last. It has three classes of consonants, not

to be found in Greek, and which it is impossible for the European mouth to pronounce or distinguish, but is less rich in vowels, among which the preponderance of the *a* sound renders it monotonous to western ears. The preponderance of vowel or labial sounds in language is, doubtless, the result of climate, acting on organization; and hence the abundance of *o's* in Italian, in which every second word ends with that letter—hence the predominance of consonants in the Teutonic, which, like the Celtic, (a far more musical tongue, but which abounds in words terminating in *h*,) is also a lingual language. In Sauscrit there are five declensions, of which four end with vowels, and one with consonants. These have three numbers and seven cases, or three more than the Greek. In synonymous terms it equals, perhaps surpasses, any language. Words serving to express the same idea vary from 2 to 35. Thus, there are 5 terms for light, 11 for cloud, 20 for moon, 26 for snake, 35 for slaughter, and 37 for sun. In Sanscrit poetry, of which there are two orders, and which is without rhyme, two lines generally constitute a verse; the different metres making the lines quick and slow, without affecting their numbers. In Sanscrit there are also three kinds of prose—the common, the elegant, and the refined; so much, however, does oriental differ from European taste, that the first would be designated by us as elegant, the second as verbose, and the third as bombastic. Without a knowledge of its derivative elements, and the logic of its grammar, no person can properly be said to understand his own language. Most people, indeed, remain ignorant of the radical power and signification of their own tongues. Hence, Goethe says truly—"He who is unacquainted with any other language, is ignorant of his own;" and a similar idea is expressed by the French writer, Courier, in one of those brief and peculiar phrases which distinguish his admirable style:—"There are," he says, "five or six persons in Europe who understand Greek; those who know French are much fewer."

Though hieroglyphical writing was, doubtless, one of the first invented, yet the resemblance between that of Egypt and the still older Coptic character, led *savants* to dispute its precedence to the latter. That however, it was originated to conserve history and science, the wars and policies of kings, and movements of planets, for the *elite* hierophant class of the Nile communities, is certain; and no less so, that the mass of the population remained in complete ignorance of its symbolic meaning and value. Where the latter merely saw one ibis, a liou, a fish, or palm tree, the former, according to the arrangement of the figures, read the account of a war, an eclipse of the sun, or moon, or such like occurrences—thus, to the initiated, the temples of the great Egyptian cities, were libraries as well. Since Young deciphered the trilingual inscription on the Rosetta stone, considerable progress has been made in the interpretations of the inscriptions found on the monuments and ruins of Egypt; great difficulty, however, still exists in ascertaining the value of the arrow-headed writing, with which the structures of Persepolis, Babylon, etc., are covered. About a fourth of the phonetic values assigned by Grotenseud to some forty arrow-headed characters have been subsequently determined, but how largely conjectural such attempts at translation have

been, may be illustrated, by supposing the line to be deciphered was the first of the *Aeneid*.

Arma virum quecano, Trojae qui primus ab oris—which interpreted according to present imperfect method, resulting from ignorance of the larger proportion of the Babylonian symbols, would appear thus:—

A + 1 A · 23 + u m q u 4 · ca 56 · F + 687 · Qu 3 · P + 41 us · a 9 · 6 + 48.

The late interpretation, however, by Rawlinson, of the trilingual inscription, found on the lofty rock of Tiglath Pileser, at Hamadan, in the great plain of Kermanshah, west of Persia, which was intended to perpetuate those of the victories of Hydaspes, and which is still perfect, promises to lead to enlarged and important results.

In order to investigate the origin and growth of language, as a natural production of the human mind, one should make a journey to the Indian settlements in America, to Africa, or some other barbarous district, in which the people are without a political system, or a literature. The first American missionaries were amazed at the vast number of languages and dialects spoken by the aboriginal tribes—a fact which proved that the native races had never reached any high state of civilization, or been subjected to a political concentration. Hervas, the Jesuit missionary, who was the first to form an extensive classification and catalogue of living tongues, reduces the American dialects to eleven families, but, as a much more accurate acquaintance and minute comparison was necessary to verify their analogies, this statement must be considered arbitrary; and, for scientific purposes, each American dialect must be considered distinct, as those of one district are unintelligible to its neighbour. One of the most valuable and interesting accounts of the growth of language may be found in “Moffat’s Missionary Scenes in Southern Africa.” In districts among which villages are thickly scattered, the vocabulary and dialects of such tribes retains somewhat of a fixed character from their intercourse at festivals and pilchos, or public meetings. The inhabitants of remote and isolated villages, however, who are obliged to travel hundreds of miles to attend those national assemblies, are frequently weeks absent from their homes, in which the care of their youthful progeny is left to the more advanced, or the old folk, and it is found that in the interval the children playing together through the day become habituated to a language of their own, that they originate new words and phrases, and that thus, within the course of a single generation, the language of the district becomes totally changed. Nothing would be more interesting than to make an observant study of one of those infant babels, in which language would be seen springing up and flourishing in an April state of nature; though, without crossing the equator, the philologist might, perhaps, arrive at the arcana of the phonetic process by listening to any group of young children chatting and playing together anywhere; for though they might not, under conditions so different, invent many new words, they would, at least, present a study of the natural formation of idioms, and the metaphorical origin of all terms of speech. Philologists have long disputed as to whether the verb or noun was first

invented ; but this question may, we believe, be set at rest, both by an examination of the Tauraman languages and the substantive roots of the Sanscrit—the earliest literary language, as we have said, and by the observation of any one who attentively listens to any group of young, uneducated children conversing. In its origin, Sanscrit was, doubtless, an agglutinative tongue ; but, though it must have been for ages the medium of an intellectual and civilized people, as its perfect grammatical structure shows, its radical formative process, is nevertheless, evidenced in its vocabulary, a reference to which will show that almost all the earliest noun-substantives were derived from verbs. We will give a few examples :—*Staman*, strength, is derived from *stu*, to stand ; *sarasan*, the wind, from a root *sa*, moving itself ; *skeiman*, a lamp, from *skin*, to shine ; hence, perhaps, sky ; *deepitar*, a daughter, which means suckling, from *deep*, to milk ; *danstra*, a tooth, from *dans* to bite ; *vastrum*, a garment, from *vas*, to put on ; *gastrum*, a limb, from *ga*, to go ; *pitar*, father, from the root *pa*, to support, hence the Latin *pater*, father ; *pabulum*, food, from *pesco*, to feed, etc. Of course, succulent languages, abound with words which also illustrate the growth of the noun from the verb, and we merely give those examples from Sanscrit, as it was the first spoken tongue of which we have any literary record. The speech of children will be found, if observed, to abound with the figure of personation, the idioms which they form arise from their projecting, and transferring their own identity into the objects of sensation ; nay, this illogical confusion between the I and It, is manifested even in the most poetic metaphors of the most cultivated languages ; hence we have “smiling meadows,” etc. ; hence Shakspeare—“See how the moonlight *sleeps* upon the bank.” In minds in their natural state, the intense sense of vital consciousness and action necessarily preceded the nomenclature of objects, and hence the verb naturally becomes the root of all the primary noun-substantives, which, as we have said, are invariably derived from terms expressive of action, sensation, passion, or suffering.

It may be expected that, as the science of language develops, as the classification, structure, and affinities of tongues become more definite, the method of learning languages will become simplified, both as regards any single language, or any number of them. The study of roots and grammatical forms will constitute the axiomatical and definitional preface of every scientific grammar, and those once mastered, a knowledge of the idiom and vocabulary of any of the great groups of languages will be greatly facilitated, and the student will thus be enabled to acquire the classical, and such of the oriental or modern tongues as he requires, say the Hindustané, Italian, and German, in a comparatively short space of time. Scientific grammar, also, by elucidating, unifying, and tracing the resemblances between the elements of each group of human speech, will necessarily tend to increase in each nation and community the means of direct communication with neighbouring and remote peoples and their literatures ; the gift of half a dozen tongues will become an ordinary accomplishment, the results of which on commerce, universal literature, and knowledge generally, are too obvious to need allusion. From the

increase of close and intelligent intercourse with foreign nations of great antiquity, new lights will be thrown upon the remote history of the human species, now imperfectly gleaned from a few comparatively modern memorials ; and, while the libraries of China and Japan will be popularized by European travellers, literary and scientific, (and new facts elicited from those libraries in stone, the inscribed monuments of Egypt and Persia,) the amplified acquaintance with the customs, lives, and national character of the East, will have a powerful effect on the international politics of the East and West, and, doubtless, on the civilization of the former. At present, indeed, through the extent of British commerce, the Anglo-Saxon tongue is gradually becoming the language of Western diplomacy, and, even should England decline, will tend to continue so for a considerable period, from being the tongue of her vast colonies in the South Pacific, and that of America. Both from the immense extent of the latter country, its resources, numerical increase, and commercial relations with Europe and the East, the Anglo-Saxon cannot fail to insure a vast geographical prominence, and extend a sovereign sway in the coming centuries. Russia, likewise, is a gigantic territory, whose population, by their natural increase, quadrupled as it, of course will rapidly be, by social reforms and commerce, will, in a century, equal that of Europe ; hence its position and policy will necessarily tend to render Sclavonic the diplomatic and commercial language of Northern and Central Asia, and its seas. As, however, the spirit of civilization will necessarily be directed to facilitate, for its high and special purposes, enlarged communication with every race and nation, we may conceive that, in some future age, when the conditions have been prepared, an universal language, invented by a congress of men of intelligence and science, gathered from the four quarters of the planet, may be created—a language composed of simple, general, easily-apprehended terms, with a grammar constructed on the simplest basis, so as to reduce to the fewest principles its method of combining its forms of speech, and elucidating the laws of their formation—whose written signs, like those of algebra, would represent at once the idea, the object, and the operation, and whose grammatical method and vocabulary, would, though limited to the representation of simple propositions, be formed with a degree of precision and exactitude which would render the expression of truth easy and defined, and error impossible. That the invention and propagation of such a language is attainable, has been the opinion of several of the greatest philosophic linguists. Once created—the epoch is still remote—its grammar and vocabulary would form an essential and primary branch of study in every school and college in both hemispheres, and would, in its consequences, bear the same analogy to the multitude of human tongues, each of which presents a natural barrier to the intercommunication of peoples, as the space-annihilating telegraphic wires to the swiftest means of obtaining a communication by travel. *Enfin*, possess the nations of the earth with a single recognised system of communicating their thoughts, by intelligible signs and sounds, and the progress of the race of man, in all regions, and in every department of civilisation, would be immensely accelerated.

THE FIRST DOCTORS.

PART I.

SURROUNDED by all the appliances of art—the facilities of science—the signs of progress—as is the age in which we live, we are apt to forget that all our advancement has been a thing of slow and silent growth. We inherit the wisdom of the world. The least child that walks our streets has opportunities, denied in earlier times to the wisest of men. The treasure of the ages is his to begin with, and his patrimony of knowledge is the bequest of countless generations of his race, whose mental toil exhausted their existence. We do not know, we cannot compute, how much labour has made this possession for us, and saved it from the wreck of time only by looking back to the growth of the special arts or knowledge which adorn or subserve existence.

The origin of medicine, for instance, goes back to the first forms of society; for it is a natural act of the man who suffers to seek a remedy. The various maladies with which he was attacked, obliged him to have recourse to therapeutic means, more or less efficacious. Those means, sometimes due to experience, sometimes to chance, at first were transmitted by tradition. Later, some men endowed with intelligence and a spirit of observation, collected the traditional secrets and composed a work upon them, very imperfect, without doubt, but which summed up all the discoveries of anterior epochs, and which, enriched every day by new discoveries, formed at last a science and an art. Those first collectors were the Magi, in the old civilization, and priests, or initiates, amongst the Greeks and Egyptians.

We find the earliest records of medicine in the Brahminical books, which contain curative forms, and are named *Magadasastir*. The Hermes Trismegistres of the Greeks left an Egyptian work on the same subject, called by his name, TAAUT. It is composed of forty-two books, of which thirty-six contain the history of all human knowledge, and six contain the anatomy of the body, its diseases, and their cure. Medicine thus came to be the possession of the sacerdotal class of the monstrous religions of those countries, and the use they made of it is easily understood. They represented disease as being the sign of the anger of particular divinities, and only curable by their special intervention. None, they declared, could avail with those divinities only those devotees who were regarded as their servants and families. To make this assertion true, they studiously concealed the drugs which their knowledge indicated as being remedial. Further, they wrote the formulas of their composition in allegorical language, understood only by themselves, and medicine passed for a divine art, of which the gods only revealed the knowledge to their favorites.

Amongst the Egyptians, medicine was divided into two kinds, the higher and the lesser medicine. The higher medicine was composed principally of magic formulas, and was only practised by the Hecamims, or superior priests, who boasted the power, at their pleasure, to be able to produce prodigies and supernatural effects. The Hecamims indicated the descrip-

tion of the malady, predicted the changes which would ensue during its course, and prognosticated a good or bad termination for it. Practical or lesser medicine, comprehended the treatment and its various accessions. It was abandoned to the inferior priests, or the *Pastophori*. Those were bound to conform themselves strictly for the treatment to the rules made in the books of Hermes. If they deviated from them—if the patient recovered, or died contrary to the prognostic of the superior priest, the *Pastophori* offending were punished by perpetual imprisonment, and in some cases by death itself.

Carried into Greece by Egyptian colonies, medicine followed the same course. It was in the temples alone it was exercised, and the cure of disease was only attempted by the priests of the gods. Orpheus, Musæus, Melampus, Bacis, Esculapius, Pooalirius, and Machaon, belonged to the class of the initiated, and became famous in the healing art. It was only towards the fiftieth Olympiad that medicine broke the boundaries of the temples, and, emancipated from their bonds, was exercised publicly. Then men of genius and skill prepared themselves for the calling of medicine. They studied it with success, and disengaged it as much as was in their power from all superstitious practices. Hippocrates, the founder of the science, at last appeared. His vast genius, his observant and methodical spirit, withdrew medicine from the chaos where it languished for so long a time, and made of it a beautiful and noble science. Then it began to be perceived that physicians who came from the popular, and not the privileged class, were more learned, and deserved more confidence, than the routine practitioners of the priesthood. In this way first rose the art of healing. The magic, or sacerdotal pharmacopeia, contained all the knowledge of the substances most used in medicine. It would be interesting to note those in detail, but we shall only draw here and there from the history of those epochs the most salient facts, of which many ought to be found alone in the domain of fable. The Egyptian theurgy courted thirty-six genii, who were distributed into thirty-six parts of the body. Formulae were composed for the invocation of each genius in particular; and, by the means of the thirty-six sacred herbs discovered by Taaut, or Hermes, they cured a portion of the malady. No doubt, the practitioners made some cures by the specific virtue of the herbs, but they delighted to exaggerate them; and had the presumption and impiety to declare they could restore the dead to life. The Hecamims, of course, were loudest in their boasting of their medical power. The same traditions of folly prevailed amongst the Greeks, who held their science from the Egyptians. So Hercules, Chiron, Empedocles, Esculapius, Apollonius, and others, were said to possess all the ability of the Egyptian wonder-workers. No doubt, Esculapius, by his surpassing knowledge, for the time in which he lived, effected some wonderful cures; but it was more to the idea of the terror of disease, as a supernatural visitation, that he owed his fame than any unusual skilfulness in its treatment. It was from this cause, too, that he became regarded as a divinity, and that upon every side temples were raised in his honour. One of those temples was particularly remarkable as being celebrated for

the medical knowledge of its servitors, that of Epidaurus; and the territory of the city, so remarkable for its cures, was called the sacred land. One fact, in relation to those sanitary establishments, is worthy of notice, which is, that they were always built in salubrious places, environed by picturesque sites, and all that could delight or recreate was congregated in the advantages of position. Those influences are always recognised as having a great power over disease. Besides those means of cure, it is always to be observed that the temples of renown for the cure of maladies amongst the ancients were invariably built near thermal or mineral springs. In this way we can find how judiciously observant of human nature, and its restoratives, were those early practitioners of medicine. They acted not only upon the corporal functions, but upon the mental capacity.

However, after the appearance of such men as Galen, Hippocrates, and Aretaeus, medical science began to make its way slowly, but surely, against charlatanism and fraud. It was reserved for later years, however, to see it approach its triumph in the discoveries of anatomy and chemistry. There can be little doubt of the great value of monastic researches after the subversion of the pagan empire, upon the birth of the art of medicine. To the monks, who were in the early ages practitioners of physic, is due much of the impulse the science received towards progress in the path of discovery. They kept alive the spirit of inquiry, and aided in a large degree to prepare the way for the great revelations of nature and her work, which afterwards placed the science of hygeia first amongst our branches of knowledge.

Perhaps the greatest impediment towards perfection in the art afterwards arose from the delusions of astrology. When the fever of this folly was at its height, there arose that mode of treatment of disease which may be called by the name of Cabalistic, or Astrological medicine. The professors of that art did nothing without consulting the stars and the elementary spirits. They mapped out a chart by which the manner of ministering to disease should alone be guided. The conjunction of the moon with the planets indicated the critical days. Its opposition showed the neutral days. The passage of the sun through the zodiacal signs was of imminent necessity for the undertaking or rejecting any plan of treatment. A certain portion, which would be harmless or useful, when the sun entered into the sign of Aquarius, became on the contrary, according to their declarations, a violent poison, when the star of the day entered into the sign of Leo. In like manner, they stated that the sun influenced the heart, and the moon the brain—that Jupiter ruled the liver, Saturn the spleen, Mercury the stomach, and Mars commanded the bile. Then Gaomes, Salamanders, and Water-fays were consulted in serious affections, for those spirits of air, of fire, and of water, were said to know perfectly all maladies, and the remedies by which to oppose them. The Cabalistic physicians considered themselves bound to force them to reveal the secrets of their knowledge, and pretended to be able to do so. With them the treatment of disease became a mass of foolish formulas, phrases, more or less barbarous, of signs more or less fantastic, which had no effect beyond their action on the imagination.

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OUR NATIONAL TREASURE-HOUSE.

A TEPID BATH.

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ASPECTS OF SPACE FROM OUR
PLANET.

LILLIE BROWNE—PART I.

BAY LEAVES.

THE FIRST DOCTORS—PART II.

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BY MRS. STANLEY CARY

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FOREIGN SEMINARY.

As the Reverend Mr. Treverbyn, the parish minister, was returning home from a neighbouring town, he found himself following for a considerable time in the track of a horseman who was a stranger to him, and appeared to be travelling in the same direction as himself. Observing the rider to tarry a few minutes in conversation with a labouring man on the wayside, his curiosity prompted him to do the same, when he should reach the spot, and learn through him who the individual might be. He was soon informed that it was Mr. Baily, Sir Algernon's steward. Having somewhat of a lonely and lengthy path before him, the minister pushed on with the intention of spinning out his solitary ride by having some conversation with the steward.

"Good Morrow, friend," said Mr. Treverbyn. "We appear to be journeying in the same direction, let us proceed in company together."

"Sir, I am much honoured," was the deferential reply of the supposed steward.

"You are in the employ of Sir Algernon Trevilliers?"

"I am so."

"And much you have to do, no doubt," said the minister. "Lands long abandoned need a vigilant eye, and a pruning hand, to lop off those abuses which time and absence are apt to generate."

"Less of that than might be expected," replied the steward. "The peasantry are well disposed in these parts, and hold the rights of the proprietor of the soil with every proper deference. I have little else to do but point out their respective duties to be cheerfully obeyed. Their rustic

simplicity often puts me in mind of the honest, straightforward tenour of the Flemish peasantry, so well-known for their frugality and industry."

" You have, then, visited Flanders?" said Mr. Treverbyn, with some surprise.

" I have passed many a year there."

" In what part of the country did you take up your abode?"

" In the old town of Douay."

" Douay!" said the minister, musingly—" Donay! What makes that name familiar to my ear? Ah! I recollect. A certain college exists there, where the sons of the proscribed Popish gentry of this country are sent to be educated."

" True," replied the steward; " such an establishment does exist in that town."

" Perhaps," resumed the minister, " as you have abided in the same place, you can give me some information respecting this much-talked-of seminary?"

" I have little to say concerning it," replied the steward, coldly; " it speaks for itself."

" But you cannot deny that its position is at least a peculiar one, if not open to considerable censure; for I understand it inculcates doctrines prohibited in the land which its inmates have abandoned."

" The principles taught therein are based upon the duties which man owes to his God, and his fellow man."

" I do not wish to contravene your assertion, friend, but you are, no doubt, aware that this college is looked upon with a jealous eye by the laws of this country, in consequence of the training up its sons in a faith which it has been deemed necessary to put down?"

" I am fully aware of this."

" And, if I have heard correctly," continued Mr. Treverbyn, " this seminary, in spite of the late statutes, continues to send over missionaries to keep alive this forbidden creed?"

" If I may judge from the late sad scenes at Tyburn," rejoined the steward, " there would appear to be some truth in your statement."

" Rumour also adds," rejoined the minister, unwilling to drop the subject, " that those indomitable men called the sons of Loyola, or Jesuits, are to be found amongst these rash zealots."

" It is possible they may," was the cold reply.

" During your sojourn abroad, it is not unlikely that you may have come in the way of some of these sons of Loyola, if so, you may agree with me that they are regarded with distrust by many. How can you account for this?"

" I should imagine it could proceed from no other cause than from a total ignorance of their sentiments, religious and otherwise."

" It is at least asserted," resumed Mr. Treverbyn, " that they wink at that dangerous precept—*'The end justifies the means.'*"

" It is easier to lay down assertions than to prove their truth. It happens to have been my lot to know more than one of this religious

society, and therefore I may safely say that this maxim is none of theirs. That they should use every laudable exertion and leave no stone unturned, when anxious to attain some *beneficial end*, is natural to them as it is to us all, but that they should consider this *beneficial end* justified bad and wicked means in reaching it, is a monstrous evil, and one which this society would reject with as much scorn, as they who taunt them with it."

"At all events, you cannot deny," resumed Mr. Treverbyn, "that these unflinching men greatly impeded, by their combined efforts, the exertions of our fearless Reformers in propagating their doctrines over the south of Europe?"

"No doubt they did so."

"Yes," said the minister, emphatically; "and to strengthen their proceedings, they are said to have not unfrequently stooped to acts of disloyalty, ah! of treason?"

"Here you are wrong," replied the pseudo steward, endeavouring to control his feelings. "I happen to know their principles too well not to aver most solemnly that they would sooner encounter every earthly privation than commit a treasonable act against their sovereign or their country."

"If that be the case, why have they, in concert with so many of their clerical brethren, refused to bow submission to the parliamentary ordinance, declaring the British Sovereign Head of the Church?"

"Sir," replied the steward, fixing his eyes upon his interrogator, "in matters of faith, the steady convictions of men are not controlled at pleasure; their mode of worship may be forbidden, annihilated, but their conscientious opinions will remain the same. As for the anomalous transfer of the Headship of the universal Church from the See of Rome, where it had rested so many centuries, to the brow of a prince,* whose nefarious life had made him a shame and a scandal to the Christian world, was a matter of so much distress and dismay to those of his subjects who retained the ancient creed, that it was natural they should shrink from giving their assent to it; but that this denial on their part, should be construed into an act of treason is preposterous and cruel; and thinking men would do well to pause before they carry out a law that deprives a man of his life for not doing that which his conscience forbids him to do."

Mr. Treverbyn made no reply. He felt it was an exposition of facts, that admitted of no palliation. A few seconds passed in silence, when the minister again returned to the subject of the Jesuits.

"Remember," said he, "I repeat general impressions, when I say that this society loves to domineer, and subject all they can to their dictation."

"Every man," replied the steward, "who is convinced he is acting rightly, naturally feels it a duty to wish others to follow the same course; but that these men in particular should seek to tyrannize over others is untrue; for, had this been the case, they would not have become members of a religious society which precluded ecclesiastical preferment. A Jesuit does not become a bishop or an archbishop."

"Is that the fact?" said Treverbyn, with surprise.

"It is so."

"They are distinguished bookmen, I have heard."

"So it is said," was the reply; "but, surely, their scholarship is not considered criminal?"

"Only so far as they might avail themselves of it to induce the less informed to adopt their views."

"The same objection," said the steward, "might be brought against professors of every art and study; as most men are desirous of imparting the results of their intellectual labours to others."

"I never chanced to come across any of these learned men," rejoined the minister, "and I will not positively say that I should feel quite free from misgivings in their company, lest that extraordinary influence which I am told they possess over the mind, should overshadow me with some sort of irresistible submission to their opinions."

"That would be strange, indeed," replied the steward, unable to suppress a smile. "I should sooner imagine that you would feel the same quiet indifference when conversing with those misunderstood men as you do when speaking to me at this moment."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Mr. Treverbyn, a little abashed at the absurdity of his last observation. "But, trained as I have been in opposition to all those who obstinately shut their eyes against the reformed lights of the day, it is not unnatural that I should impute culpable motives to many who may be wholly undeserving of them."

"You speak charitably, sir."

"I say no more than it behoves me. My mission, as a Christian teacher, ought to be one of charity; and I, moreover, trust that neither ignorance or prejudice may so bias my judgment as to make me unheedful of that scriptural precept—*'Love your neighbour as yourself.'*"

The travellers had now reached the vicinity of the Priory, when they parted company; rather to the regret of the minister, for he had begun to like his companion; there was something in his countenance and address which struck him as unusual. He thought he detected a cultivated mind above what his appearance in life seemed to warrant; that he belonged to the same proscribed creed as his employer was evident from the tone of his replies, and the cautious manner in which they were given.

Mr. Treverbyn had frequently dwelt upon the severity with which the house of Trevillers had been visited for their attachment to the old religion. He had deeply regretted the circumstance, and was determined to disown such illiberality as far as lay in his power. He had, for some time, regarded the conduct of Sir Algernon with mixed feelings of admiration and regret; he admired his devoted adherence to what he considered his duty, whilst he lamented that this heroism should be thrown away in a cause of which he could not approve. He, nevertheless, felt an interest for the family—an interest, which from this day, extended to the hard-working steward.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

"Let us remove to the Rocky Mount," said Sir Algernon Trevillers to the members of his family, assembled in the great room of the Priory Out-quarters. "We shall inhale more freely the balmy air of this serene evening."

The proposal was willingly responded to, and all were soon seated under the glowing canopy of a setting sun, sinking to rest in a bed of gold.

The site of the spot called the "Rocky Mount," was, from its elevated situation, one of great beauty. Steep and rugged hills formed a kind of amphitheatre around, whilst the sloping plains and meandering streams on the foreground, gave a richness to the scenery which delighted the eye to look on. To those now assembled these beauties called forth other feelings of interest, besides those of admiration at the landscape. The knowledge that in days gone by, good and holy men had visited this same platform, planted the very trees under whose shade they were seated, expressed the same wonder at the surrounding works of God's creation; and from the favourable position of the spot, had, no doubt, cast many a look of satisfaction on their beloved and stately Priory, stretching its southern front along the spreading gardens at their feet. Little did those poor men then foresee the desolate gap destined so soon to spoil their proud picture, and transform their splendid chnrch and Priory into a mass of shapeless ruins!

These, and such like reflections naturally crossed the minds of those who now frequented this favourite haunt; and particularly did they strike Sir Algernon Trevillers, who had so often heard his father talk of the hospitalities and boundless charities that ever flowed from this venerated sanctuary. On the present occasion, however, an unusual expression of cheerfulness seemed to have superseded these ordinary ruminations of the past. Something had evidently occurred to fill the family party with pleasure. Even fines and penalties appeared for the moment forgotten; and a bright halo of satisfaction, which could not be mistaken, pervaded the little group. From whence proceeded this change? could it have originated in some unexpected pecuniary acquisition? some unlooked-for arrival? No. It arose from a communication made that morning by Sir Algernon to his family, that his preseuce was no longer required at Tregona, and that he had consequently made up his mind to take leave of his native country immediately and for ever.

A strange reason, it would seem, for exultation, but it was, nevertheless, one of no small importance to the circle at the Priory, who, finding it impossible to conform to the established religion of the day, rendered themselves amenable to the severe statutes, framed against recusancy.

The above resolution of Sir Algernon arose from the representations of Mr. Davis, his confidential and legal adviser. This worthy man had been staying at the Priory some little time, and by his assiduity and friendly

zeal, had so judiciously wound up his employer's affairs, as to enable him to return as soon as he pleased to the Continent, promising to conclude in his absence what little remained to be done. This assurance, coming from one in whom Sir Algernon placed the utmost confidence, and in whose integrity and honour he so implicitly relied, he felt himself bound, for the comfort and safety of his family, to profit by its cheering prospects, and disunite his house from all ties to a country so little congenial to his happiness.

It was this announcement that accounted for the cheerfulness that reigned over the family group. The fears hitherto entertained of their redoubted neighbour at Tregosa, were now flung to the winds; everything unpalatable vanishing before the gladsome view of their speedy departure.

Amongst those to whom these pleasant prospects gave particular satisfaction was Urcella Trevillers. Happy to see her father in merry mood, she needed little else to make her the same. Seated at his feet, the beauteous maid contributed no small share of embellishment to the picturesque charms of the spot. Attired in the classical costume of a more southern clime, her dark glossy hair was bound in braids round her head, setting off its perfect contour to the greatest advantage, and giving expression to one of the most lovely countenances that the imagination could picture; whilst a tunic of violet velvet, fastened round the waist by a silken cord, marked the slender proportions of her graceful figure.

Surrounded by those most dear to her, and encouraged by the communication, revealed that day by her father, Urcella was determined to drive away all feelings but those of hilarity and joy. There were, however, one or two recollections of a sorrowful nature, which, notwithstanding her endeavours to banish them, occasionally intruded themselves, and gave for the moment, a return of that pensive look, which the late misfortunes of her family had so constantly implanted on her features. These were first, the probability of a lasting separation from her angelic little Alice Marsdale, whose affectionate and tender mind had found so fervent a response in her own. And secondly, the mortifying discovery that he, who had almost won her heart by his kind and bland assurances, had been playing a part of duplicity, so at variance with the high opinion she had formed of him. With these exceptions, Urcella felt happy, and spared no exertions to make others feel so likewise.

Immediately behind Urcella, on a stone seat hewn from the adjoining rock, sat Sir Algernon Trevillers. Accoutred in a doublet of dark chestnut, with a hat and feather of the same colour, his fine features bespoke that high and ancient lineage so unmistakable to the penetrating eye of the observer. At his right reposéd his sister, Mistress Anne Trevillers, a gentle and much-beloved kinswoman, who had never left her brother's roof since the decease of his wife. To the left, on a low massive wall fencing in the spot from a steep declivity, reclined a fourth member of the family, one in whose benevolent countenance might be read the goodness of his heart. His observations were listened to with peculiar attention, carrying a degree of weight and interest which was almost remarkable. His dress was that

of a dependent ; but there was a dignity of deportment and a refinement of manner which somewhat strangely contrasted with this humble garb, and betrayed the polished gentleman through its disguise. This fourth member of the family was the Jesuit brother of Sir Algernon, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, who, in his assumed character of the family steward, continued to prolong his dangerous stay at the Priory. Such, however, was the gratitude felt by the entire household for him who thus ran such risks in affording them the benefit of his ministry, that one and all would sooner have died than betrayed their devoted pastor.

In earnest conversation with the latter was the good Mr. Davis, the legal adviser.

"Take your lute," dear girl," said Sir Algernon to his daughter, "and give me that Neapolitan air I love so well."

Urcella obeyed with alacrity, and the sweet tones of her melodious voice were wafted in harmony on the breeze. The air concluded, a second request was put forward that she should give them the notes of the "Advent Litany," they used to hear so richly intoned on the organ of St. Marks, at Venice.

"I will do my best, but it will be on condition that all join in the responses," replied Urcella, giving an arch look at Mr. Davis, who professed the new doctrines of the day.

"Look not to me for assistance," said Mr. Davis, with a smile, "I must plead my inability to do more than give my best attention."

"That is not fair, good sir," said Urcella, playfully, "I am sure you are better acquainted with the old songs of the church than you would make me believe. I have frequently heard you extol the noble strains of 'Palestrina.' "

"Be that as it may," replied Mr. Davis, "all I can now say is, that if ever the wish to be skilled in sacred song possessed my mind, it is at this moment, fair Indy, that I might convince you of my readiness to comply with your request ; but as matters now stand, you must hold me excused."

"Only till the next occasion," said Urcella, with another arch smile.

"I have ever been most partial," observed Mistress Anne, "to the form of these ancient Litanies, there is something so soothing, yet supplicatory, in those repeated returns to the same earnest response, *Domine exaudi nos.*"

"Most true," rejoined Sir Algernon, "it brings to mind what we too often forget—our need of succour from above."

"What can be more sublime than the simple chant of the Psalms?" said the Rev. Francis Trevillers, "their solemn note seems to sympathise with the troubled mind, and impress it with submission to the divine will."

"It will not be long, I trust," said Sir Algernon, "before we find ourselves once more aided by such devotional helps in our own churches abroad."

"Is any day fixed as yet for our departure?" exclaimed Urcella, her eyes beaming with delight.

"You are in great haste to leave," said her father, with a smile, "but your impatience shall soon be gratified. It is my intention to bid adieu to

this poor old place before ten days shall have passed by, and again to seek a home amongst those foreigners, of whose cordiality we have already had such ample proof."

"How rejoiced, dear father, I shall feel when the happy time for leaving shall arrive. Each day till then shall seem a week. We shall have nothing to disturb our peace in those countries ; all will be sunshine and joy."

"May you turn out a good prophetess," said her reverend uncle. "You have at least, my best wishes, and still more, my prayers, that the blessings of Providence may attend you wheresoever your steps may wander."

"Let me add my honest amen," rejoined Mr. Davis, "for though I shall be left behind, the desertion will, I hope, contribute to render the more permanent this contemplated sojourn in a foreign land."

"I am confident that you will do your best to serve me," replied Sir Algernon, looking approvingly at the last speaker, "I shall fully rely on your zeal in releasing me from any further necessity of returning to this country."

After some further conversation on indifferent matters, Mistress Anne suggested the prudence of shunning the evening chills which were beginning to gather around them, and her advice being willingly attended to, the happy party returned within doors.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MYSTERIOUS SUMMONS.

We must now conduct the reader back to the residence of Mr. Marsdale, whom we left rejoicing in the recovery of his esteemed friend, Mr. Merris, from the perilous misadventure that had befallen him on the highway. His restoration had been hailed with pleasure by all those who had so long been acquainted with his friendly character ; his recovery was complete, and the inmates of Tregonha returned once more to those quiet habits which so well suited the indolent dispositions of the worthy proprietor of the soil.

In company with his darling Alice and the old preceptor, Mr. Marsdale might again be seen evening after evening strolling along the picturesque paths of his beautiful domain, sometimes enjoying the shades of the winding valley, and at others mounting slowly to the summit of the rocks, there to gaze upon the bright and expansive ocean before them. Never did he approach that eventful spot where the days of his beloved child were all but snapt asunder, without making allusion to the circumstance, and expressing his admiration at the courageous conduct of him who had preserved her.

"What can have become of that disinterested man ?" said Mr. Marsdale, on one of these occasions, "he actually seems to have dropped from the heavens, and, like one of its celestial messengers, performed his good office and then disappeared."

"I am not surprised," replied Alice, "that he should have declined your

request to visit us at Tregona, for it was easy to discern his unwillingness to court approbation, which he must well have known would have been amply showered upon him had he become your guest. And as for his declining your bountiful gratuity, he might not be in a state of life to need such remuneration."

"True," rejoined her father, "you are, no doubt, in the right, my sweet Alice; at all events, I shall ever pray that God may bless him, and make his days happy and prosperous."

"I join most heartily in your prayer," exclaimed the grateful girl, "and may some future day afford us the means of seeing our wishes realized."

"Well said," cried the old preceptor, "and most sincerely do I respond to the sentiment."

Thus did Mr. Marsdale not unfrequently refer to an event which, according to all human foresight, seemed to have entailed on him that portion of felicity calculated to cheer the remainder of his domestic life. His two sons were at this time both from home, each engaged in those pursuits best suited to their different dispositions. Gerald, endeavouring to enliven the tedious days of a sick college companion, and Humphrey conducting an intricate suit-at-law. The absence of the latter was, however, not of long duration, for feeling weary at so much close application, he resolved to throw aside his books and snatch a little repose at Tregona. The suggestion had no sooner crossed his mind than he set about its accomplishment, and in a few days found himself at home.

Mr. Marsdale, who always viewed the proceedings of his son Humphrey with a partial eye, looked upon this unexpected return as a mark of his filial affection, and accordingly greeted him with every expression of joy; the pleasure was, however, but of short duration, for he had scarcely received his father's welcome, or recovered from his wearisome journey, when a despatch, borne by a breathless messenger, was put into Humphrey's hand. He seized the missive with avidity, and running his keen eyes over its contents, rose hastily from his seat, and with a glance of ill-concealed satisfaction, declared the necessity it enjoined of his immediate departure from Tregona.

"Not at least, ill to-morrow," said the chagrined father.

"This very moment," replied Humphrey, re-adjusting the travelling cloak, which he had but a few hours before laid aside; "some one awaits me at a little distance to confer upon a matter of great moment, and which admits of no delay," and before his father could obtain any further explanation of this sudden resolve, Humphrey had quitted the apartment, and the distant gallop of a horse's foot announced that he was already far away.

"What can have occurred?" said Alice, "to carry off my brother thus hurriedly; he no sooner makes his appearance but he is gone again. Cannot the messenger be retained and questioned as to where he came from, or by whom sent?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Marsdale, "let that be done immediately."

"Why trouble ourselves further on the matter?" said the preceptor, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to catch the messenger, "we all

know how fond Humphrey is of attaching importance to any circumstance which engages his attention, let it be of ever so trivial a nature."

"I don't quite like it, nevertheless," rejoined Mr. Marsdale, thoughtfully. "Why not come here and transact business in the usual way, and not summon my son elsewhere for the purpose; how do I know that quarrelsome men are not wishing to draw him into their private differences, and thereby bring him into trouble?"

"No fear of that," said Mr. Merris, with a smile; "Humphrey is not the man to run his head into the broils of others; he has too much shrewdness for such inconvenient proceedings, rest assured of that?"

"Might it not," said Alice, "have some reference to his journey, a call on his purse for taking too much out of his weary horse?"

"Hush, child," replied her father, "such trifling casualties are as easily settled at home as abroad. Other cause of a graver description has called him away."

"To-morrow," resumed old Merris, "will, no doubt, enlighten us on the subject, and I feel convinced that we shall find there was no occasion for entertaining the slightest uneasiness respecting Humphrey's welfare; indeed, I could almost be positive on the subject, judging from the suppressed smile that lighted up his countenance when his eyes ran over the billet put into his hand."

With these and such like consolatory assurances, given in the preceptor's usual tone of confidence, Mr. Marsdale was at length induced to lay aside his solicitude respecting the safety of his favourite son, and requesting his daughter to bring forward her neglected viola, and give him some of its soothing strains, the evening wore away without further reference to the subject.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOSTALGIA, OR HOME SICKNESS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE subject of *Nostalgia*, or *Home Sickness* is one that has not been dwelt upon, as far as I am aware, at anything like full length. It is, in fact, one very little understood, and I am of opinion, that if the truth were known, the world in general does not believe in the existence of such a malady. It is looked upon as a beautiful but melancholy dream, invested with a poetical rather than an actual interest. I am myself well acquainted with it, for this excellent reason, that I laboured under it for years. It is true, that it does not attack the animal constitution in the shape of any positive disease. It lurks, however, in the heart, and preys upon the spirits until it saps slowly, and by degrees, the elements of health, and the individual pines away and dies without being conscious of the cause of death. I speak now

chiefly of females, who happen to be of a sensitive and a peculiarly affectionate temperament, possessing a strong recollection, and a keen sense of the beauties of local scenery. It is, in fact, a principle of many hues and feelings, and combines within its influence a strong, but melancholy power of imagination, as it affects the heart and the memories of early life. When I myself left home, I made a solemn resolution that I would never return to it without such a reputation as might go before me to my native place with honour. Well, I hope I kept my word ; but for several years I laboured under the strange and depressing complaint of Home Sickness. It is true, that in the course of this period I was struggling in the world, fighting the battle of life, and during the hours of day it had no earthly effect upon me ; but it was at night, and in my dreams, that it haunted me in a manner which it is difficult, indeed, to describe. Many a time has my wife felt it necessary to awaken me out of those deep and painful sobs, which, arising from some extraordinary impression, sometimes agitate us during our sleep. The cause of those sobs was this. About once a fortnight, sometimes the space of time was more, and sometime less, I had a dream, which was to the following effect : I thought I found myself on the top of Cullamore-hill, perhaps I should say mountain, which commanded a view of as beautiful a valley as the eye of man ever rested on ; but that which principally attracted my attention was Springtown, the place in which I spent so large a portion of my early life. It was while contemplating this scene in my dreams that my wife was obliged to awaken me out of my sobs, because she knew from my explanations what the cause of those violent exponents of grief was. Indeed, she always told me after she had awakened me, that she knew no other subject ever affected me in the same manner. For twelve years this extraordinary dream of early life clung to me, yet, what is strange, I did not feel it painful. It brought me back to those beloved scenes, over the memory of which my heart perpetually brooded, and I seldom went to bed without a hope that it might return.

What is most extraordinary, however, is that the dream never changed ; it was always the same, without the slightest possible variation. I never stood any where but on the summit of Cullamore. I never descended into the valley---never mingled with the people, but stood on the glorious elevation I have spoken of, the solitary pilgrim of that midnight and imaginary journey. What is very strange, however, and this sketch of my own experience would not be complete without it, is, that in after years, when I returned to my native place, and walked over all the scenes of my boyhood, still, although my heart did not for a moment fall away from them, yet I have never had a dream arising from *Home Sickness* since.

The truth is, that on my return to my native place, I felt a most remarkable change come over me. The country was not the same which it was when I left it, and the change I allude to proceeded from two causes, one internal, and the other on the surface of the country. For instance, on my return, I seemed to feel as if the country was not the same. Rivers which, when a boy, I looked upon as of great magnitude, I now gazed

upon with a feeling of disappointment, as poor mountain-streams—mere rivulets, unworthy of the name of river at all. The farmers' houses, which I had once looked upon as spacious mansions, I now contemplated with contempt, and wondered how a numerous family could live in them. The trees underwent the same diminution in point of size, and little groves not more than an acre in extent, and which, for want of knowing better through a medium of comparison, I had looked upon as forests, were now reduced to their proper stature.

But this was not all. Whole villages were depopulated and in ruins. The country mills, too, were in a similar state, the burdock and nettle growing from their roofless and weather-beaten walls, and the mill races dry. Then, emigration had drained the parish of nearly one-fourth of its inhabitants, who had gone to seek better homes and better fortunes in America. There happened to be a fair in my native town whilst I was there ; but what a melancholy skeleton it was when compared to the noisy and busy multitudes who crowded its streets when I was a youth. In fact, the whole country, to my eye, had become actually disenchanted, and that ideal beauty which haunted my memory and my dreams had vanished. All the poetry of my early life was gone, and I returned to my family a sorrowful man, cured for ever, as I said, of my Home Sickness.

I may add here, that during this visit I did not find two individuals of my name or race in my native parish, all the others having been swept away either by death or emigration.

Home Sickness, then, is occasionally a very strong and ungovernable feeling. It has been experienced by the sailor, in far and distant climes ; by the soldier, amidst the noisy tumults of war, and by none more than by the Swiss and other mountaineers. We all remember the extraordinary anecdote of the Scotch regiment, to whom, on their entering the field of battle, the bandmaster ordered his men to play the melancholy and pathetic air of "Lochaber no more," and that the whole regiment, as if by one common impulse, instead of feeling that enthusiasm peculiar to the brave Scotch, all burst into tears. The colonel, on being made acquainted with the cause of it, galloped forward, exclaiming to the bandmaster :—

" You d——d scoundrel, do you want to turn my brave fellows into cowards ? stop that drowsy stuff, and give us "The Campbells are Coming." This was sufficient, for most of them were Campbells ; the ardour of battle seized them to a man, and nothing could surpass the brilliancy of their conduct in the field.

Now, this was Home Sickness whilst it lasted, but certain we are that no such instance of it ever took place either before or since. It resembled one of those mysterious contagions of insanity among multitudes, which are mentioned as having occurred in the middle ages, and which, if they be true, are utterly beyond the powers of reason to elucidate. I, myself, am not the subject of this article, although I have placed my own case as an introduction to it. In the meantime, I shall insert a few verses, written about thirty years ago, under the influence of this remarkable feeling. They

were written when I was just recovering from illness, and when my mind was depressed by struggles and afflictions into which I will not enter. I introduce this little preface in order that they may be the better understood. They were published before :

"Take, proud Ambition, take thy fill
 Of pleasures, won through toil or crime ;
 Go, Learning, climb thy rugged hill,
 And give thy name to future time :
 Philosophy, be keen to see
 Whate'er is just, or false, or vain ;
 Take each thy meed ; but oh ! give me
 To range my mountain glens again !

Pure was the breeze that fanned my cheek,
 As o'er Knockmany's brow I went ;
 When every lonely dell could speak
 In airy music, vision-sent.
 False world, I hate thy cares and thee ;
 I hate the treacherous haunts of men ;
 Give back my early heart to me—
 Give back to me my mountain glen !

How bright my youthful visions shone,
 When spann'd by fancy's radiant form !
 But now, her glitt'ring bow is gone,
 And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
 With wasted form, and cheek all pale—
 With heart long sear'd by grief and pain ;
 Dunroe, I'll seek thy native gale—
 I'll tread thy mountain glens again !

Thy breeze, once more may fan my blood—
 Thy valleys all are lovely still ;
 And I may stand where oft I stood,
 In lonely musings on thy hill.
 But, ah ! the spell is gone ;—no art,
 In crowded town or native plain,
 Can teach a crushed and breaking heart,
 To pipe the song of youth again !"

The reader may perceive that those verses were written under the influence of Home Sickness; and if there be no allusion to the domestic affections of my relatives, it is because I was aware at the time that there were none of them in my native place. On this subject my heart was a blank, and the pain which it would have occasioned me to refer to them was more than I could bear. I accordingly confined myself to the scenery which was so dear to me.

I now come to the real subject of this article—my darling daughter, Susan.

She was married some nine years ago to a young man closely connected with a highly respectable family in the north of Ireland.

Some months after her marriage she began to lose her health, and her medical advisers told her husband that, in order to her recovery, not only change of air but also change of climate was necessary. Her husband had at the time a strong inclination to settle in Canada, and the doctors recommended him, for the sake of his wife's health, to go there. The air, they said, was dry, bracing, and healthy, and as they apprehended decline, they thought it was the most judicious step he could take. At length they went, and on the day of her departure, she was not able to go down stairs without having a person to support each arm. It was the separation from our family—supposed to be an *eternal* one—which overcame her more than her illness. I was fairly overcome, and felt myself unable to see her to the ship, which was waiting a little below the Custom House. She was accompanied to Canada by one of her sisters, who remained with her during her stay there.

She was still delicate, but her affectionate husband paid every attention to her. He brought her and her sister to the Falls of Niagara, in the hope that the novelty of the scene might give strength to her mind, and amuse her, and, above all things, that she might forget *home*, which was never out of her mouth.

Soon after this I received a letter from her, to the following effect:—

"**MY DARLING PAPA**—You are aware ere this of our safe arrival in Canada. We reached Portland, Maine, in safety, and the voyage did not injure my health, but rather improved it; still, I think I never would have survived it only for the kindness of dear Sizzy,* who nursed and tended me as if I were a child. I think it is to her affection that I owe my life. My husband's affection and attentions to me could not be expressed. He brought us to see the Falls of Niagara, and to tell you the truth, I was sadly disappointed. On looking at them, I felt nothing but fear, and an apprehension that they would sweep away the whole country from under our feet. I know they are wonderful, but there are many other things in this world as wonderful, and more wonderful. I heard yourself say, that one of the most wonderful phenomena you ever saw, was old Catty Cavanagh smoking a *dudeen* of only half an inch in length, and yet she never burned her lips, because, I suppose they had got quite cartilaginous by the process. If, however, you expect a description of the Falls from me, you will be disappointed. I leave that to Sizzy, who, you know, is a poetess, and will see those Falls through a poetical medium. As for myself, I think of a little horseshoe fall in the Dodder, where my husband first made love to me, and I would rather have that a thousand times than these big Falls of Niagara. Then, my darling papa, this country is so unnatural, it is nothing but a great swamp, without mountains, without elevations. Oh, when I think of the slopes of Howth, and the magnificent views which we had from the top of Killiney, when we lived in Dalkey, and of the *Green Lanes* in Clontarf, where we lived so long, I think I would give my life to be *home* again. In the woods here

* Sizzy—an affectionate abbreviation of "Sister."

there is nothing but that abominable animal, the skunk or polecat, and the bears.

By the way, with reference to the bears, I have a most startling anecdote to mention. We were asked to spend an evening with, or rather to go to a party given by, one of the members of the Canadian Parliament : when about proceeding, we desired the servant to take care of the children. (It is necessary to state here, that my daughter's husband had been married before, and was the father of four children by his first wife.)

"In the meantime, there was a kind of groaning or growling heard in the yard, and the children were about to go down to see what it was, when the servant interposed, and most fortunately prevented them. The next morning a gentleman in the neighbourhood came to breakfast with us, who, on hearing the circumstance, said it was an enormous black bear, which had already carried off two or three children, and destroyed them. It was then proposed by my husband and the gentleman, that a party should be formed, in order to hunt and destroy him. The savage's den, or whatever, they call it, was in those fearful woods, not two miles off, as it turned out, from our house. My husband had his double gun, into each barrel of which he put two bullets. One of the gentlemen said he thought he knew where the bear was likely to be found, and the gentleman was right, for in a short time they came upon him, and started him. My husband, who, you know, is an excellent shot, nearly as good as yourself, my dear papa, sent two bullets into his head, one of which went right through his brain. He was dragged home to our house, where he was skinned, and of all the frightful objects I ever witnessed his unskinned carcass was the most so. A part of him was dressed, and they all liked it, but as for me, I never tasted it ; in truth, I would as soon have eaten a piece of a rattle-snake.

"It was the ham of this bear my husband, on writing to you, promised to send you over as a present. The weather, however, was too hot, and whether from that cause, or our ignorance of properly preserving it, I know not, but, at all events, it would not keep, and we were accordingly obliged to bury it.

"Now, my dear papa, do you think I could live in such a country as this ? But, even if it were the most beautiful climate and country in the world, I would not, and will not live from home. Do, then, darling papa, have compassion on your own Susan, of whom you were so fond, and bring me *home*. I never knew how dearly I loved my country till I left it. If you were all to come out here and join us, I might be happy, but even then, I should regret my dear and beloved old Ireland.

Rose and Edward have just arrived, but even Rose's presence does not mitigate the impressions which I feel. We do nothing but talk about *home*, and as she gives us anecdotes about mamma and you, and all of you, I feel my eyes blinded with tears. My darling papa, bring me *home*.

Your ever affectionate daughter,

SUSAN B.

At this time I had made my mind up to bring out my family, and

join my children in Canada. Under this impression, and with the purpose of emigration strong upon me, I unfortunately wrote the following lines addressed to them :

TÆDET ME VITÆ.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS EVE, UPON THE OCCASION OF THE THIRD OF
MY DAUGHTERS HAVING EMIGRATED WITH HER HUSBAND TO CANADA,
TO JOIN HER TWO SISTERS ALREADY THERE.

Life's mysteries oppress me now—
They wring my heart, they cloud my brow ;
My lonely spirit wails in vain—
And I am sunk in grief and pain.
Tædet me vita.

Beloved ones, now that you are gone—
The props my heart should lean upon—
I feel the desert life I lead
Approaching to the grave with speed.
Tædet me vita.

For I had hoped to have you near,
When I grew old, and sad, and sear—
To feel the whisperings of your breath
Pour sunshine on my bed of death.
Tædet me vita.

But now the broad Atlantic rolls
Between us—not between our souls—
For our affections, far more wide,
Can stretch beyond its giant tide.
Tædet me vita.

Yet, still the sad reflections press
On my bruised heart with dark distress—
A father's bitter sorrow fears
His grave will never have your tears.
Tædet me vita.

I ask my memory, but in vain,
To find a fault—to find a stain
(It is but sorrow's selfish art),
To stay those wrenchings of the heart.
Tædet me vita.

Yes, 'tis in vain, for when I look
O'er your young lives as in a book,
In their pure pages I can see
No record but your love for me.
Tædet me vita.

Your love for me?—for sister, brother,
But dearer still that Idol Mother,
Whose secret sorrow gives no sign,
Though tenderer, deeper still, than mine.
Tædet me vita.

I look upon your vacant chairs—
 I ask for my old native airs—
 Airs ever heard with tearful eye—
 The music strings make no reply.

Tædet me vite.

The memories of the coming Day,
 Entwined with you, now far away,
 Will make, through all our future years,
 To-morrow's feast, "a feast of Tears."

Tædet me vite.

But, no—my mind is changed—my heart
 Was never made to live apart
 From those it loves—my dear ones, I
 Will lay my bones beneath *your* sky.

Tædet me vite.

Ungrateful country, I resign
 The debt you owe to me and mine—
 My sore neglect—your guilt and shame—
 And fling you back *your curse of Fame*.

Tædet me vite.

Pain-stricken Banim, lying low,
 In friendless agony of woe,
 Has his sad statue duly carved—
 Cold recompence to him you starved.*

Tædet me vite.

And Griffin, master of the heart,
 In nature powerful as in art,
 His holy path, in gladness trod,
 From your ingratitude, to God.†

Tædet me vite.

For me, I scorn your love or hate—
 I hold myself within my fate;
 And, by a father's sacred vow,
 My children are my country now.

Tædet me vite.

* Banim, for several years before his death, in consequence of a spine complaint, had altogether lost the use of his lower limbs. He had, it is true, a poor pension from the British Government—and it was well for him that he had it. It is true his affectionate brother, Michael Banim—a man, it is said, equally gifted—would not have seen him and his starve. But, suppose he had not had that miserable pension, nor that affectionate brother—we dare not put the question—for we knew what the melancholy reply must be. His works are thoroughly Irish—all written in behalf of his country, and full of the greatest originality and power.

† Gerald Griffin stands on the same pedestal with Banim. If weighed in opposite scales, a feather would turn the balance. Griffin's "Collegians" is, in the opinion of the writer of the above lines, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Irish novel that ever was written. Yet, our judgment staggers when we think of "Crohoore of the Bill-hook." Griffin's poems are exquisitely beautiful, and flow with such tenderness as we can scarcely find in any other Irish poetry. He took refuge, from a country that was unworthy of him, in a monastery in Cork, where he died prematurely of fever.

I'll track them o'er the Atlantic wave ;
 Their tears *shall* consecrate my grave—
 My heart will feel a brighter day,
 And I again will never say,

Tædet me vitæ.

W. C.

On the receipt of this poem, which held out a promise of our whole family joining them, their delight was exuberant, and arose to ecstasy, with one exception, and that was Susan. To this day I know not how it happened that, while writing the above lines, I cursed my country, as the reader may perceive, without knowing why ; but I think it proceeded from a consciousness of my embarrassed circumstances, and my inability, in a pecuniary point of view, to make so long and expensive a journey. In the meantime, the Home Sickness was at work with my daughter Susan, for, whilst her sisters wrote me the most alluring letters, painting the wilds and morasses of Canada as a perfect paradise, *she* urged me to bring them home, for such, indeed, was the burden of all her letters. The strange malady clung to her, and neither by affection for her husband, nor the comforts of their situation, could she shake this mysterious feeling off her. I afterwards bitterly regretted having written the above verses. They expected us, and their hearts rejoiced; but on hearing my change of purpose, the reaction of feeling filled them with the deepest sorrow, and dashed all their hopes and expectations of our joining them.

When I had expressed my intention of going to Canada, my friends uprose against it, but above all, my medical friends. They told me I was too far advanced in years to bear the terrible extremities of heat and cold for which Canada is so remarkable. My wife, however, was the most persuasive logician of them all.

"Have you no fortitude?" said she, "have you no firmness of character? If you go to Canada, you won't live twelve months. The accursed climate would kill you, and that in a very short time. Then, remember that you have other children, who have nobody to look to but you. If you were taken away from them, why, you know you'd leave them utterly destitute. Our children in Canada are very well off, and want for nothing; but it would not be so with your other children, if you died and left them orphans, in a strange land, without a friend or a protector."

"Jane," I replied, "you have prevailed; I shall *not* go, but it will be necessary to write to them on the subject, stating that my medical friends would not hear of it. You know yourself what to say, and how to reason with our darling, so write at your own discretion." Accordingly, Mrs. Carleton wrote as follows :—

"MY OWN DARLING SUSAN,—I put a very solemn question to you, on which I beg you will reflect deeply. You are now a woman (God help my poor wife, our dear daughter was not then twenty), and you ought to assume the character of one. You have entered into new duties—duties which you cannot, and must not abandon or neglect. Papa had made his mind

up to bring us abroad to join you, but his friends here came about him. ‘Did he want,’ they said, ‘to cut short his life, by removing to Canada at such an advanced age?’ Now, I ask you whether you had rather that papa were alive in Ireland, where, I hope he will live many years, than dead in Canada, probably before twelve months? Besides, there is another thing which you, as an Irishwoman, ought to consider. Your father for the last thirty years has so completely identified himself with the Irish people, with Ireland, and with Irish literature, that it would be a grievous thing to think of *him* laying his bones in a foreign land. Even I am Irishwoman enough not to think of suffering him to go.

“He has, however, given up the project altogether, and I lay it as an injunction on you to write to him and dissuade him against going out; because, after all, he seems in a state of hesitation, and I fear he may change his mind on the subject, and propose to go still. No country should receive the bones of your papa but his native Ireland, and I feel, besides, that if he found himself far removed from it, he would break down and die. No one knows how he loves Ireland and her people better than I do. You yourself ought to know it as well. When he wrote these lines he was in a state of such distraction as none of the family ever saw him in before. We heard his groans and his sobbings, and felt that something was wrong. He had just finished them, and was in a state of the most violent grief—abusing Ireland, abusing everybody, abusing everything. We gathered about him, and did all that was in our power to compose him.”*

At this time, a melancholy event occurred, which nearly closed her young, artless, and innocent life. She lost her first child. In the village where they lived, there was no such thing as an undertaker. A coffin was made by a neighbouring carpenter, and when she saw the man approach the house with the little emblem of death under his arm, the young mother went into the room where the dead body of her baby lay, after which she locked and bolted the door, and lying down on the bed, she took the inanimate child in her arms, and lay there, with her mouth pressed against its pale and lifeless little cheek. The hour appointed, however, for its interment had come, and her husband went to the door, not apprehending that there would have been any obstruction to his entrance. His surprise was great then, or rather it was not great, for it was just what he expected, when he was told from within, that she would not admit him. He reasoned with her, but to no purpose. She said she would not part with the child. God help the young and interesting mother; she was at that time only a little beyond nineteen!

Her sister, who lived with them, was then called upon, but her remonstrances were equally vain. At length her husband was obliged to get a ladder, and enter by one of the front windows. Death was new to her, and very terrible, especially that of her first born. I mention this circumstance as a proof of the extraordinary affection of her disposition. A violent struggle took place, and she fought like a young tigress, in order to retain

* The above is only an extract.

the infant. Her husband unlocked the door and unbolted it, and then called in her sister to his assistance. Her sister's tears had more effect upon her than any thing else. She at length yielded, partly from exhaustion, and partly owing to the influence which her sister's sorrow had upon her.

For two months after this she was confined to bed, and lay for the greater portion of that time in a hopeless state. She had frequent accesses of delirium, during which she would attempt to sing "Home, sweet home."

At length she improved a little, but her sister could observe that she was perpetually searching her husband's drawers, and his pockets, during his sleep. Her sister questioned her on the subject, and on finding that her motions were discovered, she threw herself upon her confidence, and said:—

"Don't betray me, dear Siszy, I want to get money to go home."

Of course her sister, like a girl of excellent sense, as she was and is, felt it her duty to mention these circumstances privately to her husband, requesting him to put his money completely out of her reach. In the meantime she began to sink day after day. She became feeble and low-spirited, with little or no appetite. Her sister became alarmed, and wrote to us the following letter.

"MY DARLING MAMMA AND PAPA,—We cannot at all understand what the matter is with dear Susan, she is sinking and sinking every day. We did not write you any thing about her illness, because we knew how unhappy it would have made you all. She says to me frequently.

My dear Siszy, do you think will I ever be able to get home.

"Remonstrance is perfectly useless, her reply is always tears. I don't know what to say, or how to act. 'Home, home,' is the burthen of her language, and of her thoughts. She has been asked to go out to parties, but she constantly refuses to go. In this she is right, for, indeed, she is not able

"At length we prevailed upon her to go to a party given by a member of the House of Assembly, or Canadian Parliament, where we had often been before. Here her illness had been known, and she was caressed and cherished by every member of the family. She was very pale, but still very beautiful. At length, in the course of the evening, as the family knew the brilliancy of her performance on the piano, they requested her to play. She hesitated for a moment, but the lady of the house approached her, and requested her, for her sake, to oblige the company. She then went to the piano, and gave them such brilliant specimens of Italian and German music as, I suppose, they had never heard in their lives. She then stood up from the piano, but again sat down.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I have other music to play. You know, I am an Irishwoman, and it would be very strange if I did not give you some of the beautiful music of my own dear country.'

"She accordingly commenced with one of the most exquisitely pathetic airs in all Irish music, '*Caterine Treuil*', which some person of vile taste has vulgarized into the nickname of 'Kitty Tyrrell'; she played '*Caterine Treuil*' with such simplicity, but at the same time with such heart-rending

pathos, that many Irish ladies who were present, could not restrain their tears. After that she played another almost equal to it, 'Lough Sheelin,' then followed the 'Coolin,' the 'Red-haired Man's Wife,' the 'Blackbird,' the 'Trougha,' and others. In the midst of the performance she turned round, and addressing the company, said—

" 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am not playing these Irish airs for you—I am playing them for my dear papa. They were his airs, for he loved no music but Irish music. They remind me of *home*.' " Her sister and husband both started, and lost no time in bringing her to her own house.

It was a melancholy thing that she should have played those Irish airs. It was throwing oil upon the flames. These were the airs she was in the habit of playing to me every evening when she was with us. I used to call from the top of the stairs, "Susan, I want my music."

"Yes, papa, yes," and then I could hear her light, elastic bound, as she ascended them.

Still, we were unwilling to take her from her husband, to whom she was tenderly and devotedly attached. But the wonder to us was why, with such tenderness and devotion to a husband, who literally doated on her, her cry should still be "home, home! I must go home." Here were two classes of feeling at work, her affection for her husband, and her unaccountable anxiety to get home. The under-current, however, prevailed, and in a letter written to us by her sister, from which we take a single line, it says :

" Unless Susan is brought home, she will not and cannot live."

On reading the whole letter, which was written to myself, I called her mother, and addressed her to the following effect :

" My dear Jane, I have been very stupid all along, not to have thought of what is wrong with our darling Susan. Her complaint is 'Home Sickness,' and unless we fetch her home she will not recover, and, from what I can gather from Sizzy's letter, will probably not survive three months. I have read something of 'Home Sickness,' as it exists both in man and woman, and there is not a symptom mentioned in her sister's letters but confirms me in the opinion I have formed. We must bring her and her sister home on a visit during the summer months, and then they can return to Canada. I am sure the visit would banish that strange and melancholy malady."

" In God's name, then," replied her mother, "what is to be done? Do you think we could allow her to die in Canada? No; if she dies at all, she must die among ourselves, but, for God's sake, let her make the visit."

" Yes, but we could not think of bringing her home without her sister."

" Assuredly not; they must both come home together."

I accordingly gave her the sum of thirty pounds, which she transmitted to her in the shape of a bank order, stating to her that, as it was then the depth of winter, we did not wish her to come till the May following. This consoled her, and she regained her strength. At all events, May arrived, and she embarked with her sister in the "Lady Eglinton," Captain Bishop-

This fine old gentleman, who had made her husband's acquaintance in Canada, treated her and her sister with the most parental kindness. There was not a delicacy which the ship afforded but was at their disposal. Be this as it may, I received a letter from them, informing us that they would arrive by the above vessel, then one of the steamers on the Galway line; but although they reached Galway late, they were obliged to stop there for four hours. They started, however, by the night train, and we knew they would reach home very early in the morning. I slept that night, if sleep it could be called, with nothing of my dress left aside but my coat. A little before six o'clock a thundering knock came to the door, which I instantly opened, and the cabman said to me :

"Two ladies, sir."

In an instant there was a race from the cab-door to papa, who was the only person then up. The elder of the two, who had the advantage in point of speed, threw her arms about my neck, and was about to kiss me, but I said :

"No, darling Sizzy, Susan first. *She is now at home.*"

I will not here detail the scene which occurred. The hall was crowded with their brothers and sisters, and there was nothing but embracing, and kissing, and weeping ; when I heard my name called in tones of great alarm.

"Oh, for God's sake, papa, come down to mamma, I fear she is dying !"

I ran instantly to her bed-room, and knew at the time that, although my daughters had arrived, she had not yet seen them. When I reached the bed-side, I found her in a state of such maniac laughter as I had never witnessed. I was frightened, and knew not what to do, but one of my daughters said :

"Papa, bring down Susan."

I brought Susan down. In point of time the whole scene lasted only about ten minutes. When Susan saw her mother in such a state, she was very nearly falling into the same state herself.

In the course of a short time, however, every thing was joy and delight, and outbursts of affection produced by the occasion. In about an hour and a half, I witnessed a most singular phenomenon. When the young creature who, while in Canada, laboured so severely under what is called *Nostalgia*, or *Home Sickness*, she was wasting away day after day, and month after month. And even when she returned home to us, she was so wasted and pale that I became alarmed.

"I fear," said I, "that it is too late. I fear she has death in her face." The phenomenon I allude to was this : in about two hours after breakfast, which, in consequence of their long journey, was an early one—I say in about two hours after their return, and when they had washed and dressed themselves, dear Susan was at the piano, but with a countenance so different from what it was at her arrival, that we could scarcely believe our own eyes.

In the meantime, the dear child set privately to work. She was placed in a most distressing dilemma. She wrote to her husband, stating that she could not live from him, and that, on the other hand, she could not leave

home. At this time I did not know that she had written to him on this subject and to that effect. He had then a respectable and lucrative appointment in Canada, and, under the singular and peculiar circumstances of this extraordinary case, she induced him to resign it and come to her. Under any other circumstances the conduct of the innocent and most affectionate young creature would have been stark madness.

Be this as it may, in the course of a couple of months her husband, early one morning, came into my bed-room before I was up. The whole thing at once flashed upon me, and, although many a father would have been angry with her, I for one could feel no resentment against a child who never gave one of us a sore heart, and whose only fault was, I knew, to be an extraordinary excess of tenderness and affection. Her husband and she are now comfortably situated in the county of Kildare, not more than an hour and a quarter's time from us. She comes to spend a week, a fortnight, and sometimes a month, and brings her two beautiful children along with her, because she knows that grandpapa is so fond of them. At all events, *Nostalgia*, or *Home Sickness*, is gone. She is now *at home*, and happy. May God bless her and keep her so!

OUR NATIONAL TREASURE-HOUSE,

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

Most of our readers have heard of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, but few possess anything beyond a vague notion of its contents. With many of us the idea of a Museum is founded upon recollections of the suite of rooms in the Royal Dublin Society House, where might be seen, some years ago, a heterogeneous gathering of all sorts of curiosities, from stuffed crocodiles, and ghastly, grinning New Zealanders' heads, to models of the dwelling-houses of the Laplanders, or the bows and arrows of the South Sea Islanders. There were extraordinary reptiles bottled up in spirits, odd fishes, all spiky; varnished and apoplectic-looking Egyptian mummy-cases, mailed armour from the East, double-bodied (we had almost written double-barrelled) calves, with an irregular complement of limbs or heads, white black-birds, besides a whole army of beetles, cockroaches, grasshoppers, and butterflies, duly framed and glazed. We remember also a Chinese junk, all mother-of-pearl and ivory, and minutely-executed models of whaling-boats, and other craft,—the possession of which we sinfully coveted; for, oh! what happiness would it have afforded us to try their sailing powers upon the Canal or Dodder! The Royal Dublin Society's Museum was not, after all, much behind others of the period, either here or in Great Britain. A somewhat similar gathering might have been inspected in Trinity College, where, as we recollect, a mummy's hand, devoutly believed to have belonged to Cleo-

petra, used to excite the wonder, and even awe, of us then juveniles. There were also the shoes of an Irish giant, each as big as a bread-basket, and a harp, supposed to have been once in the possession of Brian Boromha, but which, we now know, from the style of its ornamentation, cannot be older than the sixteenth century. Both these Museums contained a sprinkling of Irish antiquities, but there was no arrangement; and objects of archaeological interest were jumbled together with fossils and indescribable knick-nackery. Antiquarian science was as yet in its infancy, and each *soi-disant* savant seemed bent only on mystifying his readers. Our ecclesiastical towers were described as celestial indexes, Buddhist temples, anchorite retreats, hero monuments, and so forth; our pagan tombs as Druids' altars; and there were keen-visaged antiquaries who could discover the channels cut in the covering-stone through which the blood of the victim was carried away! A simple bronze reaping-hook could not be described as anything but the very knife used by the Druids in cutting the sacred mistletoe! Even so late as the time of Sir W. Betham we have a fragment of bronze armour described as an instrument used in making celestial observations. The celebrated inscription, "E. Conid, 1781," had not yet been deciphered. For the information of such of our readers as may not have heard the story of Mr. Conid's performance, we may say that, on the brow of a mountain in Kilkenny, there exists a huge stone, probably a monument of pre-historic times, and that it bears upon its side certain inscribed lines, which had long attracted the attention of antiquaries. About the exact reading there was some little controversy, but the inscription at length found its way into Dr. Wood's "Inquiry Concerning the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland," and even into Gough's edition of Camden's "Britannia," where it is engraved. The interpretation was BELI DROSE, and little doubt was entertained that here, at least, we had written evidence of the worship of *Bel*, or the sun, in Ireland at some remote period, when Erin traded with Phoenicia. The inscription possessed a decidedly archaic character. Nobody doubted the antiquity of the letters or the genuineness of the dedication till a curious antiquary, who had mounted the stone, read from above, "E. Conid, 1781." Of course, this astounding discovery startled many of the learned, and inquiries were at once instituted, from which the fact was gathered that E. Conid, instead of being a god, had been simply a cutter of millstones! The letters and date had been carved from above; and, to the viewer from below, the inscription was simply reversed. Dickens' fiction of "Bill Stumps, his mark," (if it be a fiction,) is scarcely equal to this. But we are wandering from our subject, which is a glance at some of the contents of our truly national Museum of Celtic Antiquities, deposited in the Academy-house in Dawson-street, and which are courteously shown by the assistant-librarian, or some other officer of the house, to all enquirers who may present their card. To say that Ireland, of all countries in the known world, is richest in antique ornaments of gold, is to state a fact which even the stoutest sceptic upon the subject of the old civilization of Erin cannot gainsay. But in the Academy collection are preserved not a few relics of the past, so

precious that any attempt to place a mere money value upon them would meet the contempt or ridicule of any man, or woman either, possessed of a mind superior to that imagined by the poet, as capable of "botanising upon a mother's grave." But of some of these treasures anon. We would at present give a sketch of the manner in which our national treasury was brought together—how it originated—and how it has gradually assumed the proud position of the grandest gathering of Celtic antiquities in the world. Many of the objects are presentations—have been given to science by individuals who possessed no collection, and who felt, wisely enough, that a single article, or even a small number of antiquities, often of no intrinsic value, would probably soon become lost to the world, if not deposited in a permanent public collection. The number of such presents to the Academy is very considerable, and each gift has been duly commemorated or recorded. We think, however, that if public spirit could be sufficiently stirred, many hundreds of articles, now in ones or twos, in the possession of private persons, unconnected with any antiquarian or literary association, might find their resting place in our national Museum. The finest and largest sepulchral urn ever discovered in Ireland was some years ago knocked to pieces by the wanton jump of a kitten. An over-tidy servant deposited in the dust hole, as rubbish, a "find" of the most beautifully made arrow-heads and celts of stone ever collected in this country. Of course, the dust-hole was searched, but as a recent clearance had occurred, nothing was found, at least nothing that was sought for. The first great accession to the Academy Museum was effected in the purchase of the collection of Irish antiquities made by the late Dean Dawson. Great events have often been initiated by humble men. Probably, had not poor James Underwood possessed the mania for ruining himself by searching for antiquarian waifs, the Dean's collection, which undoubtedly formed the nucleus of the Academy's treasures had scarcely existed. No doubt there were other persons, even in Dublin, at the time, anxious to purchase ancient bronzes, such as celts, spear-heads, and bog treasures in general. Petrie's collection had long been commenced, and every day was adding to it, but the Dean possessed the longer purse, and Underwood knew his market well; still, however, the bigger purse had not altogether a despotic sway, for while the Dean, without much judgment, bought almost everything offered, Petrie, with pecuniary means infinitely inferior, added to his collection, many objects of the highest antiquarian interest. And how were these things procured, and what had been the antecedents of Underwood, who really and truly gathered and sold to the Dean, or to the Academy, the great bulk of the present collection, or, at least procured and sold to the Society or the Dean, much more than a liberal moiety of this wonderful collection? Underwood, as we have reason to know, was the son of respectable parents—at any rate, his father held for many years a responsible position in his then Majesty's Customs in Dublin. He was brought up to the trade of a working-jeweller, and, as we are informed, seemed likely to prosper. An old spear-head in bronze, exhibited in the window of a rag-shop in Fishamble-street, was his first temptation. It was bought

for a few coppers, and some collectors of the time—I believe Major Sirt amongst others—wished to repurchase it from our now incipient antiquarian jackal. The courtship which our weak-minded friend had from gentlemen of scientific knowledge and station, who wished to see the clutch of antiquities of which this spear-head was the nest-egg, soon half overturned Underwood's mind. At Sandymount, where he had a residence, he was regularly besieged by persons interested in his even then remarkable cabinet. And how did he get these relics together? We can answer from many conversations which we have had with poor Underwood himself—when his legitimate business was a thing of the past, and the poor-house was staring him in the face. They were picked up amongst the greasy bone-yard men in various parts of Dublin, and other large cities or towns in Ireland. Early and late, from January to December, year after year, this enthusiast visited every den within his reach where the rag-pickers “most did congregate;” where the smells from decaying bones, and raw and still untanned hides of oxen and horses were exhaling odours, which only a knacker's dog could bear without a sickening. In these places old brass was purchased. Amongst the dealers there are two kinds of old brass known, “country” and “town.” As it is, the former is chiefly collected by nomadic pedlers, who visit amongst the country people from cabin to cabin, and give pins, needles, tapes, thread, thimbles, and other matters of about the same importance, for money, if it can be had, or for old clothes, metal, or, in fact, anything marketable. These wandering merchants usually sold their gatherings to dealers in Dublin, or some other large city. The rags went to one place, iron fragments to another, and the brass generally to the foundry, or to dealers in old metal. A consignment of old brass from the country would usually contain some objects of antiquarian interest, which had been dug from a bog or cutting, and sold as old metal to the pedlers. From the brass boxes of Dublin and other places, in fact, Underwood selected many hundreds of the most valuable of the bronzes now in the Academy. The number of his acquisitions was really prodigious. We have seen in his possession a collection of as many as two or three dozen antique specimens, the result of one day's exploration in the old metal yards. The Dean paid very liberally, and the course of his collection only ended with his life. In the great number of articles purchased by him we might expect to find a few forgeries; and we well remember Underwood's scared visage, as one morning he returned from a visit to the deaunery-house. It appeared that the patron had recently purchased from a northern pedler a number of very rare-looking bronzes which he was exhibiting to the admiring gaze of some friends, when Underwood entered. We believe that the Dean was glad to have an opportunity of showing Underwood that he was not entirely dependent upon that individual's contributions for the enlargement of his museum. The professional collector joined in the examination. “Are they not very magnificent specimens?” asked the Dean. “Decidedly,” replied Underwood, “but—Ah, your reverence, upon a closer inspection, I must pronounce the whole of them forgeries!” The Dean scarcely ever got over the mortification of this

unfortunate discovery, and was not long in soundly rating the poor jackal for having exposed his judgment before strangers. We believe that, for a considerable time after, Underwood was forbidden the house, but, at any rate, the "*Antiquities*" were not again shown. The Dean's collection, some years ago, formed the great bulk of the Academy treasures, but, as time advanced, many hundred specimens were added by presentation, or by purchase.

The exquisitely wrought "Cross of Cong," universally considered as the gem of the Academy's museum, was generously purchased and presented by the late Professor McCullough. It remains one of the finest, if not the very finest, work of early Christian art to be found in Western Europe. The inscription which it bears round its sides proves it to have been made in the wilds of Connaught, by native artists, at a period when, as yet, no Norman knight or man-at-arms had set hostile foot upon the shores of Ireland. In beauty of design and perfection of workmanship, in the skill evidenced by its makers in more of the arts than one, there is nothing of its class or period, (the early part of the twelfth century) in this or any country, to be compared to it. And yet, the Academy contains a treasure which to the thoughtful who may know its story, must excite even a greater degree of interest. We allude to a book and its cover, a reliquary known as the "Domhnach Airgid," or Silver Shrine. The cover or shrine consists of three boxes, of various dates, the outer one being composed of silver, gilt, an inner one of copper or bronze, plated with silver, while the third and innermost box is formed of yew. The book "is a vellum manuscript of the Gospels, which, from extreme age, has become closely consolidated into four compact masses of a dark brown colour, from one of which two leaves have been detached, on which are written in Latin, in the Irish character, the commencement of the Gospel of St. Matthew." Dr. J. H. Todd considers that the contractions found in this manuscript may have been in use in the fourth or fifth century; Dr. Petrie regards it, perhaps, as the oldest copy of the Sacred Word in existence; while the late Eugene O'Curry tells us that "we have just reason to believe it to have been the companion of St. Patrick in his hours of devotion," and adds "that no reasonable doubt can exist that the *Domhnach Airgid* was actually sanctified by the hand of the Apostle of Ireland." Here, then, we possess a work so venerable, that, according to the highest authorities in antiquarian matters, its date may possibly be coeval with the Roman occupation of Britain—certainly it cannot be much later. Perhaps, in the order of chronology, we should notice next a shrine, known for many ages as the "Cuthach," or Battle Book, of the O'Donnells, a box or case containing a fragment of a copy of the Psalms, written in the Irish character, in the fifth or sixth century, and reasonably supposed to be the very autograph of St. Colum Cille, the Apostle of Scotland. St. Colum, or Columba was of the race of "Conall Gulban," from whom the Northern O'Donnells descend, and for many ages the "Cathach" was a precious heirloom in that illustrious family, the chiefs of which usually had it carried before them in battle; whence its name. Of the less known "shrines" deposited in the Academy, it is not necessary in

a sketch like this to speak; but several others are to be seen, and one and all in the various and curious styles of ancient Irish design, exhibited in the ornamentation of their covers, are well worthy of attention on the part of those who would trace the history of antique Irish art-manufacture. With the exception of the fact that the croziers and bishops' crooks preserved in our national treasury, do not enclose manuscripts, they are not less interesting as evidences of the extraordinary proficiency as workers in metal which the Irish had attained, at a time when the greater portion of Europe had almost sunk into original barbarism. Here is exhibited, amongst many others, the episcopal staff, or crook, of St. Colum Cille. It is much to be regretted that this even still exquisite relic has been stripped of a considerable quantity of its ancient ornamentation. The cases containing ecclesiastical antiquities exhibit a considerable number of the crooks of the Bishops of the early Irish Church. It is a pity that, in the great majority of instances, the original ownership cannot be decided. But they are all exquisitely designed and decorated, often very profusely, with a peculiarly elegant style of snake pattern, which appears to have originated in this country. What a field of speculation is thus opened! Whence did the Irish derive this power? Where did they procure the bronze, silver, and gold—whence the glass and enamel—what were their processes of working—and in what kind of abode was the miraculous work designed, and brought to perfection? As yet we know very little upon these subjects, and, perhaps, the only completely established fact bearing upon the matter or question is simply, that similar work is not found out of Ireland, except in a few districts where Irish influence extended; in short, that these objects which now excite the admiration of the antiquarian world are most exclusively the results of the genius and skill of natives of this country. Perhaps, after the shrines and croziers, the bells of the old Irish churchmen, preserved in the Academy, claim the most attention. They are often of the greatest interest, many having been handed down from generation to generation, in one family, from the time of the original owner. The Bell of St. Patrick, now in the possession of Dr. J. H. Todd, with its exquisitely wrought and jewelled case, is no doubt, the finest historical monument of its class extant. The family of Kane, of Kilrush, possess the bell of Saint Senan, almost as gloriously enshrined; and other examples are known. Few, if any, of the bells in the Academy have retained their history; but there may be seen many fine specimens of the quadrangular kind, as well as of *tintinnabula*, sometimes square, and sometimes circular, and usually styled "Altar-bells." Many of these came with the Dean's antiquities, one or two specimens exhibit *niello* work of a very curious kind, and one bears a cross and inscription in the character of the ninth century. How few of our readers could expect to find in a nineteenth century house, in Dawson-street, collected together so many relics of men, whose lives have added the most glorious page to the history of Ireland! But we have not done, even with the ecclesiastical portion of our necessarily very imperfect sketch. Seals in silver or bronze of kings, chieftains, abbots, or of religious communities,

from the twelfth century down to the sixteenth, are here preserved. But for the exertions of the late Major Sirr, who had a passion for collecting ancient seals, our national museum would possess many interesting specimens now irretrievably lost. They were exchanged with many other Irish antiquities to an Italian picture-dealer, living in Edinburgh, who gave a few so-called "Ancient Masters," of more than doubtful merit, as their price. On either side, the speculation proved unfortunate. The paintings could not be appreciated in Dublin, just as no paying admirers for the antiquities could be found in the Scottish capital, so the bronzes were disposed of at a merely nominal price, and the seals found their way to purchasers of old silver. A very near relative of the writer of this article happened to be in Edinburgh at the time, saw the seals exposed for sale in the shop windows. They were, even in the capital of the author of "Waverley," supposed to be better stamps; and, though our relative, upon his return to Dublin, informed one of the chief collectors here of what he had seen abroad, the full truth of the story, not being at the time believed, so many months were lost before any attempt was made to secure the articles, that by the time enquiry could be fairly set on foot, all, or nearly all, the old seals had gone to the crucible! Some of the Irish spear-heads sold by Sirr are, as we have been informed, finer than our best specimens at home, and, up to a late period, they were shown as "*Celtic*" relics, a term which might equally be applied to Gaels, British, Welsh, or Irish antiquities. In our previous remarks we have paid no attention to the order, chronologically at least, in which some of the classes of antiquities should probably be mentioned. We write not for the deeply learned, and would first touch upon the class of objects which might naturally be supposed to excite the liveliest interest of a visitor. Of the three great races, which came like successive waves of population to give men and women to Erin, we know at present little more than the names. In the bogs, beds of rivers, and newly-ploughed lands of this old country, many thousand works of human hands, of stone, bone, gold, silver, bronze, amber, earthenware, glass, and even of wood, have, from time to time, been discovered, and the Academy contains some thousands of specimens. Within a recent period they have been ably arranged, classified, and catalogued, by Surgeon Wilde, and we want but some antiquarian Cuvier to take up the fragments, and, as it were, to re-create, to the mind's-eye, at least, our ancestors, friends, and foes, as they once lived and loved, hated, fought, and dwelt in the country we now call Ireland, but which many would have called "*West Britain*." It has been hitherto the custom amongst writers to classify objects of antique art in the order in which they would seem chronologically to fall. Thus, we read of the stone, bronze and iron ages, from a belief generally entertained, that in the infancy of society, in the West and North of Europe, weapons for warfare, the chase, etc., are here almost exclusively formed of stone; that the stone subsequently gave place to bronze, which in its turn was succeeded by iron. We have only space to say, that we believe the change in the fashion of the material could never have been very sudden. That the earliest of the weapons and instruments preserved in the Academy are made of stone, there

can be no doubt, but nothing is known of their period, or of the races who manufactured them. Our Flint Collection includes upwards of 1,275 specimens, comprising arrow and spear-heads, knives, punches, besides an almost endless variety of weapons and tools of a less obvious character. That mortuary urns were used by the people of the stone period is certain, arrow-heads, and other small objects of flint having been found within them, along with charred human remains, as well as bones of some of the minor animals. The number of urns preserved in the Academy is very small, considering the frequency of their discovery, considerably more than 100 having been found ; at least, in one instance together, but there are some really magnificent specimens, for one of which Wilde claims the proud distinction of being, both in design and execution, the finest which has ever been discovered in the British islands. But of all the treasures of the Academy, the unrivalled collection (380 specimens) of golden ornaments, will most astonish the general visitor. At some remote time, Ireland must have been a kind of California. Surgeon Wilde, who has examined nearly every museum in Europe, informs us that a greater number and variety of antique articles of gold have been found in this than in any other country in North-Western Europe, from the Alps to the utmost inhabited limits of Norway and Sweden. They consist of neck and waist torques, fillets, and hair-bands, gorgets, rings for the arms and fingers, bracelets, diadems, necklaces, breast-pins, ear-rings, ring-money, bullæ, boxes, besides miscellaneous articles. Where all the gold was originally procured is a point not easily determined, though there seems no reason why it might not be native. At any rate, the manufacture is native, as our gold antiquities are not similar to those found in other countries, either in form or decoration. An able review of Surgeon Wilde's admirably arranged and illustrated catalogue of these beautiful antiquities having appeared in the last month's number of this Magazine, we shall not trouble our readers with further reference to the "golden store" of the Academy, but shall conclude our little sketch with a glance at the silver, and thousands of bronze articles, which, even more completely than the gold, evidence the taste and manufacturing skill of the old people of Erin. Amongst these, the superb brooches and pins, are the most interesting. Carved, or cast, in a manner which our most skilful workmen of the present day cannot equal, bejewelled with settings of stones, amber, or many-tinted, composition, the secret of which is lost, and, above all, designed in a series of most exquisite forms, in infinite variety, they must be pronounced the most wonderful production of art-manufacture, of a date subsequent to the classical period of antiquity, to be found in any country. Should any of our readers think we exaggerate ; let them go and see for themselves. One Irish brooch, supposed to be as early as the seventh or eighth century, is described even by the London "Times," as "so exquisitely beautiful as to appear the work of fairy hands."

Brooches and pins were worn by the ancient Celts, as cloak-fasteners, and their position upon the breast is represented in sculptures upon the celebrated crosses of Clonmacnoise, and similar works in other places.

Were Moore alive now, he had no necessity to sigh for the "Swords of Former Times." We believe, that as our National Museum is richer in golden antiquities than any other west or north of the Alps, so it is in the possession of bronze remains and relics generally, of a pre-historic age. Thousands of specimens, consisting of swords, spear-heads, celts, gouges, tools, bridle-bits, crotals (a kind of bell), culinary utensils, pins, brooches, bodkins, tweezers, and other articles, too numerous to mention, composed of bronze, are here to be found. The similarity between our bronze weapons and those depicted upon Etruscan vases is very striking; and it is curious to remark that our bronze antiquities generally are admirable in form and ornamentation, in proportion to their degree of antiquity. We may here draw our reader's attention to a "Treasury Minute," very recently granted, through the operation of which, no doubt, much will be saved to science which otherwise had been hidden, lost, consigned to the melting-pot, or smuggled abroad, to enrich foreign collections. It is a *treasure-trove* regulation, by which the finder of an article has only to bring it to the nearest police-officer, from whom he will receive a receipt, by which the Government undertakes to return the article if not required, or to give, if retained, the "*full value*" thereof,—not merely its intrinsic, or bullion value, if of metal, but its full antiquarian worth, as determined by the Committee of Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy, to which body all such articles are submitted for award by the Lord Lieutenant.

We would be omitting a duty if we did not make some notice of the obligations to which the Archaeological public in general, and the Academy in particular, are under to a man, who, in a quiet, unostentatious way, has secured to us and to posterity a very considerable number of the choicest specimens of antique articles, chiefly of the precious metals which the Museum contains. We allude to John Donegan, of Dame-street; one who, like William Dargan and Charles Bianconi, by well directed energy, and a long career of usefulness, has amassed a fortune which, by his conduct, he seems merely to hold in trust for purposes of charity in the first place, and, in a secondary degree, for the advancement of every movement by which his countrymen might hope to benefit. John Donegan, as a purchaser of bullion, and in his connection with country dealers in watches and jewellery, has possessed peculiar facilities of collecting such waifs and strays of the olden time as are usually found in drainage or agricultural operations in this country. To our personal knowledge, he has often declined disposing of such articles to strangers, though the price they offered far exceeded the value he might expect to receive for the antique torque, crescent, fibula, or brooch, as the case might be, from any national institution. We have known him to hold things over for many months in the hope that they might yet be purchased by the Academy. Indeed, Donegan, in his quiet way, has done much to enrich our treasure-house, and but for his patience and unselfishness, many of our best things had been exported, or, what is nearly as bad, melted down.

We have also to thank the "Shannon Commissioners" for many invaluable

able acquisitions. During the progress of their works, particularly at the ford of Meelick, near Portumna, a great many antiquities were discovered, and secured for the Academy. The order in which they were found is curious and suggestive. First, nearly upon the surface, some weapons and other articles of no very great antiquity, matchlocks, and so forth, appeared; next came weapons such as swords and spear-heads, of a character extremely interesting, made of iron; and, in a lower strata, the leaf-shaped bronze swords, spear-heads, celts, etc., of a pre-historic age; and, lastly, at a considerable depth, were found the stone hatchets, and other implements of a race who inhabited these islands when society was in its infancy, and who lived in a state of barbarity similar to that of the natives of Tangataboo in the time of Cook. From another Government Department, the Drainage Commission, there are most valuable presentations, some perfectly unique.

They consist chiefly of articles discovered in or about the *crannegues*, or artificial islands, laid bare by the lowering of the level of lakes in the north and west of Ireland. The peculiarities of the crannegue, and the character of the antiquities found in connection with them, formed a subject, entitled, "The Lake Homes of the Irish," published in a former number of "THE HIBERNIAN," we have barely glanced at the sources from which the Royal Irish Academy Museum has been chiefly enriched. It is wonderful, considering the, until lately, very limited means of the Academy, that such a Museum could have been formed. Doubtless, there have been many hundreds of presentations,—single antiquities or a "find;"—but, in looking at the vast aggregate, our surprise is how so many articles, most of them more than a thousand years old, could have been lost and found. Yet old men, in the course of our inquiries, have informed us that, forty years ago, many scores of such articles as they now eagerly search for in the "old brass" were shipped off to English ports, and consigned to the foundries.

In the possession of Celtic treasures of a remote antiquity, we stand the richest country in the world. But for ignorance and apathy, our store might have been increased a hundred fold. When Hamlet asks—"Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" he is answered by Horatio—"T'were to consider too curiously to consider so." We might find a kind of parallel in the fate of many thousands of our Bronzes, and the consideration is not so very curious. A Celtic warrior loses his arms, or they are buried with his body—time, perhaps, two thousand years ago. They are found in the nineteenth century by a turf-cutter; sold as old metal, shipped to England, and melted, and cast, with other materials, into the form of a six-pounder, work-house bell, or the gear of a locomotive! Strange history this! After being buried in a bog for twenty or thirty centuries, to be knocked up with a "dirty shovel," and pressed into a service so unromantic!

We had scarcely penned what we believed to be the last lines of our brief notice, when the evening journals announced the death of Eugene O'Curry. Within a few short months Ireland has lost two men, whose names must ever be connected with the history of the literature of this

country—we may say of the world. “Star after star decays,” but when shall be recorded a loss like that which we must feel in the death of two such men as John O’Donovan and Eugene O’Curry? We but echo the sentiment of any person in the least acquainted with the value and extent of the labours of these, alas! we fear, the last of the Brehons, when we state the loss irreparable. We have great minds still among us, but circumstances are not likely to occur again when two men, possessing the hearty, honest, and natural impulse for archaeological investigation which we recognize in O’Curry and O’Donovan, can benefit by opportunities for gaining antiquarian and topographical knowledge in every county, or even parish, in Ireland, such as they enjoyed when engaged upon the Ordnance Survey. These distinguished scholars, by the inscrutable will of Providence, were removed from this mortal scene in the very prime of their intellectual strength and usefulness. If in their deaths we must discern an irreparable loss to Celtic literature, we, nevertheless, retain the proud consolation that the works which they have left us can never die as long as the Irish or English language shall be spoken or read.

A TEPID BATH.

“WHAT’s all that cackling and screaming in the lower regions?” Colonel Butler enquired of his serving man, who had just entered the diningroom with a goodly array of tumblers and spoons jingling on a tray, whereof the “music with its silver sound” was pleasant to the ear. The opening of the door had let in an uproar from the back-stairs, intimating unbridled hilarity among the kitchen denizens; the men shouting with hoarse laughter,

“While woman’s softer soul in glee dissolved aloud.”

“What is it all about?” said the Colonel.

“It is only Manus Reilly, sir,” replied the servant, “who has just come in with Sir Antony’s compliments, and a haunch of venison.”

“Only Manus Reilly!” said our host, “as if that were nothing. I might have guessed from those sounds, that the fellow was not far off. He would set a meeting of Quakers, or a Board of Poor Law Commissioners in a roar. Beg of him, as soon as he has sufficiently entertained his present company, to bestow a few minutes upon us.”

It was not long after this summons before the visiter made his appearance; an elderly, weather-beaten man, of grave aspect, and rather bashful demeanour. He was dressed in the usual costume of a game-keeper, and except for a small pair of hazel eyes, quick and observant as became his vocation, he would have passed for a very dull-looking clown, as in his present situation, he seemed a very awkward one. Nobody could suspect that a mine of fun was covered by such a heavy brow, or that flashes of

merriment were wont to issue from those clumsy lips. His manner was strikingly diffident, no uncommon thing, by-the-bye, with popular humourists, when oppressed with a consciousness that much is expected from them. He had evidently been called into that presence to make sport for lordly Philistines ; and the most practised assurance has often given way in a similar predicament. But, in good sooth, our game-keeper was, after his peculiar fashion, a modest man, or at least a shy one. He stood, therefore, for a few moments, twisting his hat into twenty different shapes, and, whilst he stammeringly acknowledged the hedge-fire of greetings which assailed him from all sides of the table, he shifted his position from one leg to the other, as he would have said of anybody else, just like a hen on a hot griddle.

The possibility of a "shy Irishman" has been often doubted. In one sense, indeed, the whole species is allowed by the most envious tongues to be *shy* enough, not even the great *Thunderer* would dispute that. But of the shyness which admits no flambeau before its merit, there is still a question, when the qualities of our race fall under discussion. Was it not Mr. Roebuck who challenged Alderman John Reynolds to lay his finger on a single specimen of *mauvaise honte* among our parliamentary contingent of one hundred and five ? and did not one of the Scullys—I forget which of them it was—"going" it,* in the family way, lay his hand upon his heart, like *Euryalus*, and exclaim, "Me—me—Adsum?"

That claim was not allowed ; the attempted exception only served to thicken the proofs of the rule. But out of Parliament, and also, I am bound to add, out of our Quarter Sessions' Courts, there are hundreds still unbiased by high British consuetude, who cannot say *Boo* to a goose, till the "dead cowld" is taken out of them.

Of such was Manus Reilly. Happily, our *governor* knew the way to thaw him. A magnum tumbler, skilfully mixed, was set at his right hand, and he was accommodated with a chair (the same which in former days was occupied by the family piper—near to the sideboard,) while the sanitary state of the household at *The Glen* was affectionately inquired after. My Lady was well, and Sir Antony was "hearty." The young ladies were gone to Killarney on a pleasure trip; and Mr. Garrett, "av coarse," was gone to take care of them. As for the buck that was shot yesterday, there was no particular feasting going to be on the head of him ; or, to be sure, the present company would have heard of it; but he was only "kilt for an experiment."

"An experiment?"

"Aye, in troth, your honour, nothing else. Sir Antony was onasy till he would try a trained shooting pony he bought from a dailer at the fair of Creggs. That is the wonderful pony, surely. He set the game like a spaniel, even before he got the first scent of it, and never laid more than three legs to

* "Going Scully," is a proverbial phrase in Ireland, to denote a person who takes more than a fair share of what is to be had, be it solid or fluid ; but especially the latter.

the ground afterwards, till the barrowknight shot the buck from off his back. But then, if he did not forget his thrainin' and pelt away on all-fours, with the bit between his teeth, clean out of the park, I'll give your honours lave never to believe a word I tell you again. Oh, he's a wondherful pony!"

"Do you mean to convey by your admiration," asked the colonel, "that my friend Sir Antony has been once more bamboozled in horseflesh, and that his new purchase also, as well as the last, is a *screw*?"

"That is about the moral of it, your honour," said Manus. "There is five and thirty guineas gone to Man-Cheather, or to a worse place, (if there is worse); and they might as well have been laid out in one of them *Hoozax Lotteries*, for polishin' the Blacks, where there is nothing but prizes, and nobody wins them."

"Cynical as ever," said the Colonel; "your satire splashes all round, not even sparing the ladies, and their Bazaars."

"That is my way, as you know, Colonel, axing your pardon; ever and always to give people their full jew."

"I know it, my old Guide of the Bath, I know it,"

"Thereby," chimes in a young ensign of the party, who was no other than Mr. Arthur Butler, the son of our host, "thereby, I am sure, hangs a tale."

"Not a doubt of that, Master Arthur;" said the sportsman drily.

"I am quite sure of it," repeats the stripling, "for I have often heard my father call you his *Bath Guide*. Would you, sir, have any objection to explain it; for by the nods and wreathed smiles which you exchange with Mr. Reilly yonder, as often as the bath is mentioned between you, there must be something amusing in the thoughts suggested by it."

"O, singularly amusing," said the Colonel, "and piquant too. But I don't advise you to lay up a similar reminiscence for the solace of your gouty years. If your curiosity is not to be appeased without a complete revelation, I refer you to the principal actor. Ask the G. B. himself; there he is."

"Will I tell it, Colonel?" said Reilly, starting erect from his lazy, recumbent posture, and his eyes twinkling with mischief!—"Will I tell it?"

"Do so, if you please—from end to end; all—all, nothing extenuate. To ask you to set down naught in malice would be putting too severe a curb upon your genius. But no names, recollect."

"Is it me, Colonel? Names! I'd scorn it. Honour is bright. If the cap fits any one let him wear it. I can't help that. But I'll swear it happened in California, before the goold grew there, if that would be more agreeable."

"No, no—tell the truth, the whole truth; and, if possible, nothing but the truth."

"And kiss the book"—added the knave with gravity, raising the glass to his lips.

"It is a great many years ago, coming next Christmas," he proceeded, "when myself was young, and them that I won't mention wor young too—

young, and foolish. A gentleman came into this neighbourhood to set up for Parliament. He stood on the grand ould Tory interest. Little business he would have in them days to dream of being chaired thro' the streets of Butlerstown on any other interest ; al—so, having the commendation of the clargy, and being heir to a nate prapperty of his own, with plenty of free-holders upon it, he won the day. Ah ! praise be with long ago—'twas asy to win then. Any one that liked to go the right way about it, if he had the convanienty to pay his way like a gentleman, and made himself agreeable to the quolity—could get into Parliament. A nice pattern of a mamber we got in Butlerstown—a white-haired gorsoon, green out of a College they called Oxford, just two-and-twenty that grass, and still withal, a Captain of the King's Body Guard—not a word o' lie in it."

Here one of the hearers interrupted the thread of the narrative to inquire, in what part of the world Oxford lay.

" Not a know I know," replied the narrator, " but it must be some place abroad ; for sorra word of good English the said mamber of Parliament could speak only *haw—having* at every word, which made the people pity him, while it set them laughin' at the same time. Both which considerations were in his favour. Poor Counsellor MacKeown—the popular candidate—said he was no better nor a *cockney*, whatever that is : and the counsellor was a grand man at the tongues himself. He could talk high Dutch, and Portagee, Frinch, and Prosody like a native.

" A native of where, Manus ?" cried Ensign Butler.

" A native of Ireland, what else ? Maybe you thought I'd say the Isle of Man."

" And pray"—again broke in the interrogator—" What countryman was that member for Butlerstown ?"

" Ogh, that's the murder of it," answered the game-keeper—" he was our own countryman, bred and born. It is no use to disown him, for all his ignorance of our discoorse. They sent him away when he was an *oanshogh*, no higher than that (placing his hand upon the table), and kept him in foreign parts till his accent was spiltre intirely. Angh, upon my conscience, it was disgustin'—'haw, haw—Aye say, you, feller, give mai orss some cawn, d'y'e moinde ?'

This mimickry of refined Saxon pronunciation, with significant gestures to suit, made all the party very merry, nor did any one laugh so enjoyably as the jolly old Colonel.

" But the ladies," continued the game-keeper, " they did not seem to mislike him at all. There's no accounting for *their* fancies. Whether it was the honour of his prefarment, as a mamber of Parliament, or the piece of red cloth, (which to this day would decoy all the ducks from here to Carrickogunnel,) or a regard for the handsome bit of prapperty that was out nursing for him till an anshint dowager aunt of his would be gothered to her grandmother ; whether it was all these things that recommended him, or else because he was, to tell the truth of him, a likely, clean-built, clever young fellow as you'd meet anywhere—it might be one thing, it

might be another, or it might be them all put together, but they took to him wondherful. "Tis my belief he could have married half the county the first time of asking ; and see, in case he had adone so, he would now be all *your fathers*, young gentlemen ; for every one of your beeyootiful mothers would have given her eyes for him. Here's wishing to them good health, and long life to them all."

"Go on Manus," said the Colonel, "cut short your preface and come to the bath."

"Never fear, your honour," said the story-teller, winking with one eye till its place on his facial map appeared but a knot of wrinkles. "Never fear, but you'll come to it time enough. There was one lady in particular that the Captain seemed to fancy above all the rest. She had a purty estate of her own, at the lower end of the county, and it was his juty—you know—to extind his intherest in that direction as a good mimber. Very proper it was, too. I'd like to know who would not study the bearings of the country, 'specially when a spanking fine girl sat looking out of her own castle window at the end of the prospect. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly, you rascal, I understand well,"

"—— quorsum hoc tam putida."

"Bedad," says Manus, "that puts me in mind of the College of Oxford agin. But I'll say no more, only this. My master, Sir Antohy MacCarthy—you're to take notice, gentlemen, he was not Sir Antony at that present time, nor within two of it. Ould Sir Hugh was alive and so was Mr. Justin, the eldeat brother, him that broke his back at the Ballyspillan Steeple Chase, and died a natural death in his bed, the week after the accident. But, as I was going to say, Master Antony had a great taste for that young lady ; and, betther than that, she had a tindherness for him ; when in steps the mimber with his *haw, haw*; and altho' he made no great thrack, 'tis my belief he got no refusal."

"How do *you* know," said the Colonel, hastily, "whether he did or not?"

"Well, it's no odds now," replied Manus. "It was a dangerous thing at any rate to have such a rival. You know the proverb, gentlemen : '*Man proposes.*' The girls of these days deny that. They say he never does ; at all events not half as often as he ought. That was not the case tho' in those honest times before Paris came in fashion, and when young gentlemen spent more of their time among there neighbours in their own country. At laste, there was no danger of the young woman in question being left on the shelf for want of asking. She had offers enough—more than was good of them, you may take your oath of that—and if our mimber was one of the number, whatever answer he got he did not go hang himself with his garthers.

"Well, it was Christmas time, and a great party was expected at Sir Hugh's. I'm comin' to it now, colonel dear, don't be unpatient. Our new mimber, being the s:hranger, was first on the list ; and as he had to come

across the country from the Shannon side, he threw his gun over his shoulder, and wint in for a day's cock-shooting into the *Glin of Aberlow*. I need not tell you that the ould master had a shooting lodge high up in the *glin*, for 'tis there still ; and at that time I was in charge of it. So the honour of attending this strange gentleman, and picking up as many of his outlandish words as I could get my tongue round, fell upon me.

" To do him justice, he was a dead shot, and a stout walker. No man could fault the pace he went hither, and over as good as twenty miles, of as rough and splash a cover as there is in Ormonde. But all the time he had a hard word for everything in *Ay-er-land*. The fences were disgraceful, the coopers were neglected, the dogs were only hawf-tanght, they were not Christian dogs at all, the powdher hung fire, and the gorseons that bet the birds out of the bushes, were athrocious ! As for the cabin-caws (and every farmer's dog was a cabin-caw) it was as much as I could do to hinder him from shooting every one of them that barked as we passed by. *Moyah !* Where would be he now, or myself either, if he amused himself that morning shooting a Tipperary-man's dog on its masther's thrashle ? I wonder who'd be athrocious then ?

" But if he spared the curs—which was the best of his play—he did not spare me for letting them live. ' A game-keeper, if he knew anything of his business, or was honest to his employer, ought to poison them all.'

" I was beginnin' to have a sort of liking for him, he was so off-hand a sportsman ; but this talk ruz me. My honour was touched, and I sez to myself sez I—' If I'm not even wid you before night, may I be game-keeper to the likes of yourself, till I'm out of my time.' So, instead of takin' him home to the Lodge, when the sun went down, by a straight, dry path through the wood, I inveigles him down to the edge iv the soft bog, by way iv a short cut, and brings him as good as three miles round, where I knew he'd be up to his ankles every step."

" O, you villain," cried the Colonel, " it is oaly by degrees that I learn to fathom the depths of your depravity."

" Well, sir, there was depth in it," said Manus, " sure enough, but didn't he desarve it ? Howzever that would be revenge enough ; but worse a great sight, than I bargained for, came out of it. When we got about half way into the dark night in the very shakiest place of all, where it might be sudden death in a bog-hole, to look any way but right afore us, a storm breaks down the *glin*, fillin' out moutha and eyes up with sleet and hailstones as big as banes. It is a merracle to me as I sit here now, how either of us kept a tooth in his head that night. But we did weather it, thanks to marcy—and just as the clock struck six we entered the Lodge.

" Surely a cowld reception was prepared for his honour there. We must not blame him, if he did not fall in love with such hospitality on that occasion. Instead of the roarin fire, with a turkey spinning round on a string afore it, and that smoking pot of bacon and greens, not to mention the smiling potatoes, I promised him in the middle of the hail-storm on the bog, the kitchen was all black and dissolute. The parlour was no brighter ; and the bedroom was like a vault. The housekeeper was asleep, as she ginerally

was, and her daughter, one Kitty Clancy, now Mrs. Manus Reilly, by your lave, gentlemen, was a gadding, rollicking thing. Sorra much betther she is now. Though she knew that company was expected, she stopped out all day at a funeral, and only returned five minutes before ourselves. We found her still in her Sunday shoot, squeezeen the wet out of her curls, before the kitchen grate. Fire I could not call it, for there was nothing but a few green *kippins** between the bars; and the smoke that came out of them was so sharp, it would draw tears from the eye of a tithe proctor.

"O, if you seen the mamber of Parliament, by the light of Kitty's half-penny candle at that fireside, you'd ha' pitied him. I know I did, for all his crassness. There he stood in his drippin' jacket, shiverin', shiverin' like a dog in a wet sack. The colour was gone out of his cheeks, and though I could see by his eye that his tongue itched to complain of the ungenteel thratement he got, not a word would pass his lips. Faix myself was beginmin to be frightened, and I rasoned in my own conscience, if it might not be manslaughter, at the very laste, to expose him the way I did. However I made up my mind to say nothing about that, to man or morthial; and till this instant moment, I never did whisper it, even to the wind in the glin. What sense would there be in telling of myself, when it could do him no good, and might bring me unto unnecessary throuble? I makes the best of the case then, and fell to work manfully, to blow up Kitty, and by her help, at the same time to blow up the fire. In a short time, matters began to look more janial; and the gentleman thought well of goin' up stairs to try and peel off his wet clothes. As he left the kitchen, he said he supposed he could not have 'a wawn bath, in such a wigwawn?'

"Thinks I, 'my hairo, there is life in you yet, you're coming to the use of your parliamentary mamber.' But I answered him, civil and respectable, that there was a *shower-bath* in his bedroom, which was only a little out of order, if that would do.

"'Out of orda,' says he, 'can you tell me wet is not out of orda, in this beeyootiful countryr?'

"And, so saying, he dragged his legs after him up the stairs, Kitty going before, with a candle, to show the way.

"Presently she comes down again, and bounces in upon the flure, with her word of command.

"'D'ye hear, Manus Reilly, you're to take your hands out o' your pockets, and get a tippit bath ready for the captain.'

"'What sort of a bath is that, Miss Clancy?' says I; 'I never heerd of the like.'

"'Nor myself, nather,' said she; 'but it is'nt what you'd understand by one of them furry things the ladies wears about their neeks? I axed him if an ould muff would do? There is one in the closet, left behind by my lady, that day of the pic-nic in the glin; and I towld him there was not a tippit in the place. But all I got for my civility was, 'Don't be impudent; tell the fellar I want a teepid bath.'

* Twigs.

" 'Is it 'teepit' he said? O, that is another thing altogether. That's the English way of saying taypot, and taypot of coarse it was, by way of measuring the quantity. Are you sure it wasn't taypot?"

" 'Go ax himself,' says she, 'if it's information you want. I'll bother my head no more about it. *Teepot*, indeed! as if I didn't know. There, dy'e hear him tearin' at the bell?"

" 'Bedad, 'tis a puzzle,' thinks I to myself, 'whatever way you turn it. But here's the man to insinse us, if any body can.'

" The man was Falix O'Day, the schoolmaster and clerk, the first scholar in them parts. It was only the week before he won a fat goose at a grand spelling match before the National Boord; and Misther Phailan, who distributed the prizes—Lord be merciful to him, he was a fair divider—he gave Falix the giblets all to himself. ' Falix,' says I, as he drew his chair close to the fire, ' what sort of a bath is a tippet bath?'

" 'Can you spell it?' says he.

" 'Not myself, indeed,' I made answer, 'for, then, if I could, it stands to raison I'd know as much about it as yourself.'

" 'Well, then,' says Falix, stoopin' down a moment to put a coal in his pipe with the tonga, and then rearing himself up on his chair in the pride of his larning, ' I can,' says he—' t, e, p, tip, p, i, t, pit—tippit—That's it,' says he.

" 'I'm as wise as ever now,' says I.

" 'Why, I thought you'd know all about it, if you could only spell it. Listen—t, e, p, tip—'

" 'Agh, hould your tongue; there's the bell again, and the gentleman is waiting for his bath.'

" 'Is it what tippet *manes* you want to know?' says Falix, looking into the fire, and taking a long draw iv the pipe.

" 'To be sure it is. Will you speake, or will you not?'

" 'Take it asy, Manus; the gentleman will wait till his hurry is over. A 'tippit bath,' I think you said.'

" 'Tearanagers! yes; that is what it is.'

" 'Well, a tippit bath is a bath of tippit wather.'

" 'Much obleecht t'ye, sir. I suppose it's not milk you'd have it to be?'

" 'It might be that same. There was a great juke in England, not long ago, that took a tippet bath of milk every morning; and it was dhrawn off afterwards, and sould for crame to the quolity.'

" 'Eathen,' strikes in Kitty, who was bastin' the turkey all the time, and gives him a tip of the iron spoon to call him to order, 'whisht! and give us none of your nonsense.'

" 'Upon my honour t'ye, Miss Clancy,' says Falix, 'tis as threw as you're purty; and there's no going beyant that. More betoken, there is no nobler crame in all London. But it is tippit wather you want to find out, Manus, isn't it?'

" 'Yea, yes, yes.'

" 'Tippit wather, then is wather that is one half of it cowld and the other half of it hot.'

"What—is it boiling hot, you main?"

"Aye, indeed, as hot as it can come out of the steam-engine. This weather would temper it, if it came from Limbo."

"Now, I have it," says I, "all right. Kitty, blow up the big kettle, and up I goes three stairs at a stretch to answer his honour's bell."

"He was standing before an apology for a fire, that gave more smoke than heat, and I could hear the teeth rattlin in his head like payse. No blame to him for that, great a captain as he was, after the sleet on the bog. 'Well,' he cries, 'what about this bauth? am I to have it, or no?'

"While you're getting out of your stockings," says I, "'twill be ready for your honour; but you will excuse the colander at the top being a little rusty."

"Oh, by all means, it would not be *Ay-erish* without being rusty."

"For by that, sir," I throws in, "the spring is broke, and won't work of itself. I'll have to mount up on a chair, and power the wather down atop of your head, as soon as you are ready for it."

"I suppose," says he, "that must do, away with you then; and when I get into the bauth I shall call. Be sure not to keep me waiting."

"It was not many minutes before he began to sing out—'Aye say, you feller with the bauth!' and as I stood convenient atop of the stairs, with two big cans of wauther, he was not kep' long in suspinse.

"All right!" says the captain, says he, standing inside the masheen, and the door pulled close.

"All right, sir," says I.

"Fire away, then," he cries; "but stop a bit. Is there an outside bolt to this bauth?"

"A soart of a one," says I, "but the socket is loose. It won't hould. There is a wooden button tho' that sarves to keep it shut." "Make that as faust as you can, then," says he, "and keep me in till the last drop; for I'm narvous about water, and might jump out at the first splash."

"Thinks I, you're narvous about more things, nor wather; but never fear, you'll get the full binnefit, and if it was a hogshead I detarnined, before ever he spoke, that he should have it every taste. So here goes," I cries, "in the name of marcy, and down I powers as good as four gallons of the pure spring, with little spike; of ice swimming about in it, just as it came, two minits before, out of the well. If you heered the roar he let out of him. I was a villian, a Roosian, an infernal Papist; let him out of that ice-house immediately."

"Indeed, and I am not going to do any such thing," says I, "till you get the whole of your tippet bath. I must obey ordhers you know, as your honour is a narvous man; and the best half is to come yit, so now for the bilin' wather."

"With that I jumps down upon the flure, to help myself to the other can. But it was only then he shouted in airnest, 'let me out, you assassin, ye, or ye'll hang as round as a top.'

"May be so," says I, stepping upon the chair, "when my time comes,

but upon my word, I'm ashamed of you, you, a sojer of king George, to go rise the countrry in that manner, about a souse in a tippet bath. Now, for goodness sake, shut your mouth, for fear you should swally any of this, and with that I dashed the second can-full, bilin' and smokin', after the first.

"But, in the mean time, his fright made him so desperate, that he charged with all his force against the door, which, being only held by the button outside, gave way, and he fell out upon the flure. Wasn't it well for him, the iron boults wouldn't shoot after the *Ay-erish* fashion; for if it had, there he was, as secure as a rat in a thrapp. However, he did not clear the fence so complately, but the bilin' water came down upon a part of him that I won't mintion."

"' You audacious villain !'" said the Colonel, good humouredly, while the younger part of the company laughed long and loudly at Mr. Reilly's very original motion of compounding a tepid bath.

"Was the gentleman awfully scalded?" drawls one of the listeners, in a tone of affected commiseration.

"Believe it," replied Manus, "I'd be sorry to see your honour's pig scalded as awful, and it alive. It was more than a week before the doctor would sartify that his life was his own, and all that time myself was kep in the polis barracks, to be handy for the coroner. But the dent of good care brought him round. He was carried ou on the side of a kish, by four men, to the Glin-house, and nursed there as tindher as a lamb while there was any fear. After that he was cheered up by the company of as merry a set of young ladies and gentlemen as three counties could produce; and many a day, since then, he thanked God for the tippet bath."

"Thank God for it! Why so?"

"I'll tell ye why, then: it civilized him. When he saw what a kind, friendly *locky* sort of quality he got among, all the Inglified conseate was took out of him. He gave up his airs of looking down upon the people also; and there is not a heartier or humander gentleman in any county this moment. I'd go through fire and wather for him, so I would."

"What—tippet water, Manus?"

"What odds?"

"He bore his misfortune, then, with good temper?"

"With the best of tempers; and often enough it was tried. For, according as he appeared to be mending, the wild young scamps (axing your pardons, young gentlemen, for making so boald with your fathers and your uncles), they would be pickeering at him, and wondering when he would be able to *take his seat* in the Parliament-house. One would ask if he intended to go in for a second Sir Boyle Roche, and three or four, who thought they could sing, made a standing joke of whistling 'Kitty put the Kettle on,' or 'The Meeting of the Waters,' every time myself came into the room, I must say, with submission to your honours, that was not very good manners, after the captain forgave me, and took me to wait upon him till he got well.

"Even the ladies, in their innocent way, were not backward to cut a sly

joke at the accident, and one pretty *colleen* in particular, of tindher sixteen, used to laugh with her eyes, when she axed how the captain felt that morning, while the rest of her face was as sober as a bishop's. It was the kindest, and the funniest thing at the same time that ever you seen in your life."

"But what about the heiress, Manus?" said Ensign Butler, "I suppose my uncle Antony was making play all the while in that quarter."

"You may say that; and he did not play single-handed. Long before the captain could sit down at table, that pair was fairly promised; and he, good gentleman, was the first to wish Mr. Antony joy of his prize."

"That showed an amiable temper, indeed."

"May be it did, or may be not. But you would not give him too much credit for his surrendherring his sweetheart."

FLORAL LYRICS.

SONG OF THE LOTUS.

"Thou beautiful and stately river-queen."
MRS. HEMANS.

HIGH in the great Gungoutri
The Ganges' waters spring,
And down thro' India's sunny land
They flow; meandering
By many a Vishnù temple,
And many a Siva shrine—
By many a mosque and cool kiosk,
And pagoda divine:
And o'er this holy river,
I, Indian Lotus, shine.

Here come the Brahmin virgins—
The chosen of their god—
All beauteous as the Moogree flow'r's
That near yon Im'ret nod.
Bending, they fill their golden urns,
They bathe their flowing hair,
And taste, with reverent lips, the stream,
And worship it with prayer;
And I, oh! happy Lotus!
Sing to the virgins there.

Oft from the realms of Indra
 The boy-god, Cama, bies,
 And, resting on my bosom fair,
 In loving fondness lies ;
 And over us bright loories sport,
 On rainbow-coloured wings,
 While, 'round the splendid Roosal,
 The gay Cocila sings,
 And the echo of his warbling
 Along the river rings.

Last eve, as votive offering
 From fond, lovelorn Hindù,
 A trim boat, garlanded with flowers
 Of finest scent and hue,
 With fruits of rarest flavour—
 The mangusteen and pine,
 And fragrant woods and spices,
 And a lamp with fire divine—
 A lamp, by Maya lighted,
 A lamp for Cama's shrine,

Glode gaily down the Ganges,
 The far-off sea to find ;
 A gift, by love devoted,
 To the Spirit of the Wind,
 That he should for her lover
 Breathe fair and favouring gale,
 And safe restore young Azim
 To his love and native vale :
 And the Spirit, moved to pity,
 Kindly fills young Azim's sail.

But when the Spirit's angry,
 Alas ! the votive ark !
 The Hindù maid in vain awaits
 Her absent lover's bark.
 In vain she prays to Brahma,
 Or decks dread Siva's shrine,
 Fierce winds prevail and whelm his sail
 Beneath the stormy brine.
 Oh ! then my song is mournful—
 I make her sorrow mine.

And so, from morning music
 To bulbul's evening song,
 I pass the day, a time of joy,
 Like summer, bright and long ;

And when o'er Nundevi
 Night rears her starry crest,
 Upon the Ganges' bosom
 I lay my head to rest,
 And, as a gentle mother,
 She rocks me on her breast !

LAMENT OF THE SUN-FLOWER.

"The sun's lov'd flower, that shuts its yellow curtain
 When he declineth ; opens it again
 At his fair rising." SHIRLEY.

The dew tears of night coldly gleam on my brow,
 And my heart, ah ! 'tis lonely and desolate now ;
 And my look is still fixed on the western sky,
 Tho' no ray of his glory now cheers my fond eye.
 O, Sun ! golden Sun, tho' thou leave me to sorrow,
 Tho' thou shun me at night, thou wilt love me to-morrow !

While the last ling'ring star its lone vigil is keeping,
 Ere morn's early eye o'er the mountain is peeping ;
 Ere the lark is awake, and ere whispering sighs,
 By young Zephyrus breathed, bid sweet flowers arise,
 I have shaken off slumber, am up with the Sun,
 And his satellite love till his bright course is run.

Oh ! I'm constant and true ; and I feel no delight
 If my heart be not warmed by his beams pure and bright ;
 And my fond eyes are sightless if he be not nigh—
 How radiant they are while he smiles in the sky !
 Oh ! he knows of my love, still he leaves me to sorrow,
 And I dream the long night, "he may love me to-morrow."

O Sun ! golden Sun, when thou sink'st in the west,
 Will some happier flower by thee be caressed ?
 Some more fair-favoured rival, with bosom of snow ?
 Ah ! my bosom was fair ere I felt thy lov'd glow ;
 But my thirsting leaves drank up thy glory as dew,
 And my once snowy leaves changed to thy golden hue.

I have loved my love long ; thro' the Midsummer days
 I have gazed on his face till mine eyes lost their rays.
 Ah ! 'tis ever the same, he a rover will be,
 Tho' I truly love him, no, he does not love me ;
 Else he would not each night leave me sighing in sorrow—
 Yet this slight I forget when I see him at morrow.

In the morning of Winter I on the east gaze,
 But I can't see my love thro' the frost-fretted haze ;
 And when bleak ev'nning falls, not a gleam cheers my eye,
 Or relieves the drear blank of the frore, sunless sky ;
 Then I close my tired lids, and all comfortless sleep
 Until Summer awakes me to love and to weep.

Now Summer is faded ; when Autumn's flown by,
 And stern Winter approaches with grief I shall die ;
 And, tho' cheerless and gloomy to all Winter be,
 All are gay when compared with poor desolate me ;
 O Sun ! golden Sun, ere sere Autumn is past,
 Look with love upon her who loves thee to the last !

CHORUS OF AUTUMN FLOWERS.

" The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere." BRYANT.

" Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
 Which make such delicate music in the woods ? " SHELLEY.

Come, golden Autumn, come ; we have waited all the year,
 Through Winter, Spring, and Summer, to give you welcome here.
 Lovely Spring afar is fled, and now Summer's flying too,
 And, Autumn, if you long delay, alas ! we'll ne'er see you.

Lo ! flinging fruits in showers from his life-sustaining hand,
 He comes—and plenty, health, and joy, possess the teeming land ;
 From the glowing isles of India to Iceland's solid sea,
 The heart of ev'ry nation speaks its gratitude to thee.

Oh ! ever-bounteous Autumn, hear us humble flowers sing,
 In many-voiced gladness, for the genial gifts you bring ;
 And, though bending fields salute you, rich orchards offer sweets,
 You don't forget the simplest flower whose song your presence greets.

Sing, sisters, ere the sinking sun doth chill the short-lived day,—
 Ah ! hear ye not the coming winds ? they call to us—" Away ! "
 Then let our plaintiff farewell song be, like our welcome, true ;
 And, Autumn, when you come again, we'll rise and sing anew !

JOHN DUGGAN.

ASPECTS OF SPACE FROM OUR PLANET.

As space is infinite, the observations and speculations originated by astronomers to determine the local point which our solar system occupies in that immeasurable vast, where the Deity presides over his innumerable universes, can merely have a relation to the comparatively narrow circuit which forms the visible and telescopic horizon of the earth's hemispheres. By day, in each, our view is confined to the radiant azure dome of our atmosphere, across which the sun appears to roll from east to west, sole lord of the empyreum; but the very glory of the mighty orb limits our view, and blinds us to those magnitudes and splendours of immensity surrounding us on all sides, contrasted with myriads of which, there is reason to believe, his proportions, vast though they be, are, comparatively, but those of a grain of sand, and his intensest light but a feeble incandescence. It is only when he has set, we perceive what darkness dwelt in his light—only when he has disappeared that Creation really opens on our view, and that we are thus enabled to form an approximate apprehension of the point in which we exist, amid the countless solar systems of the universe to which we belong—which itself occupies but a point amid the shoreless ocean of the infinite.

If, on some clear and cloudless night of this northern hemisphere, we turn our eyes to the sky, we perceive an innumerable multitude of stars covering the firmament,—over which they are thickly sown in every direction except towards the north. Amid them, those constellations, clusters, and groups, in which the largest stars appear, and to which, from their respective form, the fancy of early astronomic observers has assigned mythologic names, by which they are still recognised,—are those necessarily which are nearest us. How immeasurably remote, however, the mass of them are may be estimated by the fact, that the nearest fixed star Z, in the constellation Orion, which is only seen from southern latitudes, is twenty-one billions of miles removed from the earth; and light, which takes eight minutes to traverse from the sun to our planet, would require nearly four years to reach us from that remote fiery centre. Crossing the zenith in a direction nearly north and south, we see a pale, misty, irregular zone—the Milky-Way—an enormous aggregation of suns, which, to the naked eye, are, from their immeasurable distance, separately indistinguishable. Observed from both hemispheres, it is found to make a complete circuit in the heavens, traversing a series of constellations, until it reaches a part of Ophiuchus, where it separates into two branches, and again unites, forming a vast nebula, or strata of stars, of an irregular elliptical form. It is on its northern extremity that it divides into those two branches of unequal length, like the fingers of a hand directed to a point in space; and it is, so to speak, at the inner intersection of those branches that our solar system is positioned. Hence it is that the sky, to the north, appears comparatively devoid of stars, and that in all other directions they are seen covering the concave of the sky, chiefly intensified

along the medial line of the nebulae—the milky-way. Herschel has mapped about twenty thousand telescopic stars; but these are comparatively near us. As to the masses which constitute the milky-way, he has estimated that, even could their stars be rendered separately visible, it would take fifty people for eight hundred years to catalogue their number; and so remote are they, that their light, though travelling at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles a second, must require a thousand years to arrive at our world.

It is chiefly from the observations made by Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, that these hypothetic data with reference to the place our solar system holds with respect to our nebulae, have been gathered. Observing the firmament from that southern point of the earth, it appeared to him that the movement of the great congeries of stars with which we are encompassed was toward a point directly opposite the star X, in the constellation Hercules (which may be seen near the well-known cluster the *Ursa Major*): from which he inferred—not, of course, that the movement of the former was actual, but apparent, and resulting from the opposite movement of our solar system to the point indicated,—just as in a ship at sea, the apparent recession of the shores is a consequence of the movement of the vessel. From the number of stars in Hercules (113) it is believed to be the constellation nearest us in space; and thither our solar system is advancing with a velocity, as has been calculated, of about 1,623 times the radius of the earth's orbit, or 33,556,000 miles. Thus as the latter is ninety-five millions of miles, the sun and his planets are sailing toward the splendid Hercules' cluster at the rate of 154,185 millions of miles in the year, 442,442 in the day, 17,601 in the hour, 293 in the minute, 49 in the second. So slow is this movement, however, that an inconceivable period of time will elapse before any appreciable approximation to the suns of that region of space will be felt by the worlds of our system; though, judging from the actuality of the movement, a time will come when our solar system, which now occupies one of the poorest and most vacant points in space, will enter a more splendid stellar domain; the consequence of which will be that our nights will be far brighter. The change will be that experienced by a voyager sailing from this dim and comparatively cold northern hemisphere to the glory of the tropic.

Herschel calculates that the circumference of the milky-way is 35,000 times more distant from us than Sirius, whose light requires five years to arrive at our atmosphere. But, enormous as the conception of remoteness thus formed may be, it is reduced to nothing by considering the distance of those nebulae, dimly islanded in space, some 2,500 of which have been noted. That seen through the constellation Orion, which is one of the nearest, and which long remained irresolvable, gave rise to the nebular theory—the supposition of masses of elementary matter scattered through space, and still undergoing the process of planetary condensation. Lord Rosse's six-foot reflector has of late partially dissolved that misty sea-green speck into distinct stars, which appear like extremely fine needle-points, closely and innumerable aggregated; and, doubtless, the irresolv-

bility of the other nebulae may be regarded as a result of the present imperfection of the telescope. Nebulae are seen thickly scattered in the open space toward the north, into which we look out from our position on the skirt of this universe ; while they are seen still more thickly aggregated in space, viewed from the south. What are called the Magellanic Clouds—which are one of the most splendid phenomena of the austral zone, and which form two masses, known as the Nubecula Major and Minor,—appear to be a mass of nebular systems seen in perspective. Herschel, who examined them, states that they consist of a series of clusters, of irregular form, globular groups, and nebulae of various magnitude and degrees of condensation, interspersed over a bright ground. Some are of irregular and incomprehensible forms—one composed of a number of loops of luminous matter, like a bunch of ribbons tied in a knot, etc. “There is no part of the heavens, (adds the astronomer,) where nebulae appear so crowded as in this cloud.” Nebulae present different appearances from the aspect in which they are viewed. Many are circular, and among the stars of almost all which have been observed, a tendency appears to exist toward centred rotation, and from irregular to regular forms. In one, known as the spiral nebula, a collection of luminous matter, presenting the appearance of a circular ascending spire, a well-defined revolving movement has been ascertained. Such are among a few of the faint fragments of intelligence which science has lately gleaned of the conditions of the nearer points of infinity—of its centres of matter and centres of life. Well might Newton, though illustrious in achieving the greatest work of man—the discovery of an universal law—declare that he seemed to himself but as a little child gathering pebbles on the beach of an unknown ocean ; and well might his successor, Laplace, murmur on his death-bed, “What we know is little, what we do not know immense !”

We need not dwell upon the curious phenomena presented by coloured stars, one of the most remarkable of which is a red sun in Lyra, but may allude in passing to those late wonderful spectrum discoveries of Buasen and his colleague, who, by analysing the light of the various nearer suns, have been thus able to form conjectures as to their preponderating substances. From those experiments, it appears that the chief element of which our solar system is composed is iron, while the light of other stars leads to the inference that their chief composition is gold and other metals. Nor can we pass over the spectral announcement made some years since by Professor Bessel, of Gottingen, to the effect that, in a certain point of space, he had discovered a system of totally dark orbs, in the centre of which an extinct sun revolved, surrounded by his gloomy planets. From this circumstance, as well as from the extraordinary clearness of atmosphere essential for the telescopic detection, this shadowy system is seldom seen ; it is only from the elevations of high mountains in the southern latitudes, and in chance moments of aerial transparency that they can be traced amid their brighter brethren on the disk of the reflector. Telescopic progress, however, has far from culminated in Lord Ross’s six-foot speculum ; others of twice and three times the magnitude are still possible ; nay, even the achromatic tele-

cope, fallen of late into disuse, now appears capable of being rendered superior to the reflecting, and, with the present knowledge of the chemistry of fusion and the physics of annealing, lenses of flint and crown glass may be executed on a gigantic scale, and even meniscuses of plate glass to hold gallons of fluid for the construction of aplanatic object glasses. By those means, the powers of human vision in some approaching epoch may be instrumentally multiplied many thousand times, and the majestic objects in the depths of space brought, as it were, to the surface.

The enormous relative proportion which the Sun bears to the planetary bodies of his system may be best estimated by a numerical scale. Taking the earth, which is 24 thousand miles in circumference, as unity, while Saturn would represent 100, Jupiter 340, Uranus 20, and Mercury one-sixth, the mass of the central orb, from which they have been projected, would represent the comparatively vast integral of 355,000. This immense globe, which is an ablat^o spheroid, like the planets, revolves, within a period of 25 days, 10 hours, upon an axis which is inclined to a point midway between the Pole Star and the constellation Lyra. As its diameter is 886,877 miles, its circumference is about 2,660,631, or 354,936 times that of the earth, though its density is only one-fifteenth, or a little greater than that of water—a fact which seems to involve the conditions of vast and rapid changes in its elementary matter, under the action of electric forces, intense heat, etc. Yet, from the magnitude of his mass, so great is its attractive force, that bodies would fall to the surface with a velocity of 334,65 feet in the second; thus, were a man positioned in the sun, he would weigh two tons; and hence we may infer that, in order to insure movement, its inhabitants must be formed of matter 30 times lighter than that which constitutes our bodies. Telescopically viewed, its external envelopment appears like a plain of luminous clouds, of varying and unequal brightness, indurated here and there by irregular rents and spots, with luminous borders and dark centres; around their edges they exhibit the appearance of cloud convolutions, and the forms of such apertures testify to the intense violence and rapidity of the forces by which they are caused. The composition of the solar photosphere is still a subject of speculation. Herschel supposes the orb to be encompassed by two strata of clouds, of which the lower is the less luminous, and that both are sustained from the body of the sphere by some process analogous to that by which our clouds are formed. We may thus conceive an ocean of some dry, rarified description of matter, such matter acting as a conductor to the electricity of the vast body of the orb, like our thunder clouds, and set in motion, by electric, chemical, and physical forces, so as to produce intense heat and flame, and so give rise to those tremendous currents and electric storms which are perpetually acting throughout its dense atmospheres. In Newton's day electrical science was little advanced, and he was, therefore, unable to bring the ascertained facts respecting the nature and action of this universal multiform element to bear on the hypothesis respecting the sun. Nevertheless, his opinion, though somewhat vague, is not without interest—namely, "that the sun and fixed stars were great earths vehemently hot, whose heat is conceived by the great-

ness of their bodies, and the natural action and reaction between the light they emit, and whose substance is kept from burning away, not only by their fixity, but also by the vast weight and density of the atmosphere incumbent upon them, and very strongly compressing them, and condensing the vapours and exhalations which arise from them." It is, indeed, not difficult to conceive an ocean of elemental matter emanating from the chemical and physical action of an enormous body like the sun—the difficulty is to account for the means by which it is sustained. The idea of the sun, which is many times larger than the mass of all the planets, being a lifeless world, an enormous furnace, as some suppose, is neither rational, as an inference from such knowledge as we possess respecting it, or as a speculation. If, indeed, any analogy can be drawn from magnitude, it may be reasoned that the suns of each system must be the chief laboratories of life in each, and that the conditions under which its fiery photosphere is maintained, are not incompatible with the presence of varied and numberless existences. That the sun's luminous envelopment is electricity in a state of combustion is now a generally received hypothesis, and is the only one, as far as man's knowledge of nature extends, which can account for the phenomena whose effect, as regards us, is—Light. What the action of one atmosphere, with its elements, may be on those of the other, is, of course, a matter of conjecture: we may add, however, that the simplest processes of experimental electricity tend at least to account for the production of heat, and the same element under its luminous aspect. When, for instance, the two descriptions of electricity combine, they neutralize each other, and such neutralization is accompanied by a spark or flash of flame; thus we have only to suppose two vast atmospheric strata, relatively positive and negative, perpetually combining by a movement which, from their great density, may be given them by the revolution of the orb, to arrive at some conception of the means by which the combustion of the solar photosphere is sustained. The electric spark also is found to be of different colours, according to the different metals and substances by which it is produced; and that the compound elements of the solar mass generally are those which, under various modifications, enter into the composition of the planetary bodies, is not only rational for analogy, but a matter of fact, as has been proved by the experiments of Kirchoff and Bunsen, who have discovered several of the particular metals which exist in a state of combustion in the sun, and whose effect is manifested in the solar spectrum. Besides, the seven luminous rays which form the latter, there is, as is well known, a dark ray, to which alone the chemical effect of light is attributable. Considering, also, the phenomena presented by the dry pile of Volta, which produces electric effects simply, while the wet pile creates chemical effects, there seems ground for an inference, that the solar atmospheres present combined conditions and processes for the evolution of both electricities. The solar spots have given rise to much speculation from the age of Galileo to the present; but though Herschel directed much observation to their phenomena, it is only of late that anything like probability has been arrived at with respect to the causes which produce them, and the laws by which they

are governed. Those spots, which are apparently confined to the equatorial zone of the sun (stretching about 30 dega. 5 min. on both sides of its equator,) are of different forms, irregular fissures, rents, pores, with dark, irregular nuclei, or centres, which latter are believed to be nothing more than the dark body of the orb, appearing through those openings in the luminous envelope. They form and vanish with great rapidity, and it is observed that the feculae, or bright spots, caused by elevations in the photosphere, generally occur in those points where the dark have disappeared, like waves meeting and mounting over a hitherto shallow interval of the sea level. The most curious and valuable information we have respecting those changes in the solar atmosphere result from the observation of Hofrath Schwaler, of Dresden, and which were continued over a space of 30 years, for 300 days in each year. This astronomer has ascertained that the spots—the smallest number of which is thirty, and the greatest three hundred, annually—occur in cycles of about ten years; that they enlarge from the minimum to the maximum proportion within five years, and require a similar period to arrive at their maximum, again. From observations, also, on the earth's temperature, made in all parts of the world, an exact relation has now been traced between the periodic inequality of the earth's magnetic force and the sun's spots—the alternations of increase and decrease in both corresponding within the same intervals. Still more curious is the relation found between their occurrence and the approximation of the largest planet of the system—Jupiter—to the sun. From its distance from the centre (five times greater than earth), the gravity of this orb, decreasing inversely with the square of the distance, would be inappreciable on the atmosphere were it the size of this sphere; but, from its enormous magnitude, —1,800 times larger than the Earth,—the influence of its gravity on the sun must, even at a distance so vast, be five times greater. The period which Jupiter occupies in its orbital revolution is about eleven years; and it is at those times that, moving in an ellipse, it arrives at perihelion, that the solar spots appear greatest, their increase and decrease, corresponding with the advance and retreat of the planet on either side of the sun, during periods of about five years. Thus, it is supposed that the effect of Jupiter's gravity on the solar photosphere is that of producing a disturbance in its atmospheres, attracting and drawing up its luminous element into vast mountainas—an action similar to that of the moon in her syzyges on the ocean—leaving interspaces, through which the dark mass of the orb appears. It is singular to think that the state of the earth's magnetism, which has so powerful an effect on vegetation and life, is thus controlled by the action of a planet, 401 millions of miles distant from us, on the atmosphere of the sun, and that the changes in the latter re-act upon the earth through the ninety-five millions of miles of intervening space. Those spots are insignificant proportionally with the dimensions of the luminous solar ocean; yet some have been observed so vast as to represent an area of 30⁰ millions of square miles, and those have been seen to form and vanish in forty hours—a proof in itself of the gaseous nature of the luminous envelope of the sun. Referring to the well-known fact that electricity is

confined to the surface of bodies, while magnetism permeates their mass, and to the interferences caused by the action of one upon the other, we can understand how the magnetic force of the earth becomes greater when affected by that emanating from the solid mass of the sun, when openings are formed in its external envelope of electric flame.

When the sun is viewed in annular eclipse, the curious phenomena of rose-coloured, irregular-shaped flames are seen surrounding the edge of the ring. Some conceived those flames, which are sometimes pyramidal, sometimes of the most eccentric forms, to be mountains on the surface of the orb; but, from observations made during the eclipse of July, 1860, it has been now well determined that they are merely pencils of radiation correspondent to the irregularities of the moon's opposite surface—to those stupendous peaks and valleys with which it is shadowed and intersected. From the lunar libration, one front only of the sphere is presented to earth; and thus we are indebted to the effects of solar radiation for any knowledge we can ever attain of the geography of the other.

In order to conceive the aspect presented to an inhabitant of the sun—supposing it to have any—we should imagine the firmament of our planet surrounded by an entire sun, its light many thousand times magnified. The seasons of this mighty sphere must be eternal. On its surface there can be no registry of time, as with us; on its surface there can be no night; consequently, its beings must be constituted very differently from us. Analogically, we may infer that the nature of life throughout space must vary with and be adapted to its extremes of temperature. In Mercury, which is only thirty-seven millions of miles from the sun—and whose density is that of lead, compared with that of Earth; or with Jupiter, which is that of water; and Saturn, which is that of pumice—the solar heat on its surface must be above that of boiling quicksilver; while in Mars, which is 145 millions of miles from the sun, quicksilver would freeze at its equator. From Uranus the sun must appear as a small star; from Neptune, which is distant 2,862 millions of miles from the centre of the system, around which it revolves in 2,004 of our months and seven days—still smaller. Thus, to ourselves we appear to be situated in a happy medium between fire and frost; but, while we may suppose that, in spheres nearer and more remote from the sun, life must be embodied in elements and forms different from ours, there is no reason to conclude, from the wisdom and goodness everywhere manifested in the works of Divinity, which fall under our cognition, that existence is less bright or happy beneath the stupendous firmament of flame in the sun, or amid the dense heat of Mercury, than on the earth; or greater on the earth than in those remote spheres which roll in comparative darkness, in an icy, perpetual starry night, on the limits of the systems, and whose temperature, except sustained from within, would appear to be that of space, or fifty-seven degrees below that of Zero. In all, modifying conditions, doubtless, exist, of which we can form no conception; and, even were they such as we conceive, the adaption of life to external condition must be evidenced there as here. The Laplander prefers his icy waste and semi-annual night—the Saharian his burning

sands, his region of flame and thirst, to those temperate regions which we inhabit, and, contrasted with which, either extreme appears to us intolerable. Again, we may infer, from our cognate comprehension of the Creative Intellect manifested in the arrangement of the universe—of those geometric and numerical laws by which mass and particle are everywhere regulated—that the intellect of all beings inhabiting space must, in its nature and operations, however different soever in degree, be everywhere the same. Sixteen must be the square of four, in Saturn as on earth, in the capital of some kingdom in Sirius as in London; and the three angles of a triangle equal to their right ones, amid the stars of the remotest nebulae, as on our little sphere. Thus, whatever may be the forms of our fellow-creatures in the Infinite, or the conditions, inconceivable to us, under which they may exist, all possessing the basal principles of intellect must be allied to us by identity of intelligence—life itself everywhere, as here, must be governed by the same moral laws; and, however varied the civilizations of space, its communities revolve upon the poles of Justice and Love.

As the planets form parts of solar systems, so the latter are conceived to be portions of astral systems, of which the spotty regions of the milky-way and the constellations, are aggregates. The number of stars observed in the three orders of constellations—northern, southern, and zodiacal—amount to 3,487; all of which are suns, whose planets are rendered invisible from their vast distance. Many of those stars, when examined by telescopes of great power, are found to resolve themselves into binary and tertiary systems, or those composed of two and three spheres, which revolve round their respective centres. Although, however, some six thousand binary, or double stars, have been noted, there are but seven or eight of them whose comparative nearness have enabled astronomers to speculate on their movements, which are apparently more eccentric than any we are acquainted with in this system—the least being double and the greatest quadruple that of the planetary orbits. Sidereal astronomy, indeed, contrasted with solar, is little advanced, and little likely to attain much development. To determine the distance of a star, the first step is to ascertain whether it exhibits any sensible parallax—in other words, the angle at which the diameter of the earth's orbit would appear seen from its point in space. So remote are even the most approximate spheres, that a semi-diameter of the earth's orbit would constitute a base utterly insufficient for that purpose. That those which appear to move swiftest are nearest us, is a rational supposition, hence Struve considers the star 61 in Cygni to be the least remote; and if, as he states, the diameter of the earth's orbit would be seen from that sun at an angle of half a second,—a value which corresponds with a movement of twenty-four millions of millions of miles—then its distance (the diameter of the earth's orbit being 190 millions) must be 412 millions of times 190 millions of miles from the earth—a distance which light, travelling at the rate of 190 millions of miles a second, would require nearly six years to traverse, while its annual motion must be 120 millions of millions of miles. Although nothing is known of their magnitude, myriads of those fixed stars, from the

quantity of light they emit, must be hundreds and thousands of times larger than our sun. Even Sirius, one of the brightest, and possibly nearest, placed where our sun is, would appear upwards of three times as large, and radiate upwards of thirteen times as much light. Since the era of accurate observations, many stars have been found to vanish from the heavens, while others disappear periodically. Among the latter, is the star Omicron, in the constellation Cetus, which becomes visible and invisible twelve times in eleven years; and one still more remarkable—namely, Algol, in Persens, which exhibits the appearance of a star of the second magnitude for two days and fourteen hours, then, during three and a half hours, is reduced to a fourth of its size, again to recover its brightness within a similar period. While the regulated variability of lustre in those and other stars may be hypothetically accounted for by the interference of their planets in the plane of vision, or of other bodies in space, such variations at such enormous distances indicate the astonishing velocity of matter in those remote regions of the firmament—an illustration of which is seen in the binary star 6 in Eridani, the revolution of whose satellite is $10^{\circ} 67''$ per annum, and which is found to perfect its revolution in thirty years. In our system, Mercury is the swiftest planet; it moves at the rate of 107,000 miles an hour. The great comet of 1680, when at perhelion, swept through space at the speed of 880,000 miles an hour; but, if two suns in Eridanus are as remote from each other as the nearest fixed star from our sun, their velocity can only be about three times less than of light itself. Compared with the rapidity of motion manifested by their binary system, that of our earth, moving through space, at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, is but that of a snail to a race-horse.

Contrasted with the aspects of southern latitudes, the panorama and brilliant phenomena of space are seen from those of the north, dimly and disadvantageously. Upon the shores of the eastern Mediterranean, Egypt, the mountains of the Cape, and the Andes, the stars of the firmament are not only many times brighter than here, but exhibit diversities of colour which range through every degree of the prismatic spectrum. There only is it that the cloud-belts of Jupiter, resulting from the vast velocity of its atmospheric currents,—the rings of Saturn, advancing to the great sphere with their crests of waters—and the splendid visitants of the cometary world,—are seen to perfection. Of those latter, some 1,400 are known to revolve within the earth's orbit, and as many as 3,529,470 within that of Uranus, though, from the effect of sunlight, dense atmospheres, and extreme southern declination, interfering with their recognition, it is concluded that their actual number may be double the last stated. The extreme eccentricity of the movements of those bodies, which move from west to east, north to south, and in all inclinations, to the plane of the ecliptic, has given rise to many theories as to their origin. Newton supposed them to be fragments of rarified matter, diffused through space, and not specially confined within the action of the attractive laws of this system; Lagrange, that they were portions of matter projected from volcanoes in the sun—an hypothesis originated

to account for their elongated orbits. It is unnecessary to allude to the phenomena they present, or to those predictions with respect to the return of several, which are among the greatest triumphs of science ; adding merely, that in the case of those whose periods are ascertained, such interferences as occur to protract their return, may tend to throw a light on the condition of remote regions of space, and, perhaps, lead to the discovery of planets attached to our system still more remote than that of Neptune, by calculations similar to those which enabled La Verrier to conjecture the existence of that planet from the perturbation observed in Uranus, before its discovery. The apprehensions which once existed as to the effects which the earth might suffer from collision with a comet, have long vanished. Apart from the considerable distances which constitute their nearest approach, matter of such extreme tenuity as that of which they are composed, could effect little alteration in our atmosphere, even though they entered it, not to speak of altering the earth's axis. Newton, indeed, calculated that the entire substance of the tail of the great comet of 1680, which, after perhelion, extended 100 millions of miles, might be compressed into a cubic inch of substance, not denser than air, a calculation illustrating the astonishing expansive power of elementary matter, under the influence of intense heat, and the inconceivably rare nature of the medium of space, which, supposing the undulatory theory correct, must possess a density sufficient to convey to us those vibrations from the luminous envelope of the sun, whose result is light. As both the tails and nuclei of those comets whose periodic return has been determined, are found to diminish with each successive approach to the sun, it is computed that their bodies must ultimately be absorbed into his atmosphere ; and this circumstance, as well as their vast number, lead to conjectures as to their object and use, which may possibly be that of collecting, by their attraction, through the immense spaces they traverse, the matter diffused by solar action through space, and carrying back to the centre of heat and light the elements exhausted in combustion. For, however matter may change, there is reason to believe that no particle, ponderable or imponderable, can become extinct—a fact respecting matter which supplies a scientific inference of the eternity of that far more precious element in creation, for which matter only exists—spirit. Considering the calculation of La Place, that the solar attraction has an effective action on a sphere 100 millions of times more remote than the earth from the sun, there is no difficulty in accounting for the vast areas and vast periods of multitudes of those splendid bodies.

Lately, a theory has been started with reference to the existence of a central sun, around which the solar and astral systems of our nebula are supposed to revolve. But though no data furnished by observation can determine the existence of such a sphere, and though, considering the conjectured form of the nebula,—that of an elongated concave,—the hypothesis of such a centre is not very probable, it is only enough to consider that the centre of gravity is not in our sun, but in that point of space where that of the sun and planets meet and balance ; to infer that the gravitating force of all the systems spread along the ring of the nebula, may have an action

reciprocal to a central point, which thus controls their revolutions. All bodies, and collections of bodies, in the heavens of infinite space, are in motion ; and even those nebulae or universes, scattered at inconceivable distances from ours, may possibly have a relational movement, though one requiring, perhaps, innumerable myriads of years to recognise and register.

LILLIE BROWNE.

- BY RUTH MURRAY, AUTHOR OF THE "TWO LENORES," ETC.

I.

Mrs. West was one of those fortunate women who seem so happily placed in the world, that they surely can have nothing left to wish for. She had a kind husband, and just a comfortable number of dear little children. She was blessed with a good humoured disposition, overflowing with universal sympathy ; and, in addition to all these favours, fortune had gifted her with no mean share of wealth.

Her comfortable mansion nestled among the luxuriant woods and gardens which surrounded the pretty little village of Mayfield, with its one white street and a half, its fairy bay of silver sand, and its mazes of ivy-hedged by-roads, so tempting to rambling feet. In this cozy mansion, Mrs. West lived at ease, and so happy did she find herself, that she felt a kindly longing to communicate some of her sunshine to other people. With some such genial motive, folding her pink paper, and gumming her pink envelopes, our cheery, good, fairy-like matron despatched, once upon a time, certain invitations to sundry of her young friends in the neighbouring city, to come and bide awhile under her jessamined eaves. It was Midsummer, she urged, and the moss-roses were so delicious, and they did want so badly some good natured people, to come and help them to eat the strawberries, which else must go to loss by pecks.

She told Lillie, Doctor Browne's quiet, gray-eyed daughter, that George would certainly be there, and she assured George Tugram, the blithe, clever young merchant, that, without fail, his own little Lillie would greet his arrival with one of her delicious dreamy nocturnes, sighed out from the heart of the new grand piano from Erardes. She informed Haidee Girdwood, the charming coquettish beauty, that she would promise her enough amusement, and plenty of beaux, that she meant to get up private theatricals, and that she, Haidee, should choose for herself a good part. Little black-eyed Nannie Lester was charged to bring her rosiest sash, and her gayest chatter. All the rest of the invited were warned generally to come prepared, with spirits for any amount of fun. Last of all, Mrs. West sent a note to her dear, eccentric, old bachelorish friend, Mr. Darrel, who was so very lonely, so very wealthy, and so fond of being present at young people's

gatherings. The invitations were accepted with most undignified eagerness, and soon the guests came hurrying out of the dust, and dancing with longing feet, right into the heart of the Mayfield parterres.

And now, on a Midsummer evening, Mrs. West's moonlighted drawing-room presented to the eye certain groupings, whose forms and tints, lights and shades, would have filled the heart of any poet or painter with satisfaction. The door-window, "standing wide for heat," discovered visions of a fairy world, of shady green lawn, rich with the odour of unseen flowers, and besilvered with the ethereal smiles of that radiant face, which looked forth from its jewelled mantle, over the shoulders of the chestnut trees. A shower of ivy leaves glinted and darkled into the room. In their shelter Haidee stood. The moonlight touched her figure's rounded outlines into gleaming relief, and sent its pure white drapery sweeping away into the air shadows behind her. A very exquisite figure she stood, like a white sylph. A very bewitching face it was, rippling over with smiles, looking fair, and tender, and symmetrical. A very beautiful countenance, whose coquettish gaiety of expression was under that dream-light, softened into a charming archness. This was Haidee, etherealized by the moonlight, into the ideal of what she ought to have been, but was not. Her voice rose and fell with a laughing intonation, as easy and pleasant to hear, as the water rippling along a summer glen. Her blue eyes were full of gleeful triumph, her red lips uttered witty captivating nothinga, very good to listen to, if they had been the merry upspringing of an innocent heart. Her hair wandered away from her temples, in golden rings and waves, and fell in lazy lustrous curls around her white throat, and upon her shoulders. She was laughing and talking with George Tugram—handsome, brown checked fellow, as curly haired as a school-boy, and as fond of holiday fun. Black-eyed Nannie Lester flitted about in her famous rosy sash, near them, and away, and back again; like a brilliant, restless butterfly.

Mrs. West has left the room. Probably she has stolen off to the nursery, just to see that the darlings are all cozily tucked up in their beds, or perhaps, like a good wife, to give a private welcome to her husband, who has just returned from town.

Mr. Darrell is lounging in a window by himself; a good-looking elderly man, with a benevolent countenance. He is looking towards that shadowy alcove, where the piano stands. One streak of moonlight trips silently across the floor, and lies its length along the keys, and upon the fingers that move slowly over them. Lillie is playing, she is murmuring doleful melodies to herself, for Lillie's heart is very full of trouble. She is a grave little figure in a robe of simple gray muslin, and a moss-rose in her belt. Her features do not want moonlight to make them spiritual, the soul has refined them without external aid. Her eyes are gray, and deep with shadows. Her head is clothed with softly braided brown tresses. She is a melancholy little figure, drooping, but not weak, sad, but not crushed, one who will bend but never break.

Lillie's wild, low melodies are uttering something like this :

"I cannot look at her she is so beautiful. She is radiant, like an enchantress. I do not envy her her beauty or her wit. I would give her all the world, if it were in my gift, so she might go and leave George's heart to me. I did not expect his love. I thought it too rich a boon for me. I kept my own sealed up and hidden away. And then he came and laid his jewel at my feet, and he broke the seal of my treasure and took it into his own keeping. By-and-bye he will fling it back to me shattered, and his own gift he will take away, and give it to her who covets it for a toy. I feel her hand stealing it away. Would she love him and make his happiness, I could turn my face from them and utter no complaint; but she has no truth, and she will work his misery."

Lillie's music breaks off with a low sudden wail, like a gasp of smothered anguish. Mrs. West is by her young friend's side, and her soft hand is on the girl's shoulder.

"Lillie, my love, your strains are perfectly unearthly to-night. I do think you are all bewitched, sitting here in the dark and the moonlight. There is Mr. Darrell, like a romantic shade among the curtains, over yonder, all alone. And these two at the window! George, what can you be thinking of? And you, Miss Haidee, come from that window directly, before you catch your death of cold."

Miss Haidee laughed gaily, and said they had been discussing arrangements for to-morrow night's theatricals. Mrs. West went on scolding good naturedly at everybody, with a kind of amiable ill-humour. In a few minutes the windows were closed, the curtains drawn, and the chandelier blazed, to the infinite relief of many others besides Nannie, who, at once petitioned for a dance. No one but Mr. Darrell observed that Lillie quitted the room before the lights came in, and that she was absent during ten minutes. For she was at her post, quiet and obliging, as usual, when they came calling upon her to play the quadrilles.

They danced that night away, and another sun shone over Mayfield. This was an important day, and full of excitement, for to-night the private theatricals were to come off. There was a last rehearsal, when George, the manager, found that every one had learned his or her part with exemplary industry. Then the ladies went off to put finishing touches to their several costumes, and the gentlemen, in their shirt-sleeves, kept knocking about the stage with hammers, and making a great fuss with step-ladders, foot-lights, and draperies. A very convenient room up-stairs had been started out of the even course of its existence, by getting changed into a theatre. Seats had been erected for select spectators, at the distant end, and the plentiful library curtains had been ingeniously strung from wall to wall by means of cord and rings.

Evening came. There were to be three plays. Haidee had the best part in all, Lillie only acted in the last, which was "*Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*," not a very soul-stirring piece, but one which suits young amateurs, because the characters admit of gay and picturesque dressing; the young king, who may be fitly personated by a girl, the duchess, who may

wear any quantity of satins and flowers, and the dashing hero, magnificent with doublet, feathers, and burned cork.

Lillie, the duchess, stood ready, waiting in the busy dressing-room. She was feeling sick and cold. The play was to her a dreary affair, the rehearsal that morning had been enough. She got in behind the curtains, and peered from the window, into the lingering daylight, sending her thoughts wandering away among the strands of peaceful silver cloud that were dreamily dying away into nothingness in the shadowy distance. She was longing to die away so, into rest and forgetfulness, and be rid of the life which had promised her so fair, and was now playing her so bitterly false.

A gay laugh made her turn with a shiver from the window. The mirth was Haidee's, who stood before her, beautiful as a sprite, in her faustic dress.

The other plays had gone off with great spirit. Mr. West, and even Mr. Darrell, had taken funny parts, and acted them to everyone's satisfaction. George had outrivalled them both. Nannie, as a pert little "Sally," had made a success. Others had done equally well. As for Haidee, her witty acting had called forth rapturous applause. George had played her successful lover twice. No wonder Lillie felt sick.

And now the last play came on. The scenery was capitally arranged, the place was full of flowers, the stage was like Fairyland. The audience was in good humour. Haidee and George were in the full glow of inspiration, intoxicated with success. Poor Lillie was no duchess. She had not got the knack of sweeping a stately train after her with indoleat graces, of looking charming at will, and uttering vapid, elegant phrases in tones of ravishing sweetness. She did not look a duchess in Mrs. West's best purple velvet dress, and black lace mantilla. She did not act well. She did not achieve any eclat.

Not that Lillie Browne was stupid, or lacked fire. Give her a piece with life and spirit, with a meaning in it, and let it be of what kind it might, comical or tragical, see how Lillie would have seized on it, picked out of it the grain of significance, and magnified and enriched it! See how she would have thrown all her soul into her work, and astonished all present, by the exquisite humour, or more likely, by the passion and power of her rendering. But the insipid duchess paralysed poor Lillie's energies. She had to make weak speeches with burning ones upon her tongue; she had to smile coquettishly when she longed to burst into bitter tears.

Lillie had longed for a good part, if she must act at all; but she was one of those who will never stretch forth their hands and snatch from others the object of their heart's longing—one of those who will take a good when it comes, with a passionate joy known to few, but who, if the boon be withheld, or appropriated elsewhere, will bear the privation with quiet dignity, and suffer great things even unto death, with silent constancy.

Lillie had to listen to George—George who looked so handsome, so brave, so like a hero of romance. She had never seen him look so well.

She had to listen to his impassioned speeches made to her, but at Haidee — Haidee, the young king, with her golden ringlets shaded saucily off at one side. Haidee, in her rosetted shoes of satin, her crimson tunic, her hat with its long white feather and diamond clasp. Haidee, bewitching with smiles and saucy mirth. She felt the painful contrast between the duchess and the king, and longed for her cruel trial to be over. At the end of one scene she stole away to a dark closet off the dressing-room. Thither Nannie came flying after her.

"Lillie, it's a shame. Really, if I were you, I shouldn't let George flirt at that rate with Haidee Girdwood. Everyone's noticing it; and she's such a conceited thing! But Lillie, dear! oh, good gracious, you're not going to faint!"

"No, Nannie; but hush! Will you reach me some of that water?" Scarce was the draught swallowed when "The Duchess, the Duchess!" was the subdued cry in the dressing-room. Lillie sprang up, and the next moment the duchess was upon the stage, looking deathly pale in the foot-lights, but smiling, as it was her business to do.

And now it is all over. The music has ceased, the foot-lights are quenched, the performers in their fancy dresses have mixed among the spectators, and all have descended together to discuss merrily the evening's entertainment over Mrs. West's hospitable supper-table.

What can George Tugram be about, that he has quite forgotten his once precious little Lillie? Perhaps, probably, he is afraid to meet her grave eyes. At all events, he takes no notice of her, and hands Haidee to her seat, and attends her right gallantly, and looks at her eloquently. The supper is pleasant with good things, gay dresses, bright faces, and laughter. Nannie sits close to Lillie, and sometimes squeezes her hand under the table, anon darting wrathful glances at the merry beauty opposite, and curling her lip contemptuously at George. But Nannie is an insignificant little body, and her honest anger is quite unnoticed.

Supper is over, and a dance. Most of the guests bidden for that evening have paid their adieus and compliments and departed. Mr. Darrell has been saying kind things, all unheard by Lillie at the piano. Haidee has left the room for some reason, or more likely for some caprice. Perhaps (at least so Nannie would have sworn) to take a good look alone in the tall dressing-room glass at her bewitching self. George has wandered restlessly about the drawing-room, and at last has left it too. Lillie waits but two minutes, and then follows him down the hall and into the moonlit garden. Her noiseless feet are close upon his down the paths.

George Tugram is heated much by excitement, and a little by wine. He must have a breath of air. His conscience is stinging him, now he is alone. He is thinking remorsefully of a certain little soft hand that can never lie trustingly in his again; of a certain low voice which will never speak sweet thoughts and tender fancies into his ear any more. And yet, with strange inconsistency, he will not rouse himself to shake off the fascination that is upon him. He stoops to pluck the head off a rose, and

comes face to face with what he shrinks from seeing—Lillie, like a reproachful spirit in the moonlight. Lillie, the shy, unbrilliant duchess, but with infinitely more of stately majesty in her mien now, than marked it two hours ago on the stage.

"Lillie!" he exclaimed, in displeased surprise.

"George," she said, "I have come to release you from your engagement to me. I know it has grown irksome to you. You are free from this moment."

"Can you forgive me?" he stammered.

"Surely, George, I wish you well; and pray that Haidee Girdwood may make you a better wife than Lillie Browne."

"Lillie, I—"

But Lillie was gone away through the garden door, whose drapery of purple Mistaria stirred airily under the moon.

She has met Mrs. West in the hall, who has just been smiling out the last of her guests.

"Mrs. West, can you speak with me a moment? will you come into the library?"

Certainly, my dear." And the two are speedily closeted.

"I must go home to-morrow, Mrs. West."

"Lillie! why, what do you mean? Go to-morrow, and not wait for the pic-nic to your favourite wood? Indeed you shall do no such thing."

"But I must, Mrs. West. You know how delicate father is, and how much he misses me."

"He won't miss you for a day or so longer. Why, Lillie!—and George, what will he say? though, indeed, George—"

"That is it, Mrs. West; that is the truth. It is all over between me and George."

"Are you in earnest? That is it then. Oh! my poor, darling, brave little girl!" and the kind matron folds her young friend in her arms, and kisses her, with tears in her eyes, and hot indignation on her cheek.

"You had better go, my dear, in God's name," she said. "As for George, I did not—could not have believed him so wicked."

"Don't Mrs. West. You must not call him wicked, it is not his fault. I am not beautiful and brilliant as she is. I trust it is all for the best."

And now Lillie felt that the interview had been already too long. She slipped from her friend's embrace, and ran up to her room. Mrs. West went back to her drawing-room full of sorrow and indignation. She accounted for her disturbed countenance to her friend Mr. Darrell, by announcing that her pet guest, Lillie Browne was leaving her unexpectedly on the morrow.

Half an hour afterwards, when Mrs. West entered Lillie's room, she found the girl on her knees beside the bed. Lillie rose to her feet, quivering in every limb, with lips swollen, and eyes red, and Mrs. West was distressed at having intruded upon so sacred a grief. So dismayed was she that for some time she forgot the message which had brought her there.

By-and-bye, when proud Lillie had smothered in her sorrow, and sat talking to her very calmly, she said :

" I am come to you on a mission from Mr. Darrell. The rest are all gone to bed, and he wants to see you in the drawing-room. I promised to ask you, but, of course, you cannot go down to-night."

" I do not know what he can want with me," said Lillie, " but I had better go at once, for I shall start early in the morning."

And she poured some water into her basin, and commenced to bathe her face, and arrange her hair.

Mr. Darrell was alone in the drawing-room when Lillie came in. He rose to meet her, placed a chair, and stood with his hand on its back, beside her where she sat. Standing so, he told her a long story, which ended in a question. Would she marry him? The question was gently, sadly, tenderly put. He said :

" Long years ago I loved such another woman as you. She died, and I never met another who could creep into my heart. Of late, the dream of my youth has returned upon me with an overwhelming sweetness. I thought I looked on you as a child, and thinking so I let my mind dwell on you, and my eyes follow you, till now, when about to miss you, I have discovered that a shrine has been made, and an idol placed in my heart, and that idol is Lillie. Have patience with me yet another moment. Many would laugh to hear me, I know, and call me an old fool. But you will not laugh, you could not make a jest of honest feeling, and so I am safe in addressing you. I shall soon, alas, be an old man, yet mine will be a green age. I have wealth; I do not, God knows, hold it out as the shadow of an inducement. I know, even were I fool enough to do so, that your truth-loving nature would loathe the bribe, nor would it weigh as a feather in your mind. But you have a father. I know your devotion to him. Pardon me for saying that his continued ill-health must limit his income. I would strain my utmost powers to surround him with every luxury and solace within the reach of wealth. Will you give me your answer, dear child? Do not fear to grieve me, if your young heart turns naturally from union with one who might easily be the father to older women than you. I would love and cherish you tenderly, Lillie, and that is all I can urge."

Lillie has been sitting all this time with her face covered, now she has risen all trembling.

" Mr. Darrell," in a quivering voice, " I have no words to thank you for your kind, your generous offer. You are good and noble, and there is only one reason why I cannot love you. My heart has been long since given to another—another who valued it once, but who cares very little for it now. In saying that I cannot be your wife, I feel that the loss is my own."

Mr. Darrel gazed on her, with sad interest. Standing before him, he saw her reddened eyes watering again.

" It cannot be," he said, " that you, Lillie, so young and loveable, have coveted affection, and been denied it."

" It is so," she said, trying to smile. " But I am not complaining. Will

you promise to be my friend, Mr. Darrell? I would value your friendship dearly."

"Your friendship always, my sweet child, till death comes. But I cannot see you often, Lillie, it would make me discontented."

Then they shook hands, and he sent her away with a "God bless you."

The next day Lillie Browne went home to her father, and Mr. Darrell also left Mrs. West's, for his own beautiful, lonely home, half a mile on the other side of Mayfield. On the next day after that, Mr. Darrell, the wealthy old bachelor, made his will.

It was Christmas time, Lillie Browne sat in her modest parlour, sealing a note to her dear friend, Mrs. West. It was a refusal of that good lady's invitation to Lillie, to come and breathe the fresh air of Mayfield for a week, after an unusually long confinement to her father's sick room. Mrs. West had promised that she would have no company, but Lillie herself, as their good friend, Mr. Darrell was ill, and she wished to be free to go and see him as often as she pleased. Lillie had refused, for several reasons. Mayfield had painful associations for her, her father would miss her, and—Lillie knew that she should need a new dress, before going to stay at Mrs. West's handsome house. Lillie's purse was low.

There is a ring at the street-bell, a quick treble voice at the door, light, hasty feet on the stairs, and Nannie Lester bounds into the room, and into her dear Lillie's arms.

"You darling little thing! I knew you were so lonely, and I came to spend the day with you, and see, here's a letter Susan gave me. The postman came to the door with me, and I said I'd bring you the letter. There, don't read it yet, put it on the chimney piece, it's a nasty, business-looking thing, and I've so much to say to you."

Lillie smiled and laid her letter aside.

"Now, dear, put off your hat, and take breath."

"You're laughing at me, but I can't helping rattling, I'm not nice and quiet like you."

"Well, sit down and tell me the news. Forgotten your thimble? here is one."

"Now, we're quite comfortable. Well, I've such a piece of news for you, only don't look pale as you did that night of the theatricals at Mayfield."

"Nannie!"

"I don't mean to wound you, Lillie, but it's about George. Haidee Girdwood has jilted him, and I'm very glad; she is going to be married to a stranger, as rich as a Jew. Much good may her money do her; and that's not all for George has sailed a week ago for Cuba. He pretended to all his friends that it was business, but I know that he was ashamed to hold up his head. I'm glad to see you're not vexed about it, I was afraid you might be."

"Why should I, Nannie? I am not sorry that he has lost Haidee, because I think she would not have made him happy, I dare say he will be

more contented in a foreign country, where he may forget her. I morely take the same interest in George now, that I do in any ordinary friend."

"Well, I'm so glad of that, he's not worth fretting about, though I was very fond of him once, but since, he behaved so badly—"

"There, Nannie dear, that will do."

"I'm going to hold my tongue; and now you may read your letter."

Lillie took up the letter absently, there was a bitter rebellion going on within her, that she would not betray to Nannie, had the little visiter not been there, a flood of burning tears, which were no strangers to her eyes, would have greeted the news of George's disappointment and flight, but Nannie was there, and Lillie was quiet and calm. She broke the seal of her letter and read, then she dropped the paper on her knees, and gazed with tearful eyes through the window.

"What is the matter?" cried Nannie, in alarm.

"Mr. Darrell is dead!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

BAY LEAVES.

THERE is always a feeling of melancholy associated with the passing away of genius from the scenes which its presence has consecrated. The stronger our love and reverence for the endowments and character of the living being, and the greater our certainty that the accumulated legacies of beauty and wisdom which he has bequeathed to us will be immortal, the deeper our regret at his final departure from among us. We feel as if bereft of a great and good spirit, who had fixed his abode with us for a season, to make life brighter and happier; and who so charmed and beguiled us during his stay, that we forgot to count upon his eternal leave-taking. We know that the revelation which he has made during his sojourn will endure for ever; but we have never, in such cases, been able, adequately, to prepare ourselves for the moment when the inspirations which we looked for should cease, and the voice which entranced us be heard no more.

This was especially the case with respect to the death of William Wordsworth. The world was slow in arriving at a knowledge and appreciation of his worth. His qualities were of no showy order, either as a poet or as a man. He had, indeed, an instinctive aversion, deepening occasionally into painful antipathy, to glare and noise, even when it was exalted by the appellation of fame; and by temperament and meditation he was wholly unfitted for the wide jostlings of incessantly moving society. His plans of life were truly what he has himself described in one of the last of his published sonnets:

"Schemes of Retirement, sown
In Youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure'
As when their earliest flowers of Hope were blown."

In this respect, he seems to have entered into life as a competitor for public regard, somewhat out of season. Scarcely had his youth ripened into manhood, ere the civilized world was roused to intense excitement by the startling events of the first French Revolution. A rapid succession of thrilling scenes filled the public mind to overflowing, and no time was left for reflection, or aught beyond what was passing before the dazzled eyes of the throng. The heart was stimulated to fervour, and the brain kept in a continual whirl of amazement and awe. Under such circumstances, the only literature which could hope for extensive popularity was that which ministered to the prevailing emotions, and appealed directly to the passions rather than to the understanding and judgment. Hence it occurred that Lord Byron was enabled to exclaim, with truth : "I awoke one morning and found myself famous ;" and that the spirit-stirring melodies of Moore, and the chivalrous poetical romances of Sir Walter Scott, found wider acceptance, and more general admiration and applause, than the sober, philosophical, reflective poetry of Wordsworth, and the exquisite imaginative creations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The long obscurity in which Wordsworth remained, arose mainly from his inherent inaptitude to kindle in sympathy with meaner minds, amid the strife of conflict, and to elbow his way to distinction amid contending factions. Formed for the keen enjoyment of tranquillity, and being an ardent worshipper of the sublime forms of nature, he wisely deemed the sacrifice too great, which required the surrender of all his cherished thoughts and predilections, in order that he might reach the summit of contemporary fame—a mountain peak, which is not unfrequently discovered to be barren and desolate, and is always peculiarly liable to revolutionary invasion and change. He did not undervalue applause ; but he deemed the acquisition of permanent approbation perfectly compatible with the maintenance of a dignified serenity of mind ; and held the exercise of the intellect, in meditative composure, consistent with the full indulgence of the gentlest affections, and most genial humanities of our nature.

The restoration of more peaceful times, and of greater leisure for thoughtful examination, has confirmed the depth of the poets foreknowledge, and with it the genuineness of his poetical inspiration. He had the good fortune to live long enough to see the negligence and scorn of the generation in the midst of which he set out in life, compensated by a later race of men, with a reverence, which, in many instances, undoubtedly was scarcely inferior to worship ; and the influence of his precepts and example upon the tone, temperament, and mental and moral aspirations of the present age, has been, perhaps, greater than that of any other man of letters, since the days of Pope. This influence may not have been at all times, or in all cases, beneficial. It has begotten a calm, and somewhat chilling, sameness in the style, if not in the substance of our poetry ; and a subdued refinement of expression and feeling in our prose, which often diminish vital warmth, both of sentiment and imagination. But, although such faults of imitation were almost certain to be the immediate effects of excessive admiration, the esteem and love for Wordsworth, which have grown up, have produced the good result of sending our authors,

of almost all grades, back to the study and contemplation of nature and of our elder poets for their themes, method, and imagery, instead of permitting them to rest contented with the affectations of overwrought romancists, or with the foul conceits, threadbare allusions, and obsolete machinery of what is known as the "classical school," of which the last successful disciple was the estimable and honoured George Crabbe.

William Wordsworth was the son of a respectable and affluent attorney, settled in the thriving and picturesque borough of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April, 1770. Although, however, his father has been described, by those who knew him, as a shrewd and intelligent man, endowed with no inconsiderable share of literary taste, and characterized, above the wont of lawyers, with humanity and rigid integrity, it is said to have been from his mother that the poet derived his peculiar temperament and bias, his delicacy of feeling, and that timidity of disposition which prompted him through life to court seclusion. His sister inherited the same retiring coyness of mind and manners, but his brother Christopher displayed a more robust constitution, fitting him to struggle with the necessary vigour, against competitors for the wreath of honour, and the rewards of daring enterprise.

The fame of Wordsworth was slow to become current at Cockermouth, and, consequently, few anecdotes of his boyhood were preserved by his contemporaries there. All that seems to be known of him with certainty is, that he was shy and quiet, and fond of wandering about the walls, and climbing to the desolate towers and chambers of the ruined feudal castle which overhangs the river Cocker, and is associated with numerous legends of the Umfravilles, the Miltons, Lucies, Percies, and Nevilles, its ancient possessors.

At a proper age, William and his brother were sent to the free-grammar school of Hawkshead, a romantic village among the mountains, placed at an angle formed by the three several lakes of Windermere, Conistone, and Esthwaite, to this place the bard has frequently alluded in his poetry, as :

"The ancient market village, where were passed
My school days;"

and, alluding to the picturesque parish church, which occupies a rocky eminence immediately above the street, he says,

"The grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope, above the village school."

The school was at that time kept by a Mr. Bowman, whose reputation for learning and for the capacity to impart it attracted a large number of pupils to the locality; several of whom subsequently distinguished themselves above the ordinary range of men, but were each and all eclipsed by the brothers Wordsworth. William at this time is said to have exhibited great application to and proficiency in study, a strong passion for poetry, and a degree of thought and reflection beyond his years. Even then he made verses as well as read them. Like Moore, he "lisped in numbers as the numbers came," and established a close ac-

quaintance with the great masters of ancient and modern song. Among other works, he obtained a perusal of the then recently published poems of Robert Burns, which he has himself told us first inspired his verse, and fixed his ardent attachment to simple nature, and to the unaffected but impressive lore of humble life. In 1787, William entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where, at the termination of his academical course, he took his degree, and shortly afterwards made a tour on foot, accompanied by a friend, through France, Switzerland, and Italy. On his return, he published a small volume, entitled "Descriptive Sketches in Verse" etc., which effusion was issued in the year 1793, when its author was twenty-three years old; and though it was tardy in attracting public attention, it did not fail to gain the notice and regard of a discerning few, who perceived in them the dawn of intellectual superiority.

At this time, Wordsworth was an ardent admirer of political liberty, and did not hesitate publicly to hail the French Revolution with enthusiasm, as the commencement of an era in which the human race was to be emancipated, mentally and bodily, from all the shackles of kingcraft, oppression, and tyranny, and in the fulness of his zeal for what he conceived to be the cause of freedom, he went over to Paris, but was soon scared and disgusted by the licentiousness and horrors of the "Reign of Terror," and returned home a wiser man, and less prone to confide in the promises of unrestrained democracy. This lesson, indeed, influenced the entire remainder of his life. And, from being a stern Republican, his opinions gradually changed to Toryism, and finally settled into views which differed but slightly, if at all, from those of the men who, in an earlier age, maintained with their lives and fortunes the doctrine of "Divine right and Kingly Irresponsibility."

Shortly after Wordsworth's return to England, he made a protracted tour of his own country, and eventually took a cottage, with the intention of settling down, at Alfreton, in Somersethire, a beautiful valley, which, for a season, possessed for him charms scarcely surpassed in after-years by the fairy-like enchantments of his native dales, and lakes, and mountains, in Cumberland and Westmoreland. Coleridge was at this time residing in the neighbourhood, and an acquaintance soon sprung up between the young men, which ripened into a life-long friendship, and materially affected the subsequent intellectual life and literary labours of each. One result of this congenial intimacy was the publication, in 1798—a year so disastrous in the annals of Ireland—of a memorable volume of poems, entitled "Lyrical Ballads," of which Coleridge contributed a few, including the "Ancient Mariner," and Wordsworth supplied the remainder. This work was expressly designed as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers of taste and judgment, "written in the language really used by men in ordinary life." The effort was met by nearly all the critics of the day with a chorus of ridicule; and Wordsworth himself was assailed as the hero of his own story of "The Idiot Boy." The tenderness, pathos, and deep thought which lay embedded in the simple and even rustic language adopted, was regarded as heighten-

ing the ludicrous effect of the presumptuous lays, and such passages were selected for denunciation or ridicule as :

“ A primrose on the river’s brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

Nor did the exquisite “ Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye,” escape the imputation of silliness, affectation, and puerility, in which the poet has said, with the skill and profundity of a sage, as well as the grace of a minstrel :

“ My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky ;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

In the midst of the storm of ribaldry, burlesque, and vituperation, with which this attempt to reform the realm of verse was pitilessly pursued from all quarters of the empire, Wordsworth started, in company with his sister, on a tour to Germany, where he was afterwards joined by Coleridge. The Germans appeared to have made but little impression on the mind or heart of the poet, whose philosophical theory, indeed and practice, of literary composition had already been fixed. His metaphysics belonged to an older and higher school than that of Goëthe, Schlegel, and Kant : deriving its canons from Bacon, Locke, and Hartley ; while the fountain of his poetry was the same which has run pure and sparkling from the days of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, to those of Goldsmith, Cowper, Campbell, and Rogers, and which will not cease to flow while poets such as Alfred Tennyson, now deservedly crowned with the “ Bay Leaves ”—he won them nobly, may he wear them long—and our own “ Caviare,” remain upon its brink.

Returning to England, Wordsworth abandoned the thought of settling in Somersetshire, as he had at once intended. When there he had discovered that there were strange stories current respecting him. His recluse habits, his solitary wanderings about the downs, and amid the woods and fields, had begot vague and fearful suspicions as to his character among the unsophisticated natives ; and while some averred that he was merely wrong in the head, others declared that he was a necromancer, and held forbidden communings with preternatural visitants, as he rambled, muttering unintelligible things in a strange tongue, when no one appeared to be nigh ; some others maintained that he was a French spy, bent on promoting the revolutionary invasion of England, then threatened ; and a few of the more charitable contented themselves with deciding that he was only a smuggler. These rumours had drawn upon him a species of notice and surveillance, which, to say the least of it, was by no means pleasant, and

they probably contributed to hasten his departure for the continent. Instead, therefore, of resuming his abode at Alfreton, he retired to his native Cumberland, where, in the course of a few months he wooed and won a fair and amiable cousin, Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, with whom, on his marriage, in 1803, he received a handsome dowry, and whom he forthwith established in a pleasant and comfortable dwelling at the head of Grasmere Lake, in the most pastoral, picturesque, and magnificent of all the dales of Westmoreland. There, and at Rydal Mount, in what Mrs. Hemans has called "A lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy, which is situated within two or three miles of Grasmere," the poet continued to reside through life, with the exception of a few brief intervals of holiday pilgrimage bestowed upon the shrines of earlier genius in the west of England, the South, and in Scotland, during which he visited with youthful enthusiasm the "Land of Burns," and the poetical "Vale of Yarrow."

From the date of his final emigration to the lake district, therefore, Wordsworth's history is almost wholly a history of his various poems, which were published in slow succession. In 1807, he issued a second volume of "Lyrical Ballads." In 1814, he gave to the public his largest work, "The Excursion," which, notwithstanding its bulk, is but the fragment of a longer poem, intended to have been called "The Recluse." This work, though, as a connected narrative, devoid of sufficient human interest and incident to give it extensive popular acceptance, is full of choice, beautiful, and even sublime passages; and abounds, as indeed does all the poetry of Wordsworth, with lines and sentences, conveying so much of homely, every-day truth, and of deep, but universally applicable wisdom, that they have already proved their claim to the indestructible life and imperiousness of proverbs, and are rooted for ever in all hearts upon which they have fallen. In 1815 appeared the romantic poem of the "White Doe of Rylstone," founded on a singularly beautiful Yorkshire legend, and in the same year was put forth a second edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," prefaced with an essay, explaining and defending the system on which many of the writer's compositions had been constructed; a manly, eloquent, and convincing exposition of the aim, object, and art of true poetry; his reasonings and conclusion on which have been summed up, in a few lines, by his friend Mr. Henry Taylor, the author of "Phillip Van Artevelde," who says:—

"Poetry is Reason's self sublimed;
 'Tis Reason's sovereignty, whereunto
 All properties of sense, all dues of wit,
 All fancies, images, perceptions, passions,
 All intellectual ordinance grown up
 From accident, necessity, or custom,
 Seen to be good and after made authentic:
 All ordinance aforethought, that from science
 Doth prescience take, and from experience, law;
 All lights and institutes of digested knowledge;
 Gifts and endowments of intelligence,
 From sources living, from the dead bequests,—
 Subserve and minister."

"Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner" shortly afterwards followed; and from their quaint simplicity, and occasional grotesqueness of phraseology, added to the naked and undisguised rusticity of their subject matter, they seemed intended as a general challenge and defiance to the critics of the age, at once roused with active vociferation a babel of fierce excommunications and exorcisms, and gave birth to many reams of scornful satires, intended to extinguish the daring heretic who had abjured all the precedents of the established schools. The denounced poems have lived, notwithstanding, and are still healthy, and they promise to long outlive the recorded clamours of the *witlings*, who at that time deemed themselves entitled to look down with real or affected pity and contempt upon all genius which presumed to assert its original powers without the sanction of their rules.

Wordsworth subsequently produced "Sonnets on the River Duddon," "Ecclesiastical Sketches," and "Yarrow Revisited;" and in 1842 he published a volume of the poems of his early and late years, with a tragedy which had lain in his desk from the time of youth, and which exhibited a singular lack of dramatic power, combined with a tendency which, perhaps, was natural under the circumstances, to strain after melo-dramatic diction, situation, and scenic effects. In 1814, the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, to whom Wordsworth had dedicated some of his best effusions, and to whose predecessor in the titles and estates of the Lowther family his father had been law-agent, procured him the appointment of distributor of stamps for the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, with a salary of £300 per annum, and with duties so light as scarcely to interrupt him in the enjoyment and disposal of his leisure. This office he retained till 1842, when he resigned it in favour of his son. On thus transferring the duties and responsibilities of the post, the poet received from the government of Sir Robert Peel a pension, for his literary services to the nation, of £300 a year.

It should be remarked that during the entire period of his life, Wordsworth was blessed in a remarkable manner with the smiles of prosperity. De Quincey, the "English Opium Eater," who was long a neighbour of the poet, and dwelt on the margin of Grasmere, writing at the beginning of 1839, says: "It must rejoice every man who joins in the homage offered to Wordsworth's powers—and what man is to be found who, more or less, does not?—to hear, with respect to one so lavishly endowed by nature, that he has not been neglected by fortune, that he has never had the finer edge of his sensibilities dulled by the sad anxieties, the degrading fears, the miserable dependencies of debt; that he has been blessed with competency, even when poorest; has had hope and cheerful prospects in reversion, through every stage of his life; that at all times he has been liberated from reasonable anxieties about the final interests of his children; that at all times he has been blessed with leisure, the very amplest that ever man enjoyed, for intellectual pursuits the most delightful. Yes, that even for those delicate and coy pursuits, he has possessed, in combination, all the conditions for their most perfect culture; the leisure, the ease, the solitude, the society, the domestic peace, the local scenery. Paradise for his eye,

in Miltonic beauty, lying outside his windows ; Paradise for his heart, in the perpetual happiness of his own fireside ; and finally, when increasing years might be supposed to demand something more of modern luxuries, and expanding intercourse with society, in its most polished forms, something more of refined elegancies, that his means, still keeping pace in almost arithmetical ratio with his wants, had shed the graces of art upon the failing powers of nature, had stripped infirmity of discomfort, and, so far as the necessities of things will allow, had placed the final stages of life—by many compensations, by universal praise, by plaudits reverberated from senates, benedictions wherever his poems have penetrated, honour, troops of friends—in short, by all that miraculous prosperity can do to evade the primal decrees of nature, had placed the final stage on a level with the first."

The death of Southey occurred in March, 1843, and in the following month Wordsworth was appointed to succeed him as Poet Laureate ; an office in which the only call made upon his powers was an "Ode" on the installation of the late Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on which occasion the Queen paid a visit of state to that venerable seat of learning. The ode was a failure, as poetical tasks usually are ; but, independent of its want of living inspiration, it betrayed the fact, that the poet's fire was in the embers, and that his earlier powers of imagination and expression were fast decaying. It was suggested on the poet's decease, that, partly because the office of "Laureate" is rather a ridiculous than an honourable distinction, and partly because there is small hope of maintaining so obsolete a character as court minstrel, permanently, by the reputation of a succession of holders so revered as Southey and Wordsworth, the post itself should henceforward be abolished, and the emoluments attached to it be conferred, by way of pension, for literary merit; the hint, however, as the happy appointment of Alfred Tennyson to the vacant office shows, was not acted upon.

The health of the venerable Laureate, notwithstanding his advanced age and the gradual creeping upon him of some natural infirmities—impaired vision and a stooping gait—had been generally sound and vigorous till within a couple of years preceding his decease. His simple and temperate habits and manners, his moderate wants and frugal diet, his serenity of mind, regularity of life, and constant exercise on foot, in the pure and bracing air, which imparts a brighter green than elsewhere to the herbages of the northern dales and mountains, preserved him from the enervating influence of disease, and sustained the habitual cheerfulness of his spirit, and a youthful buoyancy of temperament within him, far beyond the ordinary term. His masculine frame, however, sustained a severe shock in 1849, on the death of his only daughter and favourite child, and from this prostration he was slow to recover. He seemed, nevertheless, to regain somewhat of his wonted elasticity until about Christmas of the same year, when it was apparent that his strength and faculties were failing, and his family were warned of his approaching end. The lamp of life flickered occasionally during the few months which followed, but it could not be replenished ; and on the 23rd of April, 1850, about noon, he tranquilly breathed his

last in the bosom of his devoted relatives and friends, at the home of his choice, and amid the glorious scenery which he has done so much to render famous throughout the civilized world. He had completed the eightieth year of his age on the seventh day of the month in which all that was mortal of him died. In person he was tall and muscular. He had a large and noble head, with a keen and penetrating eye, a countenance lighted with benevolence, and a forehead almost as expansive and majestic as that chiselled on the busts which purport to resemble Shakspeare. He was an eloquent talker, and somewhat loquacious, nor without an egotism of manner, which probably resulted from his usually recluse separation from society. He was, however, eminently kind and tolerant, and was universally beloved by his neighbours, from the poorest peasant in the vale to the wealthiest and most distinguished of the lake residents.

His political character has been finely, and at the same time justly, drawn by Coleridge. "In Wordsworth," he says, "we find, first, an austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. Secondly, a correspondent weight and sanity of the sentiments, won not from books but from the poet's own meditations. They are fresh, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. Thirdly, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. Fourthly, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Fifthly, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplater rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate; but of a contemplation from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. Last, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does, indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

‘ Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.’

THE FIRST DOCTORS.

PART II.

We have already seen that the sacerdotal colleges amongst the heathen nations of antiquity were the only depositaries of the collected knowledge acquired by a long experience. India shows to us its Magi, versed in the study of natural history and medicine. Egypt reveals its priests preserving carefully iatric, or healing formula, in the depths of its templea. In the early times of heroic Greece, it was the ministers of worship, or their initiated disciples, who perpetuated in their family the art of healing and working prodigies. The Scythians had also their thaumaturgists in Zamolxis and Abaris, and amongst the Celts there were still priests and Druids, who enjoyed the only celebrity in the profound sciences. We are not to imagine that those early practitioners were not valuable agents for the cure and management of disease. There is sufficient attestation in the records of the time that at Epidaurus, and other celebrated health resorts, such resources as were available, dangerous maladies were frequently cured.

There is no doubt that extraordinary success, considering the state in which medical science existed, followed the course of treatment adopted. From all parts of Greece, from remote Egypt, and sometimes even from distant India, the diseased, the worn-out, and debilitated, sought the opportunities of health afforded at those places. It was only the rich, however, to whom they were available. The expense—ever a distinguishing characteristic of such resorts—had as much deterrent influence upon the ancient people, who had a reverence for their celebrity, but were poor as to the same class is, borne by such haunts for health as Baden-Baden, Ems, Madeira, or Nice, to-day. But, beside the real value which was obtained in the natural or chemical resources of those life-giving localities, there was a fictitious stimulant afforded also by the wiles of the guardians of the temples of the heathen. The trade of these men, like their religion, was a traffic of falsehood. In order to increase the attractions of these resorts, they introduced instances of supernatural cures, which were carried out by clever pretenders. The learned Baronius, in his "Annals," quotes a Greek inscription, found at the temple of Esculapius, at Rome, which illustrates how far they carried deception for their own purposes. This inscription contains an account of various miraculous cures performed in public, and eminently calculated to impose upon the vulgar and deluded. It has been ascertained beyond a doubt by modern science what a vast influence is exercised by the mental upon the corporal functions; and, no doubt, this system of imposition had its advantages upon nervous or sensitive individuals; and there is no doubt that persons suffering under many forms of hypochondriac or hysterical diseases must have received benefit from the means thus adopted.

Those were the first doctors of the human race. They found disease, without a hindrance, exercising its terrible sway amongst men, and they

availed themselves of skill and observation to stay its scathing progress. It was a great task. Physic and chemistry only existed amongst the ancients in a state of empiricism, that is, as a fact afforded by chance or acquired by researches without theory. They were transmitted to the initiated, who, in their turn transmitted them to others. Democritus was the only man of antiquity who felt the necessity to experimentalize and to classify results. It was for want of system that the physico-chemical knowledge of the ancients has made no progress, and, for the most part, has been lost to time. A strange circumstance, however, must be noted in this state of things. Although possessing a degree of knowledge far beyond that generally current, the sacerdotal colleges of the heathens, consistent with the darkness and falsehood of their religion, did not spread their knowledge amidst the people. This course would have been the first work of any who would hasten civilization. On the contrary, they enveloped their operations in the shadows of mystery, in order to make men believe that they held communication with the divinity. They made use of a secret language known only to themselves, the character of which served them to write their formularies, or afforded them the details of the mode of preparing divers drugs and substances more or less active upon the human economy. It is in this species of magical pharmacopœia shut carefully from the vulgar, that they recorded the receipts suitable to produce such or such an effect.

From the documents which ancient history furnishes us, the thaumaturgists ought to be very advanced in this portion of the art, and their means were numerous and varied. We shall have occasion to see that they employed not only drugs, simple and compound, but that they had recourse to perfumes, to odours, to music, and to strong moral impressions, to exercise influence upon the system of humanity. The only view we can obtain of them in this way is mingled with the shadows of fable; but yet it is a glimpse sufficient of the manner in which these first practitioners of the healing art used the knowledge which they attained. Purposes of hallucination seem to have been the great use made of drugs amongst them. The mysteries of Misithra, of Isis, of Samothrace, and of Eleusis, discover to us here and there, amongst the exaggerated descriptions of antiquity, the various secrets employed for the deception even of the initiated. One time it is *ambrosia* which exalts the spirit, another it is the draught of Lethe that bestowed forgetfulness; again, it is *nepenthe* which calms the most lively, and plunges whoso quaffed it into a state of happiness ineffable. Everywhere there are draughts, unctious, and baths, where we recognise without difficulty the action of stimulant and narcotic substances. Such is the action of the physical upon the mental organism, that in their union in the body, substances can act upon the latter through the former. Homer contains episodes of the power of the magic of Circe, which, explained by our modern knowledge, makes what seems a fable easily understood. The story of her metamorphosis of Calchus is one of those. The wily sorceress knew the secrets of stupefying drugs, and used them on the King of the Daunians. Troubled with his addresses, she asked him to a banquet. There she gave

him draughts of rich wine, and after a cup of this, drugged with some soporific, he fell into a state of imbecility, and Circe had him conveyed to a stable. The story goes that he was turned into an ox, but the truth is, that when a glimmer of understanding returned to the prince, beholding himself surrounded by oxen, swine, and sheep, his half stupified intellect lost its individuality, and he believed in his metamorphosis. When his intellect was about mastering the effects of the potion, and the vapours of stupidity began to be dissipated, she despatched him to his own kingdom. The metamorphosis of the companions of Ulysses is explained in the same manner. The herb Moly, a preparation of which was taken at the command of their chief, indicates antidote, which withdrew them from the stupid condition into which they were plunged.

We find other instances in which drugs were used for a different purpose, and for the production of a different influence upon men. The dervishes of India drink a liquor known only to themselves, and arrive at that degree of exaltation which makes them despise all dangers, and brave the most atrocious pains. They precipitate themselves boldly upon lances, upon naked swords, cut off their own noses and ears, maim their bodies, and inflict ghastly wounds upon themselves without giving any signs of pain. The widows of Malabar drink a potion which the priests administer to them before going to the funeral pyre, where, according to the accursed rites of their religion, they must be sacrificed. When they have drunk this, they mount the pile, and seating themselves on the burning scaffold, they are devoured by the flames without making the least groan. In 1822, an English traveller ocularily witnessed one of those sacrifices, saw the victim of this barbarous custom arrive at the fatal scene in a state of complete physical insensibility, by reason of the violent effect of the drugs which they had made her swallow. He describes her eyes as being stupidly open. She answered mechanically to the legal questions which were addressed to her on the voluntary nature of her immolation, and when aided to mount the pile, she showed the symptoms of a complete narcotism. The Hebrew Chronicles detail the composition of a liquor which stupefied the victims of their capital punishment. Apuleius relates the execution of a traitor, who, having been prepared for his immolation by a narcotic potion, was burned alive without making a single cry.

In such details we find the results of the first experience of the power of drugs, and we are afforded evidence of the uses to which they were put. Strange and unusual as it may seem to us were those appropriations, yet, to those practical experiments we are indebted for the foundation of medical science. The great bulk of men professing a knowledge of the influence of the products of certain plants, or certain minerals, upon the human economy, directed that knowledge only to charlatanism—tricks of trade—medical sleight-of-hand—and made no effort to follow out discovery, or to impel study to benefit humanity by its comparisons or experience. The consequence of this condition of things is to be understood in the state in which medicine is found practised in barbarous countries. In countries even not barbarous, but isolated,—in China, for instance—it exists at a very low

ebb. This is one of the greatest, most ancient, and civilized empires on the face of the earth. Two thousand years ago, when Europe was savage as Kaffirland, China was great, populous, and highly civilised, and yet, amongst the native physicians of that country, no such good medical aid can be had from them as a medical student of one year's standing in Europe would afford. Dr. Gillan, a Scotch physician, who was attached to the British embassy under Lord Macartney, declares that they knew neither the use of blood-letting, nor how to set a fractured bone. After the destruction of the Roman Empire, the study of medicine remained to be carried on by isolated effort, and it was in the middle ages at a very low ebb. Amongst the monastic communities alone had it any pretensions to science, to order, and to usefulness. Members of the orders of religion, preserving the remnant of literature saved from antiquity, had that enlightenment alone which could render the art of medicine, as then practised, of any value, and it was only as the Church emancipated the world from the iron rule of feudalism by the spread of learning, that the science grew. The dreams of the alchemists, however, who dabbled in the practice, had a very malign influence upon its progress. They followed out theories in which folly and daring were mingled, and reduced its elements once more to superstition. The practice of medicine now, under such circumstances, no longer deserved the name, encumbered with arcana, panaceas, wondrous elixirs, and the aggregation of all quackery. Curious it is to remember that the human race was ever so insensate, as to be deceived by such folly, or by such fraud, but for many an age it was so. Now, however, in civilized countries pretences of this kind, have fallen into the contempt they so richly deserve. The progress of this science, however, like those of every other, had its martyrs. The physician, in the barbarous times of early Europe, although he might attempt to save the lives of others, too often ran the risk of losing his own. The beautiful Austragilda, for instance, wife of Gunthram, King of Burgundy and Orleans, son of Clothaire, upon her death-bed, requested of her husband that the two physicians who had attended her during her last illness should be buried with her. She had believed that to their remedies ought to be attributed the loss of her life, and upon this account she demanded their immolation. Gunthram had the weakness to promise this sacrifice to her, and he had the weakness to keep his word. Though buried in the same sepulchre, and with the honours of royalty, might be esteemed an honour, yet it is quite certain those men did not appreciate their position as being very valuable.

It was after the growth of the universities of Europe, after the rise of Padua, Parma, Rome, and Paris, that medicine took the influence of progress, and in the hands of men of genius afforded some promise of its future fame and merit. With all his faults and absurdities, it owes a great deal to the celebrated Paracelsus. With him knowledge became a passion, somewhat misguided, and often erring. His life was passed in its pursuit, and very much of the impulse of his own vivid nature was communicated to those around him. The son of an apothecary, he was instructed in his art, and made the greatest progress in such chemistry as the age afforded. He visited the principal cities and universities of Europe. He consulted every

body—physicians, barbers, apothecaries, conjurors, and old women, eagerly adopting from every quarter whatever he thought useful to his practice. In the course of these wanderings he was taught, or fancied he was taught, the secret of the philosopher's stone. The ridiculous pursuit of the art of turning all things to gold has been, nevertheless, productive of golden advantages to mankind. At an era when little beside avarice was enabled to raise mankind to action, this infatuation paved the way to chemical experiment, to which we are indebted for discoveries and improvements in various arts, which tend to preserve human life and aid wonderfully to comfort and to pleasure it. His history was wild, impetuous, and stormy. Impelled by his ceaseless thirst for knowledge, he traversed the immense space of the Russian empire—a wonderful undertaking in those days, when the facilities of travel were rare and few. He descended into the mines scattered over its territory, and was taken prisoner by the Tartars. Amongst that people he became a favourite for his medical skill and vast knowledge, and having healed the Cham, or Prince of Tartary, of a severe disease, was loaded by him with presents, and travelled with his son to Constantinople, whence he returned to Europe. Here he restored Frobenius, the painter, to health, and gained a wonderful renown. At Basle he was appointed professor of physic, with a very considerable salary, but being unable to resist his propensity for wandering, he visited Italy, and returning again to Germany, died there at Salzburg, in the forty-eighth year of his age. To him, in a great measure, was due the early progress of chemistry, and the impulse given to its study. This, of course, became in modern times one of the great sources of light in medical science. Until anatomy was practised as a science, medicine was only empiricism. Professorships of physic existed early in all the seats of learning from Oxford to Milan; but a kind of horror surrounded the hidden attempts at anatomical study, which acted as a bar to the knowledge of the human construction, and to the discovery of the changes induced in it by disease consequently. The earliest law enacted in any country for the promotion of anatomical knowledge was an act passed in 1540, and yet remaining in honourable record upon the English statute book. It provides that the United Companies of Barbers and Surgeons should have the bodies of four criminals to dissect within every year, who shall either happen to be executed, or have died in prison. Before this time surgery had chiefly been exercised in France with any degree of success. But this act tended to raise the knowledge of the only confraternity amidst which the practice of surgery was carried on in those countries. Availing themselves of their privileges they passed a by-law, which fixed ten pounds fine upon any person who should dissect a body out of their hall without leave. The barber-surgeon, in those days, was known as the barber is now—by his pole. A humourous explanation of the cause of the party-pole assumed as a sign by those practitioners we find in the British Apollo, London, 1708 :

"In ancient Rome, when men loved fighting,
And wounds and scars took much delight in;
Man menders then had noble pay,
Which we call surgeons to this day.

'Twas ordered that a huge long pole—
With basin decked should grace the hole—
To guide the wounded who unlopt
Could walk, on stumps the other hop't ;
But when they ended all their wars,
And men grew out of love with scars ;
Their trade decaying, to keep swimming,
They joined the other trade of trimming,
And to their poles, to publish either,
Thus twisted both their trades together."

In Brand's "History of Newcastle" we find that there was a branch of the fraternity in that place, as at a meeting, in the year 1742, of the barber chirurgeons, it was ordered that they should not shave on Sundays, and "that no brother should shave John Robinson until he pays what he owes Robert Shafsto." Whilst this alliance held good, ignorance was the characteristic of the greater amount of the practitioners thus legalized. We find in the works of a contemporary author of the time, that, having been once copped for a severe catarrh, by order of some physicians, by one of those barber-surgeons, the performer asked him "if he desired to be sacrificed?" "Sacrificed," exclaimed the patient; "did the physician tell you any such thing?" "No," said he; "but I have sacrificed many who have been the better for it." "Sir," said the astounded patient, "you must mistake yourself—you mean scarified?" "O, sir, by your leave," he retorted, "I have ever heard it called sacrificing, and as for scarifying I never heard it before." The relator of this instance of ignorant and unlettered surgery, declares that he could not convince the worthy practitioner that it was by no means his office to sacrifice men whatever he might do to save them.

It is strange that, after the progress of scientific medicine had asserted the truth and force of its doctrine, the last remnant of empirical quackery should have lingered in courts, and amongst princes. This circumstance, however, is the case, and perhaps is due to that purpose of flattery, which the servants of royalty always find useful. Scrofula, called in some of its forms the "the King's Evil," has been so denominated because of the belief that once prevailed, that the touch of the hand of the Monarch could render sound and healthy those who were afflicted with it. For centuries crowds of diseased persons flocked at certain periods of the year, to the palace of the kings and queens of England, to be touched for this malady. In the records of the court of London there is preserved a proclamation of Charles I., dated April 22, 1634, which appoints the time for this access to the royal physician, to be before the feast of All Souls. This document recites that: "Whereas, by the grace and blessing of Almighty God, the kings and queens of this realm for many ages past have had the happiness, by their sacred touch, to cure those who are afflicted with the disease, called the 'King's Evill,' and his now most excellent majesty, in no less measure than any of his royal progenitors, hath had blessed successe therein." The proclamation then goes on to assert his desire to continue in the same useful work, and fixes the time of approach for that purpose. In 1682, the king touched 8,357 persons, and Sir Thomas Browne remarks upon such a fact,

that, notwithstanding the number had been so great as to amount to a considerable portion of the whole nation, yet upon any new declaration of healing, they came again as fast as if none had applied before. "A thing as monstrous, as strange."

Notwithstanding this, it began to decline. Oliver Cromwell tried in vain to exercise the royal prerogative, and although the Lord Protector was very willing to bear the reputation of cure, after the fashion of princes, he did not succeed in getting a solitary believer in his efficacy. In 1684, we find that Thomas Rousewell was tried for treason, because he spoke with contempt of King Charles's pretensions to the cure of scrofula. Charles Bernard, a practitioner of medicine and surgery of highly scientific attainments made this touching the subject of raillery all his life time, until he was appointed the royal surgeon, when it turned out so good a perquisite, that he solved all difficulties by saying of it with a sneer: "Really one would not have thought it, if one had not seen it." Queen Anne was the last ruler of those kingdoms who followed this absurd practice, and as each of the patients received a small gold coin from the princess, she had no lack of patients. Shakespeare knew the traffic well, for in *Macbeth* he speaks of the process:

————— "Strangely visitated people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he curses ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their neck,
Put on with holy prayers."

Thus medicine, one of the most useful and noble of the sciences, absorbing as it does in part almost all the others, languished during long ages, and was used for their traffic by charlatans of all conditions. It was only in the seventeenth century, that it arose from the degradation with which it was surrounded. The recent progress of physic, of chemistry, and, above all, of pathological anatomy, have given to it a wonderful impulse, and the noblest geniuses of our time labour to bring it still further towards perfection. Honour to them, for they are bound to be numbered amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race.

From this condition of medical practice, however, the genius of a few men aided by the spread of knowledge, raised the sciences of medicine and surgery. Morgagni, in Italy, gave the first impulse to the study of pathological anatomy, and, by his researches into the existence of the dead body, for the cause and source of disease in the living, aided greatly towards the benefit that genius could confer upon the elevation and correctness of medical judgment. The discoveries of Harvey, too, due as they were to his training in the Italian schools, tended largely to this end. Italy contributed more than any other land to the progress of those sciences. Her universities attracted thither the best minds of every nation, and led them far on the path of enquiry. From them strayers carried into their own lands the method of observation—the spirit of research—and the results of both. Soon this diffusion of knowledge produced its effect. The seeds were sown afar from the land of Vesalius and Malpighi. Anatomy flourished—pathology pro-

gressed—chemistry began to trim its lamp and shed its light, and botany taught us the wisdom of field and forest, meadow and shore. From this time forward there was no more lagging in the path of medical advancement—the world grew out of quackery and pretence into science and fact, and the human race was the happier of the revolution.

FOREST LIFE.

O pleasant trees of the early Spring,
 O greenest splendours of fields and hills,
 When the low, snow winds flee whispering
 Through golden mosses and daffodils.
 And the bird's heart breaks into melody,
 As a blossom bursts through its purple sheath ;
 And the grim, fantastic shadows slide
 Along the uplands of shining heath.
 Whisper to me, whisper to me,
 Till the sweet music floods mine ear,
 The holy breathings of plant and tree
 In the lights and glooms of the growing year !

I kiss the bark of the sycamore,
 As its branches murmur in dreams at noon—
 The gray trunk white by the river's shore
 Thro' all the changes of star and moon.
 I tap the beech, and cry—"Sweet, awake,
 O give us a leaf, for the sun is nigh ;"
 And I wave my hands to the gorgeous pines
 That love the highest and deepest sky.
 Murmur to me, murmur to me,
 Sleeping sycamore, beech and pine,
 Your voice is the voice of a faded youth—
 The silver echoes of thoughts divine.

Then, with the March, when orchards take
 Confused pallours on every bough,
 And the willows whiten along the lake,
 And the furze flames rich on the quarry's brow ;
 When hawthorn buds at prime unfold,
 And wavering, fainting, stir the wheat ;
 I pause in the dusk of the village croft,
 And hear my heart with their pulses beat.
 Sing unto me, sing unto me,
 Blowing blossoms and drooping corn,
 Around the rim of a solemn life
 Ye gird the freshness of youth and morn.

Summer comes soon, I see the prints
 Of my first love's feet in the alder woods,
 And a shining pathway is strewn in glints
 Across the hearts of the lilyed floods :
 The ripple where her pure limbs have laved,
 Her dainty tread by the weeded pool !
 At times a cold white shoulder gleams,
 And slants a flash amid caverns cool.
 Come back to me, come back to me,
 Tender, beautiful nun-like Spring,
 Or tell the breezes where thou has flown,
 That my heart, O sweet, may take instant wing.

Tearful April floats down the earth,
 Amid the silent valley she waits ;
 Or leans on the ice crags near the north,
 And blows the sleet through the mountain gates ;
 Hide your blossoms, O passion flowers,
 Delicate jasmine clasp the eaves,
 Keep for the sun your chaliced blooms,
 Keep for the rain your murmurous leaves ;
 And speak unto me, speak unto me,
 As by the casement standing nigh,
 The slow, vast, thunder-breasted cloud,
 Billows and blackens yonder sky.

Pleasant is May, when the trunks are brown,
 The walnut rustles, the damson's blue,
 The green plum crackles beneath the down,
 And its cheek is flushed with a blood-like hue ;
 Then by the brooks at eve I pace,
 In sweetest gossip with larch and lime,
 I fetch a jest for the knotty oak—
 A pleasant phrase for the grassy thyme.
 Chatter with me, chatter with me,
 Dear companions and friends, I say,
 The lamps, alight, and the volume's near,
 And I must seek them ere dies the day.

But most I love when the window air
 Is thick with the steam of the mignonette ;
 Or the poor geraniums, all blossom-bare,
 In crimson pots on the stone are set.
 The alien myrtle is cheerful-voiced,
 Vast-toned the reed of the mighty Nile,
 Even the trailing vines will turn
 Their purple lips to the glass and smile.

Smile unto me, smile unto me,
 O dainty vines and myrtles a-blown,
 I hear the cymbals, and dance once more,
 Thro' the shouting vineyards of Long Ago.

Happy is Autumn, when every gust
 Blazons the forests—the oak's a-fire ;
 The ash looms gray thro' the rising dust,
 The broom is roaring within the byre.
 Through scarlet woods with the sun I go,
 The red leaves whirl on the branches high,
 And ever the trees amid pauses, moan
 With sleepy voices—Good-bye, good-bye.
 Fade not from me, fade not from me,
 O tender kindred ; and then aloud
 The lightning kindles, along the holt
 The thick rain leaps from the dripping cloud.

So range the seasons. To-night I sit,
 With lamp and cricket, beside the stove ;
 Mysterious cries through the forest flit—
 I hear the voices of friends I love.
 Up hill and meadow in troops they gleam,
 Grimly and blind in their winter woe,
 Each with his heart in his grainèd trunk—
 Each in his coffin of crispèd snow.
 Wake unto me, wake unto me,
 Verdurous dreamers; I tap your bark,
 The bird that flies in the front of Spring
 Has cheeped a note through the morning dark !

CAVIARE.

PAST TIMES AND THEIR REPASTS.

In a recent number of the "Hibernian," we enjoyed, beneath the well-spread "Classic Mahogany," a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with our readers in regard to some of the delicacies with which the *chefs-de-cuisine* of antiquity were wont to titillate the epicurean and exacting palates of their royal and patrician masters. We have no doubt that a glance at the character of the repasts beneath which the mediæval mahogany groaned will be equally acceptable, especially since it will tend to illustrate the domestic manners of a people nearer home. As a critic of a modern "Cook's Guide" very truly remarks, in these days of real enlightenment it is quite superfluous to insist upon the desirableness of a good dinner. Even those who most repudiate the principle are very apt to give in their adhesion to the practice;

and we may probably take it for granted that there are very few to whom it is really a matter of indifference how they are to appease that wolf whose demands are so importunate at certain hours. Nor is the interest taken in the subject of exclusively modern date. We certainly are told that Agamemnon never inquired who dressed his fish, by which it is probably meant that the chieftain was careless how it was dressed; but the minute details which Homer gives of the art of cookery, show that he was far from being supine, though, as was, perhaps, inevitable in a campaign, the recipes which he gives are chiefly confined to broils. As civilization proceeded in Greece, cookery also advanced. Lycurgus, perhaps, gave the greatest proof of the esteem in which he held it, when as the severest punishment which he could devise for those who were blockheads enough to submit to his legislation, he invented that celebrated black broth which taxed the hard digestion of the Spartans for so many ages. Alcibiades and Lysander were both noted epicures; and a glimpse of the value of a good dinner was evidently arrived at by the old lady who appealed to Philip fasting, showing that she attributed the adverse decision which he had just pronounced, and the ill temper from which it proceeded, to the indigestion produced by the ill-cooked dinner which he had just eaten, which, indeed, was all that could be expected among his semi-civilised Macedonians. Among the Romans the noble art of cookery was held, as we have already learned, in still greater esteem. Lucullus, the conqueror of Mithridates, gave the best dinners in Europe; and it was not above a couple of generations later that Horace instructed the courtiers of Augustus what to eat, drink, and avoid, and gave a recipe for a salad in even better verse than Sidney Smith; while Apicius, no doubt thinking poetry too light a vehicle for advice on such an important subject, published a serious prose cookery-book, the excellency of which may, perhaps, be considered as established by the fact that it has been so entirely eaten up by the *blattæ* and *tineæ* that all our exertions have been unable to procure a copy. That great epicure, indeed, sealed his own adherence to the doctrines which he taught by his blood, falling on his sword when he found that, of all his fortune, there remained to him but £100,000—a sum, in his most epicurean calculation, not sufficient to provide him as many more good dinners as his natural term of life might have permitted him to enjoy. Let merited honour be paid to such noble devotion, but still greater is due to Vatel, the *chef-de-cuisine* of the great Condé, for a similar self-sacrifice. Apicius slew himself from a regard for his own dinner, but Vatel immolated himself because a turbot which had been ordered for his master's banquet had not arrived—feeling that, if his prince could survive the disappointment, he himself could not survive the shame of sending to table so incomplete a course. The mention of Vatel is leading us to more modern times, to which we must briefly advert, even at the risk of being taken to task for wandering from our immediate subject. In them it seems to have been some time before the divine art of cookery came to be properly appreciated in these countries. Chiffinch, indeed, prepared an exquisite banquet for Mr. Edward Christian; but, after he was removed from the scene, it

was upwards of a century before any well-authenticated banquet bequeathed its reputation to posterity ; the feast of "The Haunch of Venison" was manifestly *a fête marquée*, so we will not dilate upon it ; though what has been handed down to us concerning it shows plainly that Goldsmith was not wholly unacquainted with the art of dinner-giving. But the great connoisseur of that age we take to have been Dr. Johnson. At all events, he was the person who first drew the distinction between a dinner that was good enough for a man to eat *en famille*, and one that was fit to ask a stranger to. So, too, in late years, our greatest geniuses have been our most scientific gourmands. We have it on the authority of dear Charles Lamb that to the Chinese, that ingenious nation to whom we owe the invention of gunpowder, (at the present day we opine that they devoutly wish they could have kept us in the dark with respect to it,) printing, and the mariners' compass, we are also indebted for that still more exquisite discovery of roasting pig ; and the enthusiasm with which the historian of that great effort of ingenuity records the steps by which it was arrived at, plainly betrays his conviction that his own genius, if properly trained, might have enabled him, too, to write a cookery book. Even greater souls have developed a similar capacity. The author of "Waverley" drew so moving a picture of the soup with which Mrs. Margaret revived the exhausted vigour of the learned Mr. Sampson, that the great M. Florence borrowed from "Guy Mannering" the idea of a pottage *a la Mag Merrilie de Dernclough*, which still smokes oftentimes on the hospitable board of Dalkeith Palace ; and Mr. Ingoldsby, who, no doubt, figured some of his own jovial qualities in the hospitable abbot, shows an appreciation, not only of cookery, but in the equally recondite mystery of carving, when he relates how that hospitable cleric,

"Helped his guest to a bit of the breast,
And sent the drumsticks down to be grilled."

The cookery, however celebrated by these great writers, is couched in too imaginative a phrase to be of service to the preparers of our own dinners. But we have not failed to produce books of instruction in this most important of arts, in language suited to the meanest comprehension, to wit, plain prose. The Tiphys who first guided his or her bark over this unknown sea, we believe to have been Mrs. Glasse, whose cautious avoidance of all rules that by any possibility might prove impracticable, is seen in her familiar directions how to make hare soup—"first catch your hare." Very hard would it be to cut him up and put him in the saucepan, if one had not caught him ; and, accordingly, this simple injunction may be safely taken as a proof that none of her instructions are beyond the reach of honest industry to execute. Then came Mrs. Rundell, Miss Acton, and, greatest of all, that most appropriately-named instructor, Dr. Kitchener, whose guests having "come at seven," must, if they had eaten and drank half the good things he was wont to set before them, have been fully prepared to "go it at eleven." But if we go pondering along at this rate we shall forget, in the mysteries of the modern *cuisine*, those quaint repasts of the past which we had intended should form the theme of our sketch.

There is, says an acute observer, a part of the human frame, not very noble in itself, which, nevertheless, many people are said to worship, and which has even evinced at times, a considerable influence over man's destinies. Gastrolatry, indeed, is a worship which, at one time or other, has prevailed in different forms over all parts of the world—its history takes an extensive range, and is not altogether without interest. One of the first objects of search in a man who has just risen from savage life to civilization is rather naturally refinement in his food, and this desire more than keeps pace with the advance of general refinement, until cookery becomes one of the most important of social institutions. During all periods of which we read in history, great public acts, of whatever kind, even to the consecration of a sacred edifice, have been accompanied with feasting; and the same rule holds throughout all the different phases of our social relations.

William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the middle of the twelfth century, and, by the way, considering his nationality, with strong Norman feelings, informs us that the Anglo-Saxons were accustomed to indulge in Barmecide's feasts, if we may so term them, since these repasts were on a scale of the greatest magnificence, whereas the sites of their revels were mere hovels. The Normans reversed the tables, for we are informed that they sacrificed science to gastronomy; in other words, they preferred a substantial mansion to a substantial repast. Various allusions in their chroniclers leave little room for doubt that their indulgence consisted more in the quantity than in the quality of the food, for their cookery seems to have been, in general, what we call "plain." Refinement in cookery appears to have come in with the Normans; and, from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, we can trace the love of the table continually increasing. Although, however, we have abundant evidence that the Anglo-Normans loved the table, we have but imperfect information on the character of their cookery until the latter half of the fourteenth century, when the rules and receipts for cooking appear to have been very generally committed to writing, and a considerable number of cookery-books belonging to this period and to the following century remain in manuscript, forming very curious records of the domestic life of the period. Those books sometimes contain plans for dinners of different descriptions, or, as we should now say, bills of fare, which enable us, by comparing the names of the dishes with the receipts for making them, to form a tolerably distinct notion of the manner in which folks fared at table from four to five hundred years ago. An *apropos* example is furnished by a manuscript of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and belongs to the latter part of the century preceding—that is, to the reign of Richard II., a period remarkable for the fashion of luxurious living. It gives us the following bill of fare for the ordinary table of a gentleman. We modernize the language, except in the case of obsolete words:—"First Course—Boar's-head enarmed (larded), and 'bruce,' for Pottage; Beef, Mutton, Pestels (*leges*) of Pork, Swan, Roasted Rabbit, Tart. Second Course—Drope and rose, for Pottage; Mallard, Pheasant, Chickens, 'farsed' and roasted; 'Malachis,' baked. Third Course—Conings (rabbits) in gravy, and hare, in 'brase,' for Pot-

tage ; Teals, roasted, Woodcocks, Snipes, ‘ Raffyolys,’ baked, ‘ Flam-poyntes.’” It may be well to make the general remark, that the ordinary number of courses at dinner was three. To begin, then, with the first dish. Boar’s-head was a favourite dish at table, and needs no explanation. The pottage which succeeds, under the name of *bruce*, was made as follows, according to a receipt in the same cookery-book which has furnished the bill of fare :—“ Take the umbles of a swine, and parboil them (boil them slowly), and cut them small, and put them in a pot, with some good broth; then take the whites of leeks, and slit them and cut them small, and put them in, with minced onions, and let it all boil; next take bread steeped in broth, and ‘ draw it up’ with blood and vinegar, and put it into a pot, with pepper and cloves, and let it boil; and serve all this together.”

In the second course, *drope* is probably an error for *drore*, a pottage, which, according to the same cookery-book, was made as follows :—“ Take almonds, and blanch and grind them, and mix them with good meat broth, and seethe this in a pot; then mince onions, and fry them in fresh ‘ grease,’ and put them to the almonds; take small birds, and parboil them, and throw them into the pottage, with cinnamon and cloves, and a little ‘ fine grease,’ and boil the whole.” *Rose* was thus made :—“ Take powdered rue, and boil it in almond-milk till it be thick, and take the brawn of capons and hens, beat it in a mortar, and mix it with the preceding, and put the whole into a pot, with powdered cinnamon and cloves, and whole mace, and colour it with saunders (sandal-wood).” It may be necessary to explain that almond-milk consisted simply of almonds mixed with milk or broth. The farsure, or stuffing, for chickens was made as follows :—“ Take fresh pork, seethe it, chop it small, and grind it well; put to it hard yolks of eggs, well mixed together, with dried currants, powder of cinnamon, and maces, cubebbs, and cloves whole, and wash it.” We are unable to explain the meaning of *malachis*, the dish which concludes this course.

The first dish in the third course—coneyes, or rabbits, in gravy,—was made thus :—“ Take rabbits, and parboil them, and chop them in ‘ gob-bets,’ and seethe them in a pot with good broth; then grind almonds, dress them up in beef broth, and boil this in a pot; and, after passing it through a strainer, put it to the rabbits, adding both whole cloves, maces, pines, and sugar; colour it with sandal-wood, saffron, bastard or other wine, and cinnamon powder, mixed together, and add a little vinegar.” Not less complicated was the boar in *brasé*, or *brasey* :—“ Take the ribs of a boar, while they are fresh, and parboil them till they are half boiled; then roast them, and, when they are roasted, dress them, and put them in a pot with good fresh beef broth and wine, and add cloves, maces, pines, currants, and powdered pepper; then put chopped onions in a pan, with fresh grease, fry them first and then boil them: next, take bread, steeped in broth, ‘ draw it up’ and put it to the onions, and colour it with sandal-wood and saffron, and as it settles put a little vinegar mixed with powdered cinnamon to it; then take brawn, and cut it into slices two inches long, and throw into the

pot with the foregoing, and serve it all up together." "Raffyolys" were a sort of patties, while "Flampoyntes" were made of "interlarded pork," baked. Such was a tolerably respectable dinner at the end of the fourteenth century.

The process of serving a peacock "with the skin," a prevalent custom at the higher repasts of the period, requires some explanation. The skin was first stripped off, with the feathers, tail, and neck and head, and it was spread on a table and strewed with ground cinnamon; then the peacock was taken and roasted, and "endored" with raw yolks of eggs, and when roasted, and after it had been allowed to cool a little, it was sewn into the skin, and thus served on the table, always with the last course, when it looked as though the bird were alive.

In these bills of fare, such of our readers who believe in the prevalence of "old English roast beef," will find that belief singularly dissipated, since, in its stead, we find all sorts of elaborately made dishes, in which immense quantities of spices of all sorts were employed, indulged in. The number of receipts in these early cookery-books is wonderfully great; and it is evident that people sought variety almost above all other things. Among the Sloane Manuscripts, in the library of the British Museum, there is a very complete guide to the management of the *cuisine* belonging to the latter part of the fifteenth century, which gives seven bills of fare of seven dinners, each to differ entirely in the dishes composing it during seven consecutive days. In the foregoing bills of fare we have seen that on flesh-days no fish was introduced on the table, but fish is introduced along with flesh in the seven dinners just alluded to, which are, moreover, curious for the number of articles, chiefly birds, introduced in them, and many of which we are not now accustomed to eat. Among the birds, we find the name of the swan, pheasant, bittern, partridge, and lark. Indeed, the "dainty living" of the past was not, as we learn from the old chroniclers, exactly what would be acceptable to the *habitudes* of Morrison's or Jude's. The whale was eaten by the Saxons, and, when men were fortunate enough to secure it, was held in high esteem as a table delicacy as late as the fifteenth century. In the year 1245, Henry III. directed the sheriff of London to purchase one hundred pieces of whale for his especial delectation. Whales, we may add, when found on the coast, were the perquisites of the sovereign, and were sent to the royal kitchen in carts. The sea-wolf was highly approved of; but, of all the blubber dainties, the porpoise, or sea-hog, as the Saxons called it, was deemed the most savoury. We find that, in 1246, they were purchased for the table of the monarch whom we have just mentioned as being so partial to cetacean tit-bits. At the marriage of Henry V., the guests were regaled with "roasted porpes," and it is also mentioned in the first course at the coronation of Henry VII.; nor did it cease to be esteemed as food until the close of the sixteenth century. It was on the table of Henry VIII., and even Queen Elizabeth, who was rather choice in her appetite, did not disdain to include it in the *carte* of her Friday's dinner. "Porpoys rost" figures largely in the cookery-books

to which we have adverted; and appears to have been sold as food in the markets of Newcastle as late as 1575, from which time it seems to have lost its repute.

At the period of which we write it was considered more absolutely necessary than at an earlier period, that each course at table should be accompanied with a "subtilty," or ornamental device in pastry, representing groups of various descriptions, as a black boar and a castle, etc. Hedgehogs were frequently served at table. In the "*Ménagier de Paris*," a French compilation, made in the year 1393, a hedgehog is directed to have its throat cut, and to be skinned and eviscerated, and then to be arranged as a chicken, and pressed and well-dried in a towel; after this it was to be roasted and eaten with "cameline," a word the exact meaning of which seems not to be known; or in pastry, with duckling sauce. Squirrels were to be treated as rabbits. The same book gives directions for cooking magpies, rooks, and jackdaws. The second of the seven bills of fare, given in the Sloane Manuscript, contains turtles (the bird), and throstles roasted; in the third we have roasted egrets, (a species of heron), starlings, and linnetts; in the fourth, "martinettes;" in the fifth, barnacles, "molette," sparrows, and, among fishes, minnows; and in the sixth, roasted cormorants, heathcocks, sheldrakes, dotterels, and thrushes. The seventh bill of fare comprises wild geese, wood doves, "mallards of the rivere," "cotes," quails, and goldfinches, in addition to shoulders of mutton, quarters of lamb, lamprey, cod, eel, and bream, with "long wortes" (vegetables), and "pynnonade," a confection of almonds and pines.

The fifteenth century, especially, was celebrated for its great feasts, at which the consumption of provisions was enormous. The bills of expenses of some of them have been preserved. In the sixth year of the reign of Edward the IV., (A.D. 1466), George Neville was made Archbishop of York, and the account of the expenditure for the feast on that occasion contains the following articles:—Three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred tuns of wine, one pint of hypocras, a hundred and four oxen, six wild bulls, a thousand sheep, three hundred and four calves, the same number of swine, four hundred swans, two thousand geese, a thousand capons, two thousand pigs, four hundred plovers, a hundred dozen of quails, two hundred dozen of the birds called "rees," a hundred and four peacocks, four thousand mallards and teals, two hundred and four cranes, two hundred and four kids, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand crays, two hundred and four bitterns, four hundred herons, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four hundred woodcocks, one hundred curlews, a thousand egrettes, more than five hundred stags, bucks, and roes, four thousand cold venison pasties, a thousand cold "parted" dishes of jelly, three thousand plain dishes of same, four thousand cold baked tarts, fifteen hundred hot venison pasties, two thousand hot custards, six hundred and eight pikes and breams, twelve porpoises and seals, with a proportionate quantity of spices, sugared delicacies and wafers or cakes. On the enthronation of William Warham, as Arch., bishop of Canterbury, in 1504, the twentieth year of the reign of Henry VII.,

a feast was given, for which the following provisions were purchased. Fifty-four quarters of wheat, twenty shillings' worth of fine flower for making wafers, six tuns or pipes of red wine, four of claret, one of choice white wine, and one of inferior quality for the kitchen, one butt of malmsey, one pipe of wine of Osey, two tierces of Rhenish wine, four tuns of London ales, six of Kentish ale, and twenty of English beer, thirty-three pounds' worth of spices, three hundred lings, six hundred codfish, seven barrels of salted salmon, forty fresh salmon, fourteen barrels of white herring, twenty cades of red herrings, (each cade containing six hundred herrings, which would make a total of twelve thousand,) five barrels of salted sturgeons, two barrels of salted eels, six hundred fresh eels, eight thousand whelks, five hundred pikes, four hundred tenches, a hundred carps, eight hundred breams, two barrels of salted lampreys, eighty fresh lampreys, fourteen hundred fresh lamperns, a hundred and twenty-four salted congers, two hundred great roaches, a quantity of seals and porpoises, with a considerable quantity of other fish, which proves at once, that this feast took place on a fish day. How the votaries of the "Classic Mahogany" would have stared, had their host placed before them a repast, so luxurious, profuse, and uncommon as this! This habit of living, however, gradually declined, during the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century, and was finally extinguished in the great convulsion which led to the establishment of the Commonwealth.

THE TWO SICILIES IN 1862.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

MEN have not yet arrived at positive conclusions with respect to the two-fold character of the Italian Revolution. A movement which, though not unexpected, set all precedents at defiance, and established standards of action and morality for itself, was sure to provoke contradictions, and place honest consciences in opposition for a time. It cannot be judged by the ordinary laws which stimulated rebellion in other states, because it was neither indigenous nor spontaneous. France developed her own revolutions, but the operation of their influences on her neighbours did not begin until the axe had decimated the aristocracy, and the omnipotence of the public will was all but consolidated. The American Revolution took a different course. It was a strictly national movement. It fought for the popular liberties and ended in a republic, which, for wealth and magnitude, had no rival in the world's history. Different from the two in nature, in aim, and result, was the late revolution in the Two Sicilies. It did not begin with the populations with whom it pretended to sympathise;

* *The Present Condition of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies*, by PIETRO C. ULLOA, Marquis of Favale and Rotondella. London.

it was not accomplished by the people, who, it is alleged, were profoundly interested in its success ; and, worse than either, it did not end by benefitting them.

To understand why that revolution obtained its ends, it is necessary to be acquainted with the conditions under which it was made. The public ideas respecting it are radically wrong. It is supposed that an adventurer, with a troop of vagabonds at his heels, descended on the coast, beat the royal troops, raised the population, obliged the king to fly from Naples, and then invited Victor Emmanuel to take possession of the conquered kingdom. If this be history, we should like to know to what extent it differs from barefaced falsehood. The reasons for which the friends of Piedmont persist in representing the process of the revolution thus are hypocritical and transparent. To justify the invasion, and the spoliation it involved, the necessity for both must be made manifest. If the Sicilian populations were not sick of the monarchy, and yearning for change, would it not have been impossible for Garibaldi and his followers to have overthrown one of the oldest constitutions of Europe ? If the people were attached to the throne, and the army true to its traditions, what fate must have befallen the daring adventurer who delivered one and defeated the other ? The answers to both questions are plain and obvious. The king was the victim of circumstances ; the people were ignorant what to do ; the army was corrupted with Sardinian gold ; the loyalty of the public ministers was debauched ; and Garibaldi triumphed.

Let us begin at the beginning, and see how a state, which so easily fell a prey to a few disturbing influences, was fortified by its own strength and the guarantees of European faith. The monarchy was the traditional ally of England. We do not believe the fact pleads in its favour, but we accept it for what it is worth. The King of Naples, at the close of the last century, was forced into exile because of his adherence to that country, which so recently spat in the face of his descendant. The Neapolitan troops fought side by side with the English, and against the French, in Spain, for which service Naples alone, of all the European states which contributed to the downfall of French supremacy, received no compensation. On the contrary, it was a loser by its fidelity, whilst all the European monarchies were enriched by the new organization sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna. Whilst Sweden, and even that political mendicant, Piedmont, got a share of the booty, Naples was deprived of Elba and the *presidi* of Tuscany. That lesson of vile ingratitude towards a people who, with their king, had suffered ten years of calamity to bulwark the supposed public liberties of Europe, ought to have been remembered ; but its moral was generously discarded. English influence was predominant at Naples up to the day which saw Francis II. desert his capital rather than have it stained with the blood of his subjects. The measure of free trade which the young king, in the plenitude of his power, made public law a short time after his accession, was a fresh concession to English interests. English representative institutions engaged his attention ; but, when he re-proclaimed a free parliament, his liberal intentions were sought to be thwarted

by English counsels. Lord John Russell, the worst villifer of the unfortunate king and his government, wrote thus to the former on the eve of Garibaldi's expedition,—“It may not be necessary or desirable to introduce at this time a representative constitution in the kingdom of Naples. The people may be too ignorant to appreciate its benefits.” Notwithstanding this advice, the king re-established the constitution of 1848. He went further. The police system, which was the scandal of Naples under the reign of his father, was modified, and the press was emancipated from the restrictions which hampered its action and neutralized its influence. No king had reason to feel his crown safer than Francis II. It was guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna—it had indisputable pretensions; but when the conflict came the guarantees were forgotten—the rights cast aside. England raised a voice of jubilee when the red-shirts precipitated themselves on the king's territory, and cheered them on in that career of violence which ended in the desecration of the churches of Naples and the banishment of the Society of Jesus. Sensitive minds were moved by the spectacle of a nation, with a nationality to pride in and a faith to preserve, overrun by the offscourings of the cities of North Italy. But the revolution went forward. A handful of scoundrels became a legion of terror in the heart of a brave population. The king's troops suffered defeat after defeat, and suddenly Garibaldi assumed the startling title of “Dictator of the King of Sardinia.” This is merely the popular view of the affair—we shall see that it is utterly fallacious.

The mine which Garibaldi sprang had been laid long before his arrival. His was only the hand which carried the blazing faggot to the pile on which the liberties of Naples and the rights of the monarchy were sacrificed to an Utopian longing after Italian unity. With 1849 began the organization of the secret societies, which, regulated from Piedmont, inter-netted the entire southern peninsula. Their object was, firstly, the diffusion of principles subversive of all social order; and, secondly, the destruction of the Bourbon dynasty. It would be idle to suppose that the Neapolitan government was ignorant of their existence. It felt the ground shake beneath its feet, but was utterly powerless to control the convulsion. Now and then some ramification of the vast conspiracy was accidentally laid bare, and occasionally a few agents were captured and punished; but the system had taken deep root, and could be eradicated only by a visitation which would have violated the sanctity of nearly every household in the king's dominions. Neither were the king and his ministers ignorant that these societies enjoyed the secret support of the Turinese government. That carrion-gorger was already discontented with its own share of Italian territory, and had set greedy eyes on the fair kingdoms of the south. Still the relations between the two governments continued friendly, and no visible portent indicated the hatred of the one or the apprehensions of the other. Although Piedmont openly countenanced the pretensions of Murat to the throne of Naples, in 1856, she did not, on that account, hesitate to make offers of alliance to the King's government on the eve of the war with Austria. To accept such a proposal would have been unworthy of

Naples. Politically, it would have deprived her of the friendship of Austria, and isolated her more than ever in the Peninsula ; morally, it would have led to the infraction of treaties, which Naples was bound in conscience and honour to uphold. The proposed league was virtually repudiated by the king, who was at once accused of being an enemy to Italian independence. How this lie, which had not even the colour of probability to give it weight, was propagated by the Turinese press, and endorsed by the public opinion of England ; how the king was reviled and his intentions misrepresented ; and how the reasons of his refusal were suppressed, are convincing evidences of the depravity of human nature on one hand, and the credulity of the British mind on the other. Besides, the event gave renewed hope to the party of action, as the unconscionable criminals who plot against the peace of Europe, are finely designated. The secret societies went to work with fresh vigour. Their funds were replenished from the treasury of Piedmont, which all the time professed friendly intention towards Naples. The French infidel organs were subsidized—the *Times* was loud in its reproaches ; and, in every European state where the conspirators dared to raise a voice, Naples was the object of the wildest execration. Nor was this all. Piedmont succeeded in corrupting the Swiss legion, which was the nucleus of the Neapolitan army. The soldiery mutinied, had to be disarmed, and finally disbanded. It was notorious that this piece of treachery was effected through the Sardinian Consulate, as the papers and money found upon the insurgents clearly testified. With this misfortune for a precedent, the demoralization of the native troops was a matter of small difficulty. The men were irritated against the king by falsehoods worthy of their concoctors ; and were dazzled by the delusive hopes which their corrupters held out to them. Not that the demoralization was universal, as the fidelity of the troops clearly proved when their loyalty was subsequently tested ; but, to their eternal disgrace, the men who least resisted the seductions of Piedmont, were the chiefs and generals of that army whose banners were consecrated in battles fought often with desperate odds, against the power that attempted to reduce Europe to one consolidated despotism. A few of them, indeed, preserved their fidelity, preferring death, or exile with their king, to the prostitution of their honour. But the greater number were readily seduced, and laid down their swords and consciences at the feet of Piedmont, if they did not turn them against their country.

Meanwhile, the revolution was arming itself for the struggle, and Genoa was the rallying point of the conspiracy. Its movements were conducted with the entire sanction and assistance of Sardinia. The European powers,—including England,—hastened to warn Francis II. of the plot ; “but the government,” says the Marquis Ulloa, “conscious of right, and confident in its strength, considered it most prudent to refrain from any display of apprehension.” Too soon it had reason to regret the passive attitude which it imprudently assumed, in the presence of a danger so menacing and terrible. Sardinian ships cast anchor before Palermo, where the revolution had shown its head, on the 4th of April, and the crews en-

couraged the insurgents to persist in the rebellion. From Palermo the ships sailed to the southern coast of Sicily, fanning the flame into a blaze wherever they touched. Scarcely had they disappeared, when Garibaldi entered on the actual work of the revolution. It opened with a farce—the affected seizure by force of the steam-ships lying in the harbour of Genoa. The vessels sailed for Sicily, having on board the *Times*' correspondent. That worthy has chronicled for us all the details of the voyage worth knowing, the disembarkation, and the singularly fortunate presence of that English ship, which, lying between the fort and the Garibaldians, prevented the former from sinking the adventurers. The Neapolitan government demanded explanations of the proceeding from the Turinese cabinet, who lost no time in disowning Garibaldi, and promising that Sardinian ships should be sent to overtake him. The ships, indeed, sailed, but Garibaldi landed, and day after day his forces were recruited by fresh expeditions from the ports of Genoa, Tuscany, and Sardinia. Cavour has gone to his account; and we have too much respect for the old proverb, which claims exemption from reproach for the dead, to put another blot on his very questionable reputation. But what will be thought of the minister who, conscious of all Garibaldi's proceedings from the first moment to the last—who was the instigator and machinist of the whole plot, had the shameless audacity to write thus to the Chevalier Canofari, on the 26th of May, 1860?—"The undersigned [Cavour] has received the note of the 24th instant, by which the Chevalier Canofari, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Sicilian Majesty, has informed him that, in the proclamation circulated by General Garibaldi in Sicily, he assumes the title of Dictator of the King of Sardinia, and calls on this fact the disapprobation and repudiation of the government of his Majesty the king. Although there could not be any doubt on this subject, the undersigned, *by order of his Majesty*, does not hesitate to declare that the government of the King is totally unconnected with any act of General Garibaldi, that the title assumed by him is entirely usurped, and the government of his Majesty cannot but formally disapprove it." Count Cavour wrote this, knowing he lied; and, not content with having dishonoured himself, he ventured to compromise the honour—if, indeed, such a quality existed—of his good-for-nothing accomplice, Victor Emmanuel. What posterity thinks of the one, we know sufficiently; what posterity will think of the royal gentleman who countenanced this gross falsehood, by which a piece of treachery was devised deliberately against an inoffensive ally, we shall leave and conjecture to the biographer of the king.

We pass over, because they are too well known, the terrible incidents of the campaign, if, indeed, an invasion conducted upon no principle, and trampling under foot every feeling of humanity, every rule of legitimate warfare, be worthy that name. It is disheartening to read how the army was betrayed by its chiefs, by whom they had been sold to the enemy long before they encountered him; of large bodies of troops being obliged to capitulate without a trial of strength, at the beck of subsidized scoundrels. The men did fight at all hazards, even the absence of

leadership ; frequently turned upon the officers who had disgraced the king's uniform, and shot them down. Such a state of things could not last long—the revolution was hastening to its consummation. Francis II. abandoned Naples, leaving behind all the resources of government, including the public chest. The garrison that remained received instructions to offer no resistance, the king unwilling that the capital should be exposed to the bloody consequences of a siege. When Garibaldi entered it in an open carriage he met with no opposition. The people—that is to say, the Sardinian agents,—mixed with the populace, and howled welcomes in his ears. The garrison looked on, but the guns of St. Elmo were silent. Behind the Volturro the king was making desperate efforts to reorganize his forces; and there is no doubt that, but for the interference of Sardinia, which at last dropped the mask and revealed the treachery it covered, the royal troops would have reconquered the capital, and swept every Garibaldian from the peninsula. Piedmont, at this juncture, was carrying sword and fire through the States of the Church. The handful of brave men which the Papal government could oppose to the invaders were mismanaged, and beaten in detail. Ancona had fallen, and Victor Emmanuel dated proclamations from its chief palace—one (9th October, 1860,) confessing that his government had endorsed the invasion of Naples, in order to help the Italians fighting for redemption. Further, he affirmed that he was called, by the unanimous voice of the Neapolitans, to go and deliver them, and go he would. The Neapolitans by whom he was invited were a dozen representatives, appointed by the dictator to speak in the name of the people. The value of this appeal is unmistakable—it was an interlude played between two very heavy tragedies, every act of which ended with a redder catastrophe than the former. On the 18th October, the Piedmontese, flushed with victory, and hungry for plunder, entered the king's territory. Cialdini has published a description of the position to which Garibaldi was reduced when they arrived to succour him. He was all but defeated when the arms of Savoy were quartered with those of the red-shirted brigand, and the world beheld the scandalous and unprecedented union of legitimate right and revolution.

That this outrage might wear some complexion of justice, the *plebiscite* was resorted to ; and “an infinite number of scoundrels—the dregs of the population, and the refuse of the galleys, armed to the teeth,” surrounded the urns in which the votes were deposited. Freedom of election under this arrangement was a farce. The electors are supposed generally to have been the people ; but we are assured, on a better authority than rumour, that they consisted of the coryphaei of the revolution—the scoundrels who followed Garibaldi, the rabble that clung to the heels of the Piedmontese, and a crowd of ignorant peasantry, who were unconscious of their privilege, or compelled to abuse it. There were given 1,313,376 votes for Piedmont, and 10,312 for the Bourbons ; but this latter figure is a fiction. Not a dissentient vote was lodged in that urn which was set up in mockery to receive the suffrages of the king's friends. The same system was pursued in other places, liberty of opinion being guaranteed by hired bravos,

who watched the voters, dagger in hand, and terrified them into contempt of conscience. As if to prove the utter character of the imposture, only 25,000 electors took part in the election of the members for the Turin parliament. No honest Neapolitan had a share in that shameful transaction. It was left exclusively to the camp-followers of the Piedmontese, and the frowsiest scum of the population.

Francis II. abandoned the Volturno, not, however, until he had proved to his enemies that the 50,000 men who rallied to the white banner of his dynasty, were still capable of striking for their country. He fell back on the Garigliano, because the French admiral had promised to resist any attack on his flank from the sea ; he quitted it because that promise was violated. The final breaking up of the army, part of which entered the States of the Church, and surrendered its arms to the authorities, hastened the conclusion of the war. The king, with his heroic queen,—a woman who displayed proofs of constancy, even of valour, that shall render her name honoured whilst the world respects those whose convictions of right survive their misfortunes, shut himself up in Gaeta. For three weeks the shells of the enemy were showered on the devoted fortress ; but the white banner was nailed to the staff, and the garrison did not dream of surrendering. Disaster followed disaster. The magazines blew up, the walls were breached in two places, and typhus fever was raging amongst the besieged. The French fleet withdrew their partial protection, but the brave men who rallied round the king, still scorned to accept defeat. This, however, was inevitable. Gaeta fell, and the king went to Rome.

Even whilst the siege was being prosecuted a reaction had seized the public mind, and the invaders were forced to recognise the determined elements with which they had to deal. The first popular movement in favour of the king took place at Naples, but was suppressed by Turr, by whose orders forty-three persons were put to the sword. At Aarikmo, on the recurrence of a like demonstration, the Garibaldians shot eleven persons. In addition to these exploits, there were the wholesale massacres at Isernia, Venafro, St. Germano, and Pediemonte, which rose against the Sardinians, and had to be put down with a special force, despatched thither from the Abruzzi. The population of that district fought against the regular troops to the cry of "The King!" The Piedmontese could not take Banco, which was defended by a handful of royalists, who, before they marched out, dictated their own terms of surrender. Civitella del Tronto was still garrisoned by the royal troops, and defied the utmost efforts of the enemy to reduce it. The king, however, rather than protract the contest, and waste the blood of so many faithful friends, commanded its surrender. The citadel of Messina opened its gates in obedience to the same voice ; and, scarcely had the Sardinian flag surmounted the ramparts, when the royalists of the Abruzzi were disbanded, and the reaction was suspended for the time.

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No. 10.

OCTOBER.

1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DISCLOSURE.

THE morning's sun had scarcely brightened up the old mansion of Tregona when Humphrey re-appeared on the scene, his features portraying that solemnity which foretold an important disclosure. Refusing all refreshment, he hurriedly passed into his father's apartment, where he was immediately questioned as to the cause of his sudden disappearance. This inquiry he seemed unwilling to answer till he had referred to the official position held by his parent in the district, and the obligation that rested upon him of taking judicial notice of that which he was about to reveal to him, dwelling upon the advantages that would occur, both to himself and his country, by so doing.

"Well, well, to the point," said his father, a little impatient at his son's lengthy preliminaries.

"I will be as brief as possible," responded Humphrey, with pompous gravity, "and when you have learned the nature of the important revelation I have to impart, you will not, I feel confident, reproach me with intruding unnecessarily on your patience. To commence, I must inform you, that the communication which reached me last night, proceeded from a quarter that had almost vanished from my recollection, or to speak plainer, from a young man with whom I had once been on terms of the closest intimacy, but of whom I had lost sight for some time. This young man, wishing to avail himself of our former friendships, has been induced to reveal to me the awkward position in which he has found himself suddenly placed, and to ask my advice on the subject."

"An affair of pecuniary inconvenience, no doubt," interrupted Mr. Merris.

"Not at all so," rejoined Humphrey, piqued at so grovelling an insinuation; "that which he revealed to me was quite of a different character. It

had to do with a serious breach of the law ; one which demanded the immediate attention of the justices of the peace."

"A breach of the law ?" said Mr. Marsdale, with magisterial anxiety.

"Yes, a most audacious infraction of the law, a deed of no small magnitude ; nothing less than the harbouring one of those dangerous men, called Jesuits, by your mysterious neighbour, Sir Algernon Trevillers."

"Gracious heavens !" exclaimed Mr. Marsdale, a vision of horrors rushing to his mind. "What authority have you for so grave an accusation ? who was your informant ?"

"The name of my informant is Geoffrey, the same whom I brought down a year and a half ago, to be present at the celebration of your birth-day ; but whose friendship I then unhappily forfeited through the nonsensical prudery of my brother, who mistook him for some objectionable character he had met elsewhere."

"I fully recollect the circumstance to which you allude, it having given me considerable pain at the time. Cannot the young man come at once before me, and let me hear from his own lips, what he has to say ?"

"This," replied Humphrey, I cannot prevail on him to do. "He appears to have an unconquerable aversion to set his foot within our doors ; an objection which can only be accounted for, from the recollection of the want of courtesy he met under this roof. As to his assertion respecting the Jesuit, there is no doubt of its truth, as the individual in question is no other than his own uncle, the brother of Sir Algernon Trevillers."

"The informant is, then, Sir Algernon's nephew," said Mr. Marsdale, with surprise.

"He is so, and bears the name of Geoffrey."

"He bore not that name when down here before," said the old Preceptor, pointedly.

"Probably not," rejoined Humphrey. "He has since informed me that he was under the unpleasant necessity of laying it aside just then, owing to the ill-will borne him by his uncle, Sir Algernon, who would have taken advantage of his unexpected proximity to annoy him in some way or other. I cannot blame him for having had recourse to this little subterfuge, it was perfectly natural on his part."

"I don't exactly see that," replied his father, "but proceed with what you have to say."

"Well," continued Humphrey, "this young man finding it necessary to have a personal interview with his family, arrived a day or two since at the Priory for that purpose, and it was on his leaving the place that he accidentally caught a glimpse of this Jesuit uncle, through a small casement. He was greatly surprised at the discovery, believing him to be living abroad, an inmate of some foreign seminary. At first he thought he was mistaken, and hoped such might be the case, well knowing the severity of the law ; but, on further examination his doubts vanished, and he became clearly convinced that this notorious relative was there protected and concealed by his brother, Sir Algernon, and in all probability engaged in some nefarious practices, detrimental to the well being of her Majesty's loyal subjects ;

taken thus by surprise, my friend Geoffrey scarcely knew how to act, whether to connive at this infringement of the law, or break through all family ties by making the offence known. Duty at length prevailed, and this noble and disinterested young man came at length to the painful resolution of denouncing his criminal kinsman at the bar of his country."

"Did you not say," interrupted Mr. Merris, "that this young man was on bad terms with his uncle, Sir Algernon? Did he state any cause for this unnatural estrangement?"

"None of any weight," said Humphrey, carelessly, "it proceeded probably from his refusing to pin himself down to the whims of a capricious guardian."

"It's a serious business, indeed," rejoined Mr. Marsdale, leaning his head upon his hand, in a thoughtful position, "and one which, however repugnant to my feelings, must not be overlooked."

A moment's silence ensued, when suddenly rising from his seat, he requested Mr. Justice Sanford might be sent for immediately, "and you Merris," continued Mr. Marsdale, "inform without delay the minister of the parish of what has occurred, though, let your communication be given in the strictest confidence."

Being now left to himself, the worthy proprietor of Tregona paced the room in no little perturbation. His position as a justice of the peace told him that he had an imperative duty to perform from which he could not flinch; whilst the natural kindness of his disposition inclined him to lean in an opposite direction, and make him hesitate.

"After all," thought Mr. Marsdale, "is it so atrocious an evil to cling to a faith, however erroneous, which had been the creed of his country for centuries? Was he not going to act a part of cruelty towards a family he had already so little spared? Was it not a case of life or death? And should he not ever after have cause for regret, the having brought a man to the scaffold for infringing a penal law of such unparalleled severity? Who knows but, at this moment of vacillation, one friendly suggestion might have weighed down the balance on the side of mercy but there was no one there to whisper this friendly word. *He* who could have done so, and would have done so, was far away, and consequently these secondary considerations soon evaporated, giving place to exaggerated views of the enormity of the offence, and the mischief that would certainly accrue, if a character supposed to be so nefarious was permitted to linger in the precincts of his domain. But above all, his own sincere conscientious anxiety for the welfare of the state religion, which he feared would be soon undermined by the frequent arrival of such persevering missionaries, combined to nerve his timid disposition, and determine him to stand firm in carrying out a prosecution, necessary for the welfare of his country.

Mr. Marsdale had been reared in the extreme prejudices of the times, and looked upon every ecclesiastic of the proscribed Faith as an abettor of treason, and the enemy of social order. He knew little of the world at large, and still less of the different views it professed. His judgment had been formed by certain men of narrow minds, to whom, as a young man,

he vowed implicit reverence ; and he still considered it his paramount duty to stand by these his early impressions, without troubling himself to ascertain their truthfulness. He consequently conceived the most absurd notions touching men designated "*Papists.*" His antipathy to them had ever been unconquerable ; and though he possessed a liberal mind, such were the deep-rooted convictions he entertained on this subject, that nothing could make him believe that their existence in the country would not, in some way or other, be prejudicial to its prosperity.

It would seem that he had forgotten, that men holding the creed he so much deprecated had alone occupied the soil for nearly a thousand years, had framed the laws which gave him social security—built the churches wherein he invoked his Creator—endowed the Universities that taught him science ; in fine, supplied him with every noble and lasting advantage. All this was lost upon him ; he gave no credit to the past—he dwelt solely upon the present ; he loved his country, and admired all she did ; every faith but that she upheld was, as a matter of course, outlandish, or, at least, suspicious, and ought to be kept down by the strong arm of the law. Impressed with these ideas, Mr. Marsdale viewed the recent penal enactments as highly essential for the good of the nation, and though he regretted the necessity of having recourse to strong measures at any time, he thought, under existing circumstances, they were needed, and that it was his duty to assist in carrying them out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CONSULTATION.

THE minister of the parish was not long in obeying the summons he had received to attend Mr. Marsdale on the subject of the concealed Jesuit ; but he failed in betraying that degree of indignation which the gravity of the case seemed to call forth. That he was surprised was true enough : surprised that any man should have the temerity to set his foot on a soil that disowned him, and that made him pay the forfeit of such rashness with imprisonment and death. But that this intrusion should, however, be accompanied with any degree of danger to the public at large he regarded as idle.

Nevertheless, he expressed his readiness to lend his aid in expelling from his parish an individual so objectionable. At the same time, he was induced to think that a private intimation, coupled with due threats. If disregarded, might answer every purpose, without having recourse to more stringent measures.

Mr. Marsdale shook his head. He had made up his mind to steel his heart against leniency in any shape whatever. That which his son Humphrey had advocated must, as a matter of course, be the proper line of conduct to pursue ; and he should consider himself wanting in patriotism if he did not follow up the business with promptitude.

"Surely," replied Mr. Marsdale, a good deal annoyed by the want of energy and zeal displayed by the minister in the matter, "you would not wish me to shut my eyes upon so flagrant an act; and thus be thought to countenance proceedings which I hold both dangerous and disloyal?"

"No, dear sir," said Mr. Treverbyn, mildly, "you mistake me. I would not, for a moment, wish you to shrink from performing what you conscientiously think a duty; I only suggested, with all due deference to your superior judgment, that could this duty have been performed without having recourse to public means, the object might have been attained, and the family spared the anguish that a prosecution must entail."

"Say no more," replied Mr. Marsdale, fearful of being for a second time shaken in his stern resolves. "I cannot yield to every petty consideration, when honour and rectitude bid me stand firm."

The entry of Mr. Justice Sandford at this moment interrupted the conversation, and the minister, not considering his presence any longer required, profited by the opportunity, and withdrew.

Mr. Marsdale, who attributed this lack of zeal on the part of the minister to his inexperience and want of knowledge of the importance of the case, greeted with more than usual welcome the arrival of Mr. Sandford, feeling sure that he would be most willing to co-operate with him on the present occasion; and he was not disappointed. This active administrator of the law was well suited for such a business. Prompt and decisive, he seldom hesitated a moment, a glance sufficed to give him an insight into the most intricate affair. Of a disposition naturally self-willed, he viewed with distrust those opinions that did not coincide with his own. As for those unfortunate beings whose transgressions came within reach of the late penal statutes, he had no mercy for them, in fact, he considered every holder of the forbidden creed no better than a conspirator against the throne, aiming at ascendancy, and the overthrow of peace and order. He had no fears for the safety of the religion of the state, he knew it to be too well secured by law to need any such apprehensions, but he was determined that the above laws should not be infringed at pleasure, and, as far as lay in his power, such offenders should meet the punishment their obstinacy deserved. No second summons was therefore necessary to awaken the energies of a man of this stamp, particularly in a matter so congenial to his taste as that of hunting up and bringing to justice a concealed Jesuit! He entered into the business heart and soul, fully determined that it should be no fault of his, if the law was not carried out to its full extent. As for Humphrey Marsdale, the reader need scarcely be told what engaged his anxious concurrence, he had not forgotten the grudge he owed Sir Algernon on a former occasion, and was gratified that so favorable an opportunity should occur of humbling once more the proud master of the Priory. Merris, the preceptor, followed, as a matter of course, in the wake of his friendly patron. Like him, he possessed many estimable qualities, and, like him, partook of the same patriotic fears, the same aversion to all non-conformists; often encouraging Mr. Marsdale in opinions which both one and the other would

have been the first to lay aside, could they have been made acquainted with their fallacy.

With such accordant spirits as were now assembled together, no time was lost in coming to speedy arrangements, the most suitable to meet the urgency of the case ; and they only parted to assemble again in the evening, when their plans for the offender's detection would be finally settled.

From such consultations Mr. Marsdale's daughter was, of course, excluded ; such grave matters concerned her not, indeed, her father had ever been most anxious that her innocent mind should not be perplexed with affairs ill suited to her position. Thus had her days glided gently on ; she was like the lily of the valley, spreading its sweet fragrance in the quiet shade of her peaceful home, undisturbed by any of those exciting feelings which had occasionally ruffled the elder members of her family. Her time was divided between her attentions to her indulgent parent, and the imparting comfort to those who, weighed down by poverty and sickness, looked up to their young mistress for assistance. A stranger to prejudice, or any such mistaken feeling, she had a kind word for all.

Of the event of the morning, she had been kept in ignorance, but was too acute not to perceive that something unusual had taken place. The thoughtful, absent manner, so different from her father's usual way, filled her with anxiety ; and, meeting him accidentally alone, she earnestly besought him to tell her if anything had occurred to give him annoyance.

"Do not question me, dear Alice," said Mr. Marsdale ; "my mind is somewhat harassed just now with a multiplicity of affairs, that do in no wise concern you ; therefore, amuse yourself with your daily pursuits, dear child, and be not curious about matters that suit not your tender years."

This reply did not satisfy Alice ; she begged again that he would indulge her for once, and toll her what had crossed his path to disturb him, feeling confident something unpleasant had done so. Mr. Marsdale made no reply, and Alice, fearing that her importunities might only add to the vexations that already troubled him, said no more ; but she was determined, if possible, not to remain in ignorance much longer, and, knowing that the old preceptor was generally to be found alone in his study about sunset, she proposed to herself the making him a visit at that hour, and gleaning from his good nature some particulars of what she was so anxious to learn : accordingly, when the golden tints of the evening sky had begun to redden the old western gallery, Alice made her way down to Mr. Merris's apartment. She rapped gently at the door, but receiving no answer, was on the point of pushing it open, to ascertain whether he was absent or not, when the authoritative tones of Humphrey's voice grated on her ear ; she drew back, and finding that her approach had not been perceived, she felt an involuntary temptation to remain a few seconds, and hear what was going on. However, finding that her father and Mr. Justice Sandford were of the party, and conscious that she was not acting an honourable part in thus giving ear to what it was, perhaps, intended she should not know, she turned with the intention of making a hasty retreat, when the following declaration from Mr. Sandford riveted her to the spot : "It shall be done

this very night. We are more likely to find the inmates of the Priory gathered together at that time than during the busy hours of day. Some pretence may easily be devised for obtaining an interview, and then we may pounce upon our culprit at a moment least expected."

"Do not be too sure," said Humphrey, "the twists and turns of that old building may afford the means of giving you the slip if you do not take every precaution."

"You will have recourse to no unnecessary violence?" said Mr. Marsdale.

"No, no; have no fears on that score. Sir Algernon Trevillers will soon see that resistance is unavailing, and will, no doubt, be ready to reveal the spot of his Jesuit brother's concealment."

"You may have some difficulty with the women," rejoined Mr. Merris. "They will not sit tamely by and see their kinsman carried off without using their utmost ingenuity to prevent it."

"Neither cunning nor wailing can have any effect," added Mr. Sandford, "my myrmidons are of tough materials, and not quickly drawn aside from their duty, particularly by such puny impediments as those to which you allude. Mark my words: this time to-morrow will see our artful traitor snugly caged within the walls of Bodmin jail."

Alice heard with dismay the above conversation. The decisive tone in which Mr. Sandford uttered the last sentence grieved her to the heart. She hastily withdrew, and shutting herself up in her own apartment, pondered with surprise and indignation at the cruel arrangements made to entrap Sir Algernon's unfortunate brother. It was the first time she had heard that such a person existed—her dear Urcella had never mentioned him; but this she could easily account for, and perfectly forgave her for this reserve; all she had now to think about was, whether there was any possible means of thwarting the plans of Mr. Sandford, by giving the family notice of their impending danger. It was a daring and dangerous scheme, but such was her agitation, and so worked up were her feelings, that she was determined to make the attempt whatever the consequences might be. How this was to be effected was a matter of extreme difficulty. There was no one at Tregona who could be trusted on so important an errand. The general sentiments of Mr. Marsdale's household were strongly bent towards those of their master, and would be more likely to betray than render assistance. Still she would not give it up, but turned over in her mind every possible means she could suggest to accomplish her hazardous undertaking: at length she came to the resolution of writing a few mysterious lines, and hurrying herself with them to Mrs. Trenchard's cottage, and forwarding them from thence by Jannett, the old woman's granddaughter. Having thus made up her mind what to do, she lost no time in putting her plan into execution. The evening was already far advanced, and not a moment to be lost. It was a long time since Alice had been to Mrs. Trenchard's cottage: it had become almost a forbidden spot, since it was supposed to serve as a channel of communication between herself and the daughter of Sir Algernon. On approaching the place, she

could not help observing that the pathway had lost much of its usual trim appearance, a certain look of its not having been trodden of late, gave her apprehensions that those she was seeking were no longer there ; and so it proved to be, for on reaching the cottage all was closed, and its inmates were gone ! Greatly disappointed at this discovery, she ran her eyes despondingly over the deserted building, not knowing what to do. She had already exceeded the time of her usual evening stroll ; and should her father unhappily discover the cause of her absence, would he ever forgive her ? To know that his docile and obedient daughter was striving to foil the ends of justice, by preventing the arrest of a suspected criminal, would entail consequences she dared not think of. What was then to be done ? Should she give it up altogether and hasten back ? No—she could not do that. The recollection of her dear Urcella's devoted attachment to her family, and the distress that would overwhelm her should Mr. Sandford's scheme succeed, (for she would not believe her dear father had done more than reluctantly acquiesce) combined to urge her on to make a further attempt ; and this was no other than go herself and leave the notice. This plan was accompanied with a thousand risks and difficulties. Alice had never been at the Priory, but she knew the direction in which it lay by its being surrounded by a clump of cedars which, though they concealed the building from the eye, marked the spot where it stood. This group of noble trees, so often pointed out to her by Mr. Treverbyn, when he was expatiating on the beauties of the landscape, now appeared in a straight line before her, and taking them as her landmark, pushed forward, resting her hopes upon the poor chance of overtaking some safe hand to whom she might confide her anonymous billet. The path she was following was a lonely one : and she began to despair of meeting a human being. Still she hurried onwards. Field after field, copse after copse were passed, yet the tall cedars seemed as far off as ever. Her thinly-clad feet were already suffering from the rough stones, which her haste gave her little leisure to avoid.

The evening now began to close in, and the distant trees to lose their sharp outline against the darkening sky, everything bespoke the rapid approach of nightfall. Alice was ready to sink with fatigue. She halted a moment to take breath, when the sound of a horse's foot caught her ear ; she looked hastily right and left, and however desirous she had before been for the approach of some human being, a feeling of alarm now came over her, as her eyes fell upon a horseman descending the hill, as seeming to wish to join the path she was following. The seclusion of the spot, the advanced time of the evening, contributed to increase her uneasiness, but it was of short duration, for on passing her by, he took no further notice than by making her a slight obeisance.

"Now or never !" said Alice to herself. "If I let this chance escape me, all is lost ; I cannot possibly proceed any further," and encouraged by the respectful demeanor of the stranger, she boldly called after him to stop ; and begged him to deliver, without loss of time, a sealed paper into the hands of the master of the Priory.

"I am bound in that direction," said a staid, middle-aged man, "and will execute your command most willingly." He then dismounted, and received the billet; and was on the point of resuming his seat, when he gave a scrutinizing glance at the fair messenger, and observing her fatigued and worn-out appearance, begged to know whether he could further assist her. "If my poor palfrey," said he, "can be of any use, I beg most respectfully to offer it. It is a docile animal, and so well used to the ways that lead to and from the Priory, that when its services shall no longer be required, it need only be left to itself to ensure its return to its usual shelter."

Alice, who at any other time, or under any other circumstances, would have recoiled with dismay at the idea of availing herself of such an offer made by a total stranger, felt at this moment actually grateful for the boon, and in a few seconds she was mounted, and making her way home; this she soon accomplished, and following the instructions of the benevolent stranger, she alighted from her horse, and turning its head towards the direction it had come, left it to find its way back as best it could.

Alice entered the house without being perceived by any one, and hastily gaining her apartment, flung herself on her bed in a state of complete exhaustion. When she had somewhat recovered from her excitement and fatigue, she began to ponder over the results of her arduous exertions. Successful or unsuccessful, she had done her best to save her dear Urcella and the good people of the Priory from their impending fate. And the joy it would occasion, was quite sufficient to repay her for all her trouble. As she was thus soothing her agitated mind, the steps of her father were heard to approach.

"Alice, are you here?" said Mr. Marsdale, reproachfully. "I have been seeking you in every direction. Where have you been?" then suddenly observing her recumbent position, his affection for his dear child banished every other feeling but that of anxiety; and taking her by the hand, inquired if she was ill.

"I shall be better soon," replied his daughter; "a little quiet will relieve my aching head."

"And you shall have it," said her fond and unsuspecting father. "I will see that no one shall disturb you, and imprinting a kiss on the burning brow of his daughter, he left her to that repose which he little dreamt she so seriously needed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE "LAST OF THE BARDS"

"The Irish I admire,
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our muse's mother ;
And think till I expire
Apollo's such another." - DRAYTON : *Polyhymnia*.

DARK though the mists be which time casts around our early history—dim and shadowy though our traditions of the ancient days—yet, however far back we go in the records of old Erin, even to the days of Druid law, we find traces of high musical civilization, remnants of abymed chronicles of bard and poet, and hear the same “voice of nations” that had paid tribute to her learning and sanctity, amidst mediæval darkness and gloom.

When we recall the historical pictures of the past, when we let the mind go back, through the long centuries, to the kingly meetings of Tara and Emania, there rises before us at council board and in festive hall the venerable form of the bard, like a messenger of peace amid the warrior nobles, taking his place in the very shadow of royalty, next to princes of the monarch's line, leaning on his golden-stringed clarsiegha, with long beard flowing over his chest, and clothed with the many-coloured vesture, which was inferior to that only allotted to men of royal lineage to wear.

This was the recognition of music and song, long ago, in Ireland ; before Mahomet had spread the religion of the Crescent at the point of the sword, before many of the great nationalities of to-day had being ; before Saxon had set foot in Britain, before Rodolph of Hapsburg had founded the Austrian dynasty, or Venice “inscribed the names of her Doges in her books of gold.” In fact, it is hard to say where, in the storied annals of our race, we find this enthusiastic taste for music, and appreciation of its power displayed in Ireland. It was there when the Druid lit the Baal-fire on hill-top and watch-tower. It was there when the Celtic Abaris sailed to Italy, six hundred years before Christ, and knelt at the feet of Pythagoras. It was there where Ollamh Fodhla made those laws which have handed down his name as one of the world’s wisest. It was there when he who “made the Consul Otius tremble” fell amid the snows of the Alps. It was there when St. Patrick came, cross in hand, to plant the new faith, when the idol fell before the advancing wood, as Dagon fell of old before the Ark of God. It was there, in fine, when Dubtach, the Arch-filea of Leogaire, leaving the temple of false deities, tuned his regenerated harp to the praises of the true “Aosar.” And this taste, or rather passion, is still inherent in our land and race, though, alas ! our people’s home-songs are oftener those of sorrow than of joy.

A strange page of our history is that which tells of the bardic civilization of Ireland when other lands “lay in darkness and the shadow ;” and though most, if not all, of our early story is hidden and obscured in the shadow-land of fable, resting solely on the slender basis of oiden traditions of the pre-historic time, it is most interesting to go back in spirit to those

olden days, when the Druid watched by the celestial fire, or gazed at the silent stars shining in the dream-world of the sky—when the Brehon sat in his stone chair of justice, when the bhardagh shouted the war-song in the battle-fields of contending clans, or chanted prayerful hymns by the sea-shore, to the echo of the sounding waves.

With the creed of our ancestors was connected their music and poetry, and their worship was one singularly pure. They adored a great Spirit that pervaded all things, and stood revealed in all. They saw His beauty mirrored in the blue sea, His glory streaming on mountain top and over the green fields, and felt His power in the storm and thunder. By-and-bye the primitive purity of the old belief was alloyed, gradually a new phase appeared; a new system was developed. When they saw the sun in all his mid-day majesty and splendour, they confounded the material with the immaterial, the create with the increase; they saw the golden rays stretching out over vale and streamlet, and the rippling wave bending up to the kiss of the yellow beam; they saw the green hills look up to heaven like crowned kings, with a glory of a brighter land encircling their brows; and they knelt in lowly reverence to adore the handiwork of the great Spirit, and called it God. After all, it was a sublime impulse—a proof and a promise of a purer life, the trace of Eden in a gross humanity—that then prompted those patriarchs of our race, as well as their Phoenician forefathers, to single out the object greatest and grandest that comes within mental ken, and fix there the seat, and centre, and principle of Divinity. In later times this high-born belief of theirs became corrupted, and the knife of sacrifice was darkened with *human* blood. The creed of the Druids became degenerate, and remained so till the altars of Baal “paled their ineffectual fires,” and their light went out before the orient beam of Gospel truth.

The Druids were divided into several classes, there were the *priests*—the guardians of the mysterious faith, the celebrants of the mystic rites, the preachers and the patriarchs of the land. There were the *clarsagha*, who touched the golden-stringed harps, whose profession was music; the *Brehons*, the high justiciaries of the kingdom, who studied and administered the law, apportioned the *eric* of blood, and were “men wise exceedingly in their generation.” Lastly, there were the *Bhardagh*, or *bards*, who presided over history, poetry, and music, who were the repositories of the wild civilization of the time, the chroniclers of the past, who knew all the traditions of Firbolg, Phoenician, and Tuatha de Danaan. They sang of the princely Tyrian coming over the sea in his white ships, coming from beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the *ultima thule* of an earlier day, coming to a beautiful Isle, seated, like a queen on her throne, on the bosom of the Atlantic. They sang the deeds of the mighty men that were—chanted the “*Roeg-catha*” of battle, and handed down weird legends of antiquity from generation to generation. The *bards* had many privileges. Their dress was peculiar, their persons sacred, their property inviolate, and their names adorned by the distinctions of mind and the honour of intellectual power. The teachers, the musicians, the poets, the historians of the people, their influence for good or ill, was paramount among the Celts.

During the early centuries of our era, while the turmoil and confusion of war shook the whole continent of Europe—while the church was suffering in her infancy, militant against the power of lawless men; while the blood of her bravest and holiest deluged her cradle, and flooded the streets of Rome in one crimson tide; while the Goth and Vandal poured down from the north, on their mission of ruth and ruin; when the mistress of the world was threatened with the destruction that soon came fast upon her, and the new principle of supernal life, that was within her, was fast springing up to that great being that was to overshadow the olden glory of Rome—Erin kept her pure and vestal vigil, awaiting the coming of the glad tidings, preparing silently and solemnly for her new and brilliant destiny, as the teacher, the mistress, the missionary of nations.

When the clouds of Paganism had passed away before the light of the Christian dispensation, the influence of the bardic body in great part remained, the national feeling that even still prompts Irishmen to cling to their olden traditions, have them adhere to the bards who now worshipped at the altar of truth; so great and powerful did this influence become that, in time, it excited the jealousy of chiefs and princes against the unoffending harpers. Irish as well as English monarchs promulgated ordinances against them. One king (Hugh, A.D. 580), with a spirit like that which actuated Edward I. against the Welsh bards, in later times, ordered their utter extinction, but the hand of religion came between them and ruin. The hand bore a crozier, and was that of the sainted Columba. A law of the time of Elizabeth forbade them to enter the Pale. Later, the "Good Queen"—who could relish a love ditty on the virginals well enough, but could not tolerate the war-song, or ballad, that called with trumpet-tongue on the down-trodden Celts to resist her oppression—gave orders to her minions to break the harps and hang the bards. A more cruel sentence than that of Macbeth, who declared that a minstrel should draw the plough instead of an ox. Evil days came upon the land; groaning under oppression, bowed down with the infirmity of fear, humbled to the dust, though yet unconquered in spirit, worn out with intestine wars, and resistance to foreign invasion. No wonder that her old prestige almost faded away, and the Muse winged her flight from the fated land, or wept and wailed over sorrows that it appeared no bravery could dispel, no courage avert. Gradually, slowly, yet surely, the race of bards became extinct. The years have long since passed by when every clan had its lord, every chief his minstrel. The days have come when the *clarsagh* is struck no more, as in the olden time, in praise of ruby wine, or "fayre ladye." The sound of the harp that, erewhile, in the halls of the O'Neills, O'Donnells, O'Sullivans, and MacCauras, "the soul of music shed," is hushed, and its voice passed away, like the spirits of those who loved its tone so well.

Long ago, the last of that princely poet-line lived, and played, and sung, and made men steal back in thought to the far-off days that had gone into the sea of eternity for ever. He brought before them pictures

of the bright-eyed maidens sitting by the Shannon, or the Lee, dreaming wakefully of the loved ones far away, doing battle with the foe, while the gray-beard harper sung the praises of the absent to the tones of his sweet-voiced harp. Pictures of the battle-field, the flashing skean, the pointed spear, and foremost among the warriors, the figure of the bard shouting the "Rosg-catha," urging the troops to victory or death; pictures of the carouse, which celebrated the victory; the casque removed, the battle-axe thrown aside, the sword sheathed, the yellow-haired chiefs pledging each other in the cup of triumph and gladness, and the bard, seated amongst the noblest there, singing the glories of the victory in tones of fire.

A worthy descendant of the minstrel race was O'Carolan, "the last of the bards." As long as native talent finds a place in the hearts of Irishmen, as long as Irish genius be admired, as long as Patriotism is a virtue, and Nationality more than a word of faction, so long will the name of this poet, bard, musician live. So long will his fame be enshrined with a nation's pride, deep in a nation's heart. There is no marble tomb over his humble grave, no sculptured stone stretching to the clouds, no Latin epitaph of "learned length," telling how he lived, and wrote, and played, and died; no pension from friends, no three-volume biography from admirers. None of these things were "in fashion" in the iron days when the poet died; but there exists the greater monument of a people's love and remembrance, more noble than marble, more eloquent than epitaph, more faithful than biography; "ære perenniss."

Carolan was born in the county Westmeath (in 1670), and his family had some centuries previously held extensive possessions in that county. But the woful time came. The gordian knot of law and justice was severed by the sword. Many a noble house of the old Milesian stock, fell to make room for the descendants of Norman knights and Saxon swineherds. The fertile lands and teeming barns proved temptations too strong for the *allies*, whom domestic strife had brought into the land, (the old story of Hengist and Horsa told over again), the followers of Strongbow, or Pembroke, right royal cavaliers, became possessed of the broad lands of the O'Carolans, and were seized in fief of the same, by his most gracious Majesty Henry the Second.

It is often said, that a clever child grows up a stupid man. It is a saying almost as readily believed as the axioms of "Poor Richard," that juvenile precocity is sure to end in a manhood of mediocrity, and that the young flower springing up in mature beauty, is destined either to fade and wither away, or lose its brilliancy and bloom before it reaches its natural summer time. We cannot believe this, surely the history of every art and profession, not excepting the poet-craft itself, affords examples of early talent, developed and displayed in vigorous youth and manhood, strong in disproof of such a theory. The life stories of Mozart, a prodigy at four, and dying in the zenith of his fame, ere his thirty-fifth year; of Ferguson, the boy-philosopher, self-educated and self-trained, of Canova, whose first essay in modelling was made on a sugar lion for a nobleman's dinner-table,

when the young sculptor was only eleven years old ; of Giotto the child, found by Cimabue, drawing with charcoal ; and Giotto the man, terminating, at the age of sixty-nine, in peace and honour, a life of glory ; of Moore, "lisping in numbers ;" of Talma, a tragedian at nine, are sufficient to prove, that the prophetic glimmerings of early genius are not fallacious, that early talent does not fade, and die in the bud, that the radiancy of life's morning does not foreshadow a clouded noon, or a dim even-time.

Thus Carolan, like most great geniuses, manifested early the wonderful talent he possessed for music and song ; at twelve years of age he began to learn the harp, that grand ancient instrument, sacred to Irishmen, as well because it was the favourite instrument of the Celt, as because it resounded in the temple of Jehovah, and was touched by the hand of a saint. The harp was his friend through life. It accompanied him on his travels to Leinster, Munster, and to the "north country." He touched it by the peasant's fireside—he swept its chords in the halls of the noble—now its notes echoed with softening cadence his songs of love, or the praises of hospitality or wine, anon, it thrilled in joyful measure, as the bacchanalian verse fell from the lips of the bard ; rang in wild revelry, as he sang of the banquettings of long ago, or throbbed in unison with the swelling of the poet's heart, when he told the glorious deeds of the chiefs of old, and again, lent its plaintive tones to the lament for the lost love, or his heart-touching wail for the friends who had passed from earth.

We are told that he never touched its strings without reaching to the very hearts of his listeners, and the glistening eye and flushed cheek spoke eloquently of the spell he had wound around them. Had Carolan lived in another age, he might have been a Homer or an Aesop. Were his lot cast in more modern times, he might have rivalled a Mozart or a Glack. As it was, he was a nature-taught songster. Reading his heart like a scroll, and speaking what he saw there, he sang of beauty, hospitality, and wine, and his warblings are still echoed in the hearts of the people.

The bard, as is well known, was blind, like Milton, Homer, and Beethoven. From him was shut out for ever, the sight of blue sky, and green hill, and rushing river, and waving forest, yet, that "inner light which no adversity could darken," looked out on nature, and saw with a poet's instinct, that everything from God's hand was good. Of his misfortune, he himself learned to think, or at least, speaks lightly, "My eyes," he used to say, "have been transplanted into my ears ;" and there was not wanting one,* (despite the rejection of his early addresses to Miss Cruise,) noble and disinterested enough to share his lot, the lot of the blind man. A lady of good family and ancient name became his bride, and shared his joys and sorrows, his triumphs and misfortunes, until his death.

Connected with the story of his affection for Miss Cruise, there is related an interesting and romantic anecdote. It is said that, on one occasion, while tuning his harp by the sea shore, a boat approached, Carolan stretched out his hand to help a lady on shore, and as she placed her hand

* A Miss Maguire of the county Fermanagh.

in his, he exclaimed, "This is the hand of my gossip, Bridget Cruise." This incident is enshrined by Mr. Lover, in the beautiful song, beginning—

"True love can ne'er forget,
Fondly as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My own darling one."

'With his fair bride Carolan dwelt for some time in the county Leitrim. At home cards were there and then unknown, the conventionalities (such as they were at the time) of polite society, did not reach far beyond the Shannon, and in his Connacht home our bard dispensed the rights of hospitality with lavish hand after the good old Celtic custom. The generous-hearted bridegroom kept (in vulgar parlance,) an open house, where friend and stranger were welcome. No one ever applied in vain to Carolan for a night's repose, or a passing welcome; be the wayfarer who he might, even the "Sassenach," all were sure of the *cead mille failte*, and the stirrup-cup was ever drunk in sadness.

It is the custom now-a-days, with those little interested in speaking truthfully of Ireland and things Irish, to accuse of the vice of intemperance the bard of whom we are writing. True Irishmen deplore the same failing in him, but not the less acknowledge it; we cannot believe that either party are right, we cannot believe that Carolan was a drunkard. True, he contracted an overweening fondness for alcoholic stimulants, true, his constitution, by no means a strong one, rebelled against an indulgence that would have been innocuous to a stronger man; true, he wanted the moral strength to break off the habit that preyed upon and undermined his health, and the physical strength to continue the abstinence, which at one time he imposed on himself. But that he was a drunkard, that he loved strong drink for its own sake, that he loved whiskey as the sensualist or the sot loves it, we do not believe. Carolan was a poet, that is to say, he was a man of fine instinct and delicate sensibility, a man of tender feeling and strong impulse, with a heart open to the best feelings of our nature, filled with the innate love of the beautiful and the good; and if he loved whiskey, it was because he felt, or thought he felt, it throw a genial warmth through soul as well as body, light up the fire of genius, and sing within him, fill his mind with golden-hued imaginings, his heart with kindling coals of poesy and wit, and his hands with music to the finger-tips—because he thought the spirit of wine crept through every vein, and sent the warm current of his blood bounding along, and fanned every latent spark within him into a glowing light, inspiring the effusions of his poetic breast that throbbed and beat hard, while his song went up to the clouds and the sky, borne on the fumes of *usquebaugh*.

Carolan's married life was a happy one. He devotedly loved the wife who clung to him through all sorrow and suffering, who soothed the heart of the blind man with all the ministering cares of a tender woman. She died in 1733, and the grief of the bard was in proportion to his love. A gloom settled on his spirits, that was hardly removed till he himself bade

adieu to earth ; his harp now rarely thrilled to notes of gladness, his cup of joy was embittered, and his life-song became a hymn of sorrow. Not very long after her death, he went on a visit to Mr. McDermott of Aldersford, in the county Roscommon, and died at that gentleman's residence, in March, 1738. He was, at the time of his death, sixty-eight years of age. His name and fame are still green in the hearts of the people ; but in a neighbouring graveyard, no stone or cross marks the spot where the "Last of the Bards" lies in death's repose.

A word of the music of Carolan. It would be, of course, an unfair test to take up his compositions, apply to them the rules of modern art, and pass judgment accordingly. Carolan, we are told, was quite ignorant of the principles of musical science. Any one who reflects on the state of the art in those days, will not be surprised at this assertion. The Italian school was gaining influence in Ireland's capital, but could not reach Carolan's home in Connaught, and the wandering minstrel had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the ponderous theories which were then accepted as the alphabet of music. Geminiani, at his time, resided in Dublin, and had a very high opinion of the bard's skill and musical talent. On one occasion he played for him a concert of great excellence, but in order to try him, cut out some of the passages and phrases here and there. Carolan detected the faults, and exclaimed : "It is a beautiful composition, but it limps now and then." Most of Carolan's airs are to be found in Edward Bunting's collection of "Ancient Irish Music," also in Duffy's edition of the "Melodies."

There is no finer music, amongst all that has descended to us from our fathers, than those relics of his muse. It is to be regretted that she did not drop more numerous feathers of her dazzling plumage, ere she winged her way to heaven. What songs we have are exquisite. The "Fairy Queen" is one of the grandest and wildest of the bard's airs ; it is better known as Moore's "By the Hopea Within us Springing." His "Concerto" is a bold, dashing piece, ringing like a war trumpet, and was composed, by the way, to decide a wager with an Italian artist, whom Carolan defeated in the tuneful strife. Of his planxties, we shall only say, they are calculated to make one feel light about the feet, while the monody composed on the death of his wife, wails and sighs like the wind stealing through weeping willows, as they bend over the silent graves.

An exquisite ear appears to have ever guided his hand and pen. He would listen with wrapt attention to the grand lines of the Mantuan, though totally ignorant of Latin, and often invented sonorous, meaningless words, and poured out those quaint children of the soul in graceful hexameters.

Since his death there have been, from time to time harpers of note, reminding men of the olden day, but the voice of the Irish people for a generation and a-half has declared that the poet-musician line has ended—that Carolan was the "Last of the Bards."

R. W. McD.

PARALYZED INDUSTRY.

At the time when the people of the United States, under the influence of political delusions, are breaking to pieces the ingenious mechanism of their combined industry, it will not be uninteresting to briefly glance at the origin of its various parts. To those, at least, who are aware that the common appetites and impulses of man, by the industry which they excite, are the great causes of all progress, the history of the origin of the visible arts by which wants are gratified and progress is assured, is the most interesting of all histories. Even those who find the causes of such progress in political designs cannot look with indifference on the improvements in those arts by which the objects of the Statesman are attained.

The United States is now in population superior to our home empire, and is consequently to be classed as the fourth; or, if we include China, as the fifth among civilized nations. In its case the origin of various arts, obscure, or utterly lost in darkness, in almost all other cases, is accurately known, and in them we can trace the growth of a great nation back to its very birth. In almost all other instances fabulous ages have been required to bring into existence that greatness which in America has been achieved within three centuries, and the bulk of which has actually grown up within the memory of living men; Lord Lyndhurst may recollect the time when the United States had not four millions of people. And in other known cases, to increase from such a number to thirty millions required ten, twelve, or twenty centuries. Our knowledge of the causes of this difference does not make it less extraordinary. Although we can trace minutely the progress of the material arts by which the rapid growth has been sustained, this rather increases than diminishes our interest in the phenomena. We see them all, from first to last. We have not to hunt for the founder of the nation, for the great law-giver who gave it form and order, for the principles of the design of which it is the realization, for there are none. Adventures in search of wealth, exiles escaping persecution, founding for themselves a new home in a vast wilderness, and tempting others to join them, welcoming the oppressed, and not unwilling to receive the degraded and the criminal—the refuse of old civilization overflowing, without a leader—into a new world, and by the mere force of their necessities, becoming, in an astonishingly short period, a great nation, is the epitome of their history. The origin and progress amongst them of the arts which they must have carried to considerable perfection in order to live, whether imported or native to the soil, has been well explained by Dr. J. Leander Bishop, in an admirable work, entitled "A History of American Manufactures, from 1608 to 1860," etc., to which we are indebted for many of our facts and dates.

"King" Cotton, as it is now termed from its supposed power over political affairs, was the spontaneous product over many parts of America, and was cultivated in "the old dominion," as the state of Virginia is familiarly called, at a very early period. It was used for inferior clothing,

and "Virginia cloth," made of cotton, and woven with great taste by the women in country parts, was much prized for the use of slaves. Bounties on linen exported from England checked the colonial industry, though were counteracted by restrictions on raw cotton imported from the West Indies and Brazils. Far from supplying all the rest of the world with cotton, America imported it till 1790. It had made, indeed, an attempt as early as 1770 to send some to Liverpool; but, as late as 1784, the quantity exported was so small that an American ship with eight bales on board was seized because it was supposed to be impossible by our custom-house that so much could be exported from America. In the year 1785, the first bag of cotton was exported from Charleston, a locality which possesses such attractions in its "yellow gals" that now-a-days every melodious admirer of Eithopian minstrelsy expresses his determination to be "off" to it, and which is just at present suffering no small share of the disagreeable vicissitudes which war brings in its train. About the year in question it began to be perceived that the United States "might become a great cotton producing country." The Birdens, or Bordens, of South Carolina, for the name is spelt both ways, imported the "black seed" from the Bahamas, the species of cotton which until the present fratricidal contest was the great article of export, and invented an improved roller gin for cleaning it. In 1793, the invention of the saw gin by Eli Whitney, who, like other ingenious men, was rather robbed than rewarded for his invention, gave great impulse to the growth of cotton in the States, and enabled them not only to dispense with a supply from the West Indies and the Brazils, but to undersell these countries in all other markets. From that time successive improvements in the operations for cleaning cotton, combined with the "splendid inventions in England for converting it into cloth," have promoted incessantly the cultivation of cotton in America. In 1859, the quantity exported from the States, according to their own statistics, was 1,386,461,562 lbs., valued at 152,000,000 dollars. The growth of manufacturing industry in England is, in fact, fully matched by the growth of cotton in the States. The two went together, and are equally parts of the combined industry, which unites nations, as well as individuals in one productive family. What a pity it is that the criminal ambition or petty caprice of any one or any number should be the means of casting the apple of discord in the midst of their fellowmen, and while severing with the sword a constitution cemented by the life's blood of their forefathers, be the means of shattering—perhaps irremediably—every feeling of international courtesy, harmony, and industrial progress!

Were it possible to bring into one focus all the widely-scattered branches of the various arts employed about metals, and connect each of them with its commencement, we should find, in these arts also, extended and improved as they have been throughout the civilized world since America was peopled from Europe, a growth equal to that of the cotton manufactures. The Americans, need we remark, are skilful workers in metals. They succeed equally in making hatchets and steam-engines; they have great natural advantages both in the nature of their metallic ores and in

fuel ; and no other disadvantage, if it be one, than a comparative high price for labour. They need fear no competition. It is, therefore, to be deeply regretted, that their legislature should have imitated the ignorant legislatures of Europe of the last century, and, in spite of Franklin, should have protected native industry at the vast cost or civic estrangement ending in civil war. The Americans were continually outraged for years, and at length driven to separation by restrictions on their industry, imposed by the mother country, and yet they have now blindly and ignorantly inflicted on themselves the evils against which they justly rebelled.

The first vessel, larger than a row-boat, ever built in the United States, was the work of a Dutchman, Captain Andrien Block, at Manhattan river, New York, in 1614. She was called the "Ornest," and was but of sixteen tons burden. It was not until the year 1624 that ship-building began at Plymouth, and now the tonnage of the United States is as large as that of Great Britain, and their sailing, if not their steam vessels, are equal to the finest built in England, or elsewhere. The Americans claim the invention of driving boats by steam. But this is one of those improvements, or applications, of new motive power to old and widely-used instruments, so evidently feasible and desirable, that they are certain to be made in many places about the same time. Questions of priority of invention are of great importance to the individuals whose pecuniary interests or reputation is involved in them ; but every real improvement grows so certainly from the condition of society, that the date of its appearance is of much more importance to history than the name of the uncertain and partial inventor. At any rate, our united Transatlantic brethren were the second great maritime power of the world. What they may dwindle to from their present quarrel we cannot know ; but it may excite the astonishment of posterity with the present evidence before it of the prosperity they have already attained.

We do not find any record of where the first American wind-mill was built, but the first water-mill was erected at Dorchester, probably as early as 1628 ; now the number of mills for grinding, sawing, paper-making, etc., etc., are beyond enumeration. The first paper-mill in the colonies was erected at Roxburgh, Pennsylvania, before 1693, by David Rittenhans, from Arnheim, on the Rhine ; now above two thousand mills are employed in producing paper on a scale and quantity equal to that of any other country. The first printing-press was erected at Cambridge, where the establishment of a college was provided for, "within eighteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers had trod the rock of Plymouth." There education and printing went hand in hand. In some of the plantations, even in Massachusetts, there was much jealousy of the press, and licensers watched its operations, and determined what should be printed. Now they are unknown, and a printing-press, one of the necessities of modern civilization, is put up in every new settlement more certainly than a grist-mill.

Such is a brief sketch of the rise and progress of manufactures in America. To say that, up to the period at which we write, perfection in any one of them, anywhere, has been attained would be simply to state an absurdity. But it is a melancholy reflection to think that the footprints of

those pioneers who, within a cycle of less than three centuries, placed the broad arrow of civilization and progress on almost every road of the American continent, should now be threatened with a partial, if not entire, extinction, through the influence of that fratricidal warfare, which, upas-like, casts its lethal shadow over the prospects of a country and a people as fertile and as noble as any in the world. It is—and sorry are we to be compelled to pen the words—the retrogradation of civilization to barbarism—the metamorphose of the peace-loving, earnest-working citizen and tiller of the soil to the whooping, sanguinary destroyer of his kind. What boots it to the world if the ideas of its greatest intellects, and the handicraft of its most cunning artificers, after centuries of probation, find the climacteric of their strength devoted to the destruction of the edifice they had reared with potent intellect and stalwart arm, and far and wide to hear the pleasant sounds of industry hushed in—

“The tumult of each sacked and burning village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldiers’ revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.

“The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—
And ever and anon in tones of thunder,
The dissonance of the cannonade.”

These are the noble words of Longfellow, and we feel a glow of real pride when we think that their author—amongst the first of our living poets—is a native of the country whose scenic features he has limned so well, and to whose people his concluding words are just now so prophetic and suggestive.

“Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease :
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say “ Peace !”

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war’s great organ shakes the skies ;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.”

For the welfare of our brethren across the Atlantic, for our own, and for that of common humanity, we earnestly trust that ere long the valleys and plains which now echo the bays of sleuth-bounds and the fierce shouts of angry hosts, may hear once more “ Nature’s sweet and kindly voices.”

Ah!

“ Were half the power that fills the world with terror—
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from Error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts !”

LILLIE BROWNE.

BY RUTH MURRAY, AUTHOR OF THE "TWO LENORES," ETC.

II.

FIVE years have passed over George Tugram's head since he left his native town. Foreign travel has changed him somewhat in appearance, bronzed his skin, and given him a more stalwart, manly air. Something else, probably some inward process, has made his eyes graver, and his brow sadder.

He stands on the deck of his ship, with folded arms, greeting eagerly as old friends, the well-remembered wharves and stores, as the vessel moves alongside the quay. Now he has sprung on shore, and, leaving his luggage, has walked briskly to a hotel in a familiar street.

It is evening, and George Tugram sallies out to take a look at old streets and houses, and search out old faces. It is a dull expedition. It is wonderful what changes do happen in five years.

He is standing before a certain house in a certain street. That is Lillie's room with the blind half drawn, where her canary used to hang. He wonders where it has gone. That is Dr. Browne's consulting room, and above it, is the drawing-room, which Lillie used to fill with music, in those evenings,—those long dead and buried evenings.

George walks up and down on the opposite shady side-path, wondering as he goes if he shall summon courage to cross, and knock at the door. We will not pry into the man's thoughts as he passes back and forwards upon the flags, till the light dies, and the dusk grows all down the street. At last he crosses the road, and knocks at the door. It is opened.

"Pray, can I see Dr. Browne?"

The maid looks puzzled. "He doesn't live here, sir, this house belongs to Mr. M———. Perhaps you mean the gentleman who lived here before we came. I believe he was a doctor, but he's dead, sir, he died at Mayfield, I think."

"Dead! and his daughter, do you know anything of her?"

"I do not, sir, I don't know anything, except that a doctor lived here, who died."

George is punished now, amply punished for his faithlessness and his folly, as he turns down the street, shivering in the summer night.

Dead! and where is Lillie gone? Lillie whom he had so loved, and forgotten for a few months of infatuation, whose image had risen again, and quickly stolen back into his heart, a heart purified by suffering and repentance, whose gentle spirit had borne him company all through his exile, whose light hand had drawn him homeward. And now having come at its urging, feeding on sweet hopes of undeserved happiness yet, to come, thirsting for dear words of forgiveness, he finds only the shadow of a grave.

He knows her too well to fear that she is some happier man's contented

wife. His thought is this, "Lillie has been cast out on the world, to find her own bread, God knows where!"

He thinks of Mrs. West, is she still at Mayfield? But no, George could not meet Mrs. West, still that servant said, "he died at Mayfield!" Perhaps he may there find some clue to Lillie's fate. He returns to his hotel, resolved to set out on the morrow for that white village of the luscious gardens, where the happy days were spent long ago.

It is sunset as George nears the outskirts of the famous wild strawberry wood, where they used to have the merry pic-nics. The banks are all besprinkled now with scarlet, for it is deep summer, and the roads are white. The waves are plashing their old music in the sandy creek, and the little church spire with its ivy mantle is visible above the graveyard trees.

That graveyard George will search it. He alights, sends off his conveyance, and enters among the mounds and monuments.

Hush! there is music, organ-strains, and children's fresh voices coming in gusts through the open choir windows. The organist is practising hymns with the children.

George pauses and listens, and rambles on, with a blinding moisture stealing uncomfortably to his eyes, at every fresh swell of sound that the air brings him. He knows that hymn.

And now he has found what he seeks, a marble slab and an inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Robert Browne, M.D." There it is. And sighs and regrets fall not upon the ears of the dead.

Again the plaintive swell of that hymn—mellow and clear it comes to him, like the utterance of a calm soul that has shaken itself free of earth's troubled shackles, and mounts, mounts through ether, singing its farewell to a weeping world, and its all-hail at the gates of the Crystal City.

They are few who have seen a strong, brave man, weep—weep as women often do, shedding hot running tears, that will escape through the sheltering fingers laced over the convulsed face in the humiliation of grief. None but the birds and the angels saw George's sorrow. It was a gust, and it has blown over. Those who endure with constancy feel that they dare not squander energy upon useless passion. Calm and self-conquered George leaves the grave, and now he is on the threshold of the holy house.

Something good seems to take him by the hand, and lead him in, and point the way to a certain old-fashioned pew. There he had knelt many and many a Sunday, when, as an orphan lad, he had come to spend the sweet summer Sabbaths with kind Mrs. West. There is a lull in the music, and George buries his face in his arm, thinking of the first time that Lillie and he had knelt there together, side by side, and how all the air about him was scented, because of the bit of sweet briar which Lillie had put in the leaves of his prayer-book, on the way to church.

Now, the organ speaks again, and one clear voice takes the lead. A young voice, but not that of a child. What is there in the pure echo of that soft, womanly voice to disturb so the unseen listener? Who is leaving the children? Whose hand is uttering by the organ's mouth the prayer of that appealing hymn with such exquisite pathos? Is there any

soul but one, which, speaking through music's lips, could so sway and master George Tugram's soul? Oh! cruel dream, if it be indeed a dream.

He leaves the pew, and draws nearer to the choir, with steps unheard in the roll of the music. Yes, it is indeed Lillie. More pale, more spiritual than ever, in the black drapery which sweeps in soft, heavy folds from her slight figure as she sits. There is no mistaking the delicate head, with its wreaths of brown tresses, nor the grave, wistful eyes that are gazing afar off into the dreaming vistas of unrevealed worlds. She sits with parted lips, among the fresh, rosy faces about her, like one whose soul had been swept by music-gusts to the lintel of paradise, and who listened in reverent ecstasy to the whispers of glory, wafted back on breezes of sound by the wandering spirit.

George screens himself again. He hides where he can watch her. For a while it seems joy enough to look upon her, and to kneel down and thank God that his eyes have beheld her again. Oh! the weary days of companionless labour, of hollow pleasure, of unsatisfiable empty-heartedness, since he last saw that pure face, turning from him in the moonlight. What a coward had he been, he the strong man, in comparison with this silent, fragile girl, who had bravely taken up her burden, and carried it with courageous dignity through years of disappointment, sorrow, and death. Her quiet strength had borne her over rivers of bitterness, and through shadowed wastes; and now she rested on a peaceful shore, gazing upon silver clouds, and dreaming about angels.

An orphan in her black dress, she was bravely earning her bread. Lillie Brown, who had delighted many drawing-rooms with her music, had harnessed her genius to a stern purpose, and sat in the choir, and played the organ, and taught the Mayfield children to chant hymns, in order that she might have a roof over her head, and wear the garment of a lady. Yes, Lillie was doubtless now the Mayfield organist. Noble, enduring, dignified little Lillie!

And now the children have finished their lesson; and with a smile, and kind word to each, the teacher dismisses her pupils. Trooping off they go, with careful feet, and whispering voices, till they get out of the holy place, and then with a racing clatter, and merry cries, and snatches of the practised hymn, till the breeze grows weary of carrying their voices so far, and they drop in the distance.

The sun has gone, and taken his pageant with him, and the moon looks forth with a golden shimmer from among the graveyard trees. She gazes lovingly in at Lillie, who lingers still at her organ, murmuring an irregular, melancholy reverie to the stillness, and the empty church, and for the consolation of her own spirit.

"Lillie!"

It is George before her, who speaks.

There is a sudden discord, and a blurr of sound, which quivers and rumbles slowly away into silence.

Lillie is not one who faints at a shock; such people are spared much suspense, much distress, and exceeding pain. It is the striving to realize

the struggling for presence of mind at a sudden and painful emergency that makes its bewilderment of suffering so intense. A swoon covers the difficulty and dispenses with the need of action. Lillie could not faint, she only passed her hand wanderingly over her forehead and eyes to make sure it was not a vision conjured up by those haunting strains, through which she had been communing with the past. Leaning heavily on the organ she lifted her eyes again, and realised George seeking her.

She gave him her hand with a hardly assumed quietness and frankness, and strove to bid him welcome, but her lips quivered vainly, and would unshape no words. There they stood silent in the empty stillness of the church for moments, which seemed hours, while the moon rose fuller and more lustrous above the trees, and the distant corners of the aisles began to grow dusk.

At last Lillie found her voice. "You are welcome home, George," she said, "I thought you did not mean to return. Your friends must have been very glad to see you?"

"You are the first who has seen me," he said, "if, indeed, I may dare call you friend, after all I have done to forfeit my claim."

"George," said Lillie, with a great sweetness of dignity, "long ago when we met last, we parted as friends. Time surely has not made us enemies. I am, indeed, your friend."

Lillie's words were simple, and her voice was low and quiet; but the colour was going and coming on her cheek with a pallid ebb, and a wild rush; and she leaned more and more heavily on the organ. But George would not now be dismissed by calm conventional sentences. His cheek burned and his eye shone with the fire of suspense.

"Lillie," he said, "I have come on one errand, and that errand is to you. You have spoken of our last meeting, I must speak of it, too. One who was as heartless as beautiful made sport of changing me from an honourable man to a coward with broken faith and word. Her fault is no excuse for my sin. I scarcely ever believed her true, and yet I yielded to her fascination. New fangled with a glittering toy, I let my pure rare jewel fall out of my hands. I was bitterly punished. I quickly saw how hollow was the exchange. When she cast me off to marry a richer man, I had no grief, only shame. I longed to come and throw myself at your feet, and crave pardon and a return of love, but conscience would not let me have the courage to do it. I fled away from home and country. Lillie, may I go on with my story?"

She has been listening with heaving breast and down-cast eyes. She bows her head, and George harries on.

"No good fortune followed me. Your face, as I saw at last, full of reproach, haunted me night and day. Your face, as I used to see it, loving and bright, would not let me rest, filling me with vain longing, and bitter repentance of my miserable folly. Things did not prosper with me. I had no heart for riches or reputation, and I could not obtain either. I have not the wealth nor position I should have attained ere now, had you been my wife. Life is nothing to me without you, and I have come back

with the wild hope that the past may not be irretrievable. I have found you an orphan, working for bread. I am not rich, but I have enough for simple wants. I can at least, save you from toil ; and if a life of devotion can atone for the past, it shall be ardently, untiringly given. Lillie, Lillie dearest, say you may yet be my own ?"

She does not speak, she cannot yet. A chill seizes him.

"I see. I was insane to hope. My sin is too great to be forgiven." He moves from her.

"George ! George ! do not leave me again."

He turns at the pleading voice, to see a yearning, tearful face, and in another moment Lillie is sobbing upon his breast.

Under the starry summer twilight they left the graveyard-gate. Lillie said :

"George, who told you that I was earning my bread ?"

"No one, darling ; but I saw you at work among your pupils, and I knew beforehand that you could not nor would not live idle."

" You seem very glad that I am so poor."

" Yes, selfish as it may seem, I am glad that I can save you from any trouble or hardship. I believe it would have given me delight to have found you in rags."

" Then you will not be surprised or annoyed at finding my home very poor and miserable ?"

" No, darling, no."

Then they went on in silence, round by the borders of the strawberry-scented wood, avoiding the white gossiping street of Mayfield, and reaching the opposite gardened road by field-paths and hedge-aisles. They went along silently, each heart being too full, having too much that it wished to utter, and unable to think of any one thing which ought to be said first.

" Why are you going in here ?" asked George, as Lillie pushed open the side door of a handsome entrance gate, and beckoned him to follow her up the avenue.

" Do you know this place ?" she said, evading his question.

" Yes, quite well. It is May Park, Mr. Darrell's place."

" Poor Mr. Darrell is dead. May Park now belongs to a friend, to whom he bequeathed it."

She was bringing him quickly on by the hand, up the avenue.

" But why do you bring me here now ? I do not want to visit any one. Why come here so late ?"

" I am expected to tea. Mrs. West is here, and Nannie. Don't you remember Nannie Lester ? She is married now. Her husband and she are here to-night. I fear I have kept them waiting on me. You will come with me, George ? You said you would see me home."

He was puzzled and half vexed ; but she coaxed him on. They neared the handsome house, with its stuccoed balconies and portico, its sweeping lawn of velvet green, its gigantic, undulating beech-trees, its draperies of trellised jasmine and floating laburnum. Mrs. West, graver, more matronly, but kind-looking as ever, was standing, watching for Lillie from

the porch, in the lingering daylight, and the brightening moonlight. Wonder and anxiety were on her face as the two approached, and another change came over it when she recognised George.

Lillie, with a radiant face, placed the hand of her truant lover in that of her friend, and said : " Dear Mrs. West, it is George come home."

Then she slipped past them and escaped into the house.

Mr. West and Nannie's bridegroom were sauntering in the garden. Nannie herself, the new little wife, had come to the window to catch the moonlight upon the entertaining pages of her novel. Again and again she laid it down, and wondered why Lillie had not come home, and puzzled her brains to guess who was the strange man with whom Mrs. West walked up and down so perseveringly upon the gravel.

George must surely have made full confession to Mrs. West, and regained his once large corner in her capacious heart, or she never would have been smiling on him with so much of the old genial cordiality. Many things had been discussed and settled, and now she was saying :

" You should value her, dearly, George, now and for ever. If ever woman was faithful in this world, it is Lillie. She was always much admired and loved by those who had an opportunity of knowing her. Formerly those were few ; she was so retiring, and her circumstances kept her so in the shade. But, latterly, since her rich inheritance has brought her before the world's eyes, and given full play to her beautiful tastes and charitable energies, there is no end to the homage she has received. The poor worship her, she is like a child among them ; and all the wealth and talent of the neighbourhood have been at her feet. Never was a woman so besieged by suitors, and so utterly regardless of them all."

George has been listening like one in a dream.

" Stop a moment, Mrs. West. Do I understand you clearly ? I have been persuaded till this moment that Lillie was at present earning her bread as organist of Mayfield Church. Is this not the case ?"

" Organist of Mayfield Church ! Yes, surely ; but also poor Mr. Darrell's wealthy heiress. Did you really not know this, George ?"

" Oh ! Mrs. West !"

There was such a deal of bitter disappointment and humiliation in the young man's tone, that his friend checked the merry laugh which had broken forth at his astonished face.

" Oh ! Mrs. West, had I known this, could I ever have had the boldness to ask her for the promise she gave me to-night ? What will the world say ? What will even you and she think ?

" My dear George," said the matron, taking his hand in her fair, soft one, " in spite of your faults, and I always knew you had some, I have known you too well ever to suspect you of being a mercenary lover. As for the world, never heed ! There are no people so miserable as those who care too much for the world's verdict. Your own conscience should be enough to content you ; and Lillie's full, undoubting trust."

Mistress Nannie dropped her novel in astonishment when George Tugram came into the drawing-room. However, her quick, little feminine

wits guessed at once how matters stood, and her warm little heart gladly overflowed with affectionate greetings and welcomes.

Soon the rambling gentlemen came in. The bride introduced the stranger to her husband as her "dear old friend, George Tugram;" and Mr. West was rejoiced, for many reasons, to see again "that fine, young fellow" whose banishment abroad he had always deplored.

The moonlight had now become so brilliant, flooding through all the windows, that the room was as bright as day. It was unanimously voted that heaven's radiant illuminations should not be quenched by shutter or candle, and in the mellow brightness the urn was carried in, and the company gathered blithely round the tea-table. Nor was the mistress of the house absent. Lillie, who had worn her mourning for four years, so that people believed she never meant to leave it off, now came into the room with a swift, shy step, wearing a robe of pure white muslin. Her face, too, had undergone a transfiguration. A warm flush and happy smiles had taken the place of her former pale, gentle reserve.

It was a happy evening of reunion, never to be forgotten.

Late that night, George and Lillie stood together upon the moonlit lawn. They were saying good-night, but Lillie is saying something else.

"If you love me, George, never hint at this again. You wanted to find me a beggar, but it was not allowed to be so, and your pride must endure the discovery that I am a rich woman. But hear me once for all, George. If you had come to me a labourer, working at your spade, and I had been a queen, I would have come down from my throne and gone to live in your cabin. Now, good-night and pleasant dreams, and don't be late for breakfast in the morning."

It was still five minutes after this, however, when Lillie tripped back over the lawn alone. All her friends promised to meet again for a merry breakfast party at her table next morning. And Lillie slept, the first time for many years, without a pain in her heart or a tear on her pillow. She slept, and was visited by paradise dreams.

THE OLD BIBLE.

We have memorials, writ in many places,
Pictures, and monuments, and scrolls, and books,
From which the Dead, embalmed in tender shadows,
Speak with us in remembered tones and looks.

A violet in the dripping grass of April,
Sheds sweet associations from its leaves ;
And solemn memories shine for us in harvest,
Out of the landscape, rich in golden sheaves.

Death presses on us ever. There's no glory
But hath a mournful and a tearful side—
Some gray reminiscence of Love, recalling
Affections Time and Trust hath sanctified.

A song, a whisper, the light laugh of children—
 A faint star twinkling through a misty sky ;
 A breeze that shakes the flowers upon the casement,
 Are dreams and histories of days gone bye.

Yet most I love the quaintly-mottled Bible,
 Wherein, in many hands, are faintly writ,
 Births, names, and deaths of the beloved Departed,
 Who with their Saviour in his kingdom sit.

Tears have their way. Between me and the parchment,
 Weak as I am, there comes a gentle haze,
 The long lines flicker into broken fragments,
 And, weeping, dreaming, still I sit and gaze.

Here is the record of our earliest darling—
 Our gentle Ruth, whom God hath taken away,
 Ere years had shorn the splendour from her fancies,
 Rich as an orchard, blossoming in May.

Well I recall her—blue-eyed little babbler,
 Praying at eve and morning at my knee,
 In a faint voice, whose tremulous devotion
 Used touch me with its grave solemnity.

Her eyes have feasted on those holy pages,
 Her baby hands have turned those brown leaves o'er,
 Syllablib God's promises and mercies,
 From the first day 'till time shall be no more.

Well, she is gone—I saw her blanched as linen,
 Sleep in her little cot, the sleep of death,
 But I could lift my eyes to Him in Heaven,
 And there behold her with the eyes of Faith.

Our sweet, dead Darlings—build us steps immortal,
 From the green graveyards where their hearts repose,
 Unto a fairer height ; and from their ashes
 The rosemary of holy patience blows.

My poor, poor boy, you did not die amongst us ;
 My bright-haired William, it was yours to die
 Far, far from home, where the Bermudas glitter,
 Under a baking sun and cloudless sky.

There upon midnight, in the dawn of Summer,
 Tempest and lightnings shattered the stout bark ;
 And she went down with all her hope and promise,
 Into the habitation of the shark !

God comfort me, I cannot help this weeping,
 And yet I know God walketh on the land ;
 His care is infinite, and He upholdeth
 The waters in the hollow of His hand.

And I am blind, and will not dare unriddle
 The Providence that worketh sure and wise,
 In wonderful, dark ways that bat perplex us,
 Seeking to fathom them with human eyes.

O Lord ! receive my trust—he hath not perished,
 For him doth live thine all-atoning grace ;
 And, with the prophet, I believe hereafter,
 He shall behold his Saviour face to face,

In the bright kingdom where no tempest rageth—
 Where no heart-breaking separations be,
 Where Love divine, unlimited, transcendent,
 Shall be the lamp for all eternity.

O husband, O my own, my darling Charles,
 Your very name, dear love, is writ in tears—
 Blotched deep with agony—for I remember
 That dismal day through all the after years.

I did not dream that death was at our threshold,
 I did not think that you should die so soon,
 When all the world outside was life and sunshine,
 And by your bedside were the flowers of June.

You held my hand in yours—your eyes were lustrous,
 And then I thought your hand grew damp and cold ;
 I kissed your brow, and said, “Love, speak unto me.”
 Sudden the Summer wind the curtain rolled

Back from your face. “My God—not gone for ever !
 So good, so young, so loving—call him back !”
 O wretched world, without a gleam of sunshine
 Beaming through grim affliction’s cloudy rack !

O pity, pity for the hopeless hoper !
 O balm for the poor heart that will not break,
 But looks on glazed eyes that shall not open,
 And listen for the voice that shall not speak.

Crushed by the misery of my bereavement,
 I could but sit and stare—tears would not come ;
 Graves yawned around me wheresoe’er I turned,
 Passionless, comfortless, purposeless, and dumb.

A song, a whisper, the light laugh of
A faint star twinkling through a misty
A breeze that shakes the flowers up,
Are dreams and histories of days.

Yet meet I love the quaintly-mottled
Wherein, in many hands, are fair
Births, names, and deaths of the Dead
Who with their Saviour in his bosom.

Tears have their way. Between
Weak as I am, there comes a
The long lines flicker into broken
And, weeping, dreaming, still.

Here is the record of our earliest
Our gentle Bath, whom God
Ere years had shorn the splendour
Rich as an orchard, blossoming.

Well I recall her—blue-eyed
Praying at eve and morning
In a faint voice, whose tremor
Used touch me with its power.

Her eyes have feasted on me
Her baby hands have rung
Syllabing God's promises
From the first day 'till now.

Well, she is gone—I saw
Sleep in her little cot
But I could lift my eyes
And there behold her.

Our sweet, dear Darling
From the green ground
Unto a fairer height;
The rosemary of Heaven.

My poor, poor boy
My bright-haired
Far, far from home
Under a hawthorn.

There upon made
Tempest and
And she went
Into the bush.

VLF.

u, with a good deal to get
st work, or our pleasantest
v drawbacks and interrup-
of our equanimity, perhaps
iniate not unfrequently with
excursion. You have antici-
our baggage wants nothing in
rtable stationery, and a courier-
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to a stand-still, and refuses to
usly applied but to little purpose,
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eel you will be put out of time.
f some obtrusive curb-stones, and
rs of grave-looking way-side geese,
the pier, and arrive at the land-
r wearing round into the open sea.
what you are about, you think of
se, you spasmodically mount the top
our hat on the end of your umbrella,
the tranquil, punctual people on board
mate adieu, and respond accordingly.
up at the eleventh hour, and which
visible intervention, you had not missed
for a week. For a moment you survey.
and contemplate with a scowl that wretched
delinquency, as the immediate cause of
own to a little reflection, you come round
did not leave a sufficient margin for those
etermine the good fortune we enjoy, or the
destiny is not determined merely on great
, but chiefly by some of that legion of little
ever-present agency it is unwise to disregard
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And I forget that God was looking at us,—
 Looking down merciful on our despair—
 Forgot that, at that very hour, the heavens,
 In my beloved, had crowned another heir.

Then from the little chapel in the meadows,
 I heard the tender voices of the choir :—
 “The spirit shall return to Him who gave it,
 God trieth humbleness of heart in fire.”

And, touched by the compassion of the anthem,
 Upon your pulseless breast my head I laid,
 Fell on my knees, beside the bed of mourning,
 And, in my piercing anguish, wept and prayed.

Prayed for forgiveness—prayed for resignation,
 The silver chord was loosed to knit no more ;
 The golden bowl was broken at the cistern ;
 But He who made and fashioned could restore.

And soon the radiant and peace-bearing angels
 Ministered invisible unto my grief,
 And I arose and faced that awful sorrow,
 With tears that blinded whilst they brought relief.

Time softens down our cares ; the tempest vapour,
 That makes the noonday sun its baleful guest,
 Flies far, and turns to sapphire and vermillion,
 At evening time above the glowing west.

Thus the worst griefs that darken our existence,
 Take gentler hues and shapes as we decline,
 And see them changing, in the light of patience,
 To pathways leading to a world divine.

Dear, holy Book, beside the tear-stained pages
 That chronicle the graves mid which I sit,
 Shine the fair leaves in which, in words unfading,
 God's holy promises are sealed and writ.

Knowledge and bitterness increase together ;
 But they are wise who, trusting in thy word,
 Lay down their burdens at the feet of Patience,
 And wait for resurrection in the Lord.

TOO SHORT BY HALF.

THAT we do get along somehow is pretty certain, with a good deal to get through, and a great deal to get at. Our hardest work, or our pleasantest pastime is chequered in various ways by many drawbacks and interruptions. And not the less do they despoil us of our equanimity, perhaps even of our very amiabilities, that they originate not unfrequently with ourselves. You, for instance, purpose an excursion. You have anticipated the pleasure for many days before. Your baggage wants nothing in completeness, down even to the nic-nacks of portable stationery, and a courier-bag full of coppers. The day dawns auspiciously, you are up early, and are full of jokes and banter. Appetite and breakfast have alike vanished, and you have given the finishing stroke to your toilet. For the first mile the old nag goes well, but it suddenly comes to a stand-still, and refuses to proceed. The potent incentives are vigorously applied but to little purpose, and, at last, it sets off at such a doggedly slow pace, that you are certainly put out of temper, and begin, at last, to feel you will be put out of time. At length, having escaped the dangers of some obtrusive curb-stones, and disturbed the peaceful pursuits of numbers of grave-looking way-side geese, you all at once gain a distant view of the pier, and arrive at the landing-place in time to observe the steamer wearing round into the open sea. Not knowing at the moment precisely what you are about, you think of shouting, but, abandoning that impulse, you spasmodically mount the top of your vehicle, and madly dashing your hat on the end of your umbrella, gesticulate a signal of distress, which the tranquil, punctual people on board fancy a frantic effort at an affectionate adieu, and respond accordingly. But for that old nag which turned up at the eleventh hour, and which never once occurred to you as a possible intervention, you had not missed the steamer, and lost your temper for a week. For a moment you survey, with chagrin, the departing boat, and contemplate with a scowl that wretched old brute, looking so placid in its delinquency, as the immediate cause of your discomfiture, till, calming down to a little reflection, you come round to the notion that, perhaps, you did not leave a sufficient margin for those possible contingencies which determine the good fortune we enjoy, or the ill-luck we deplore. Human destiny is not determined merely on great occasions, and by great events, but chiefly by some of that legion of little things whose ever-active and ever-present agency it is unwise to disregard as trivial and common-place. It is, perhaps, for this reason that we always assign to the future the task of supplying the deficiencies of the present, and repairing the losses of the past—that we are constantly apologizing to success, and making vows of some prospective activity which is to turn the tables on ill-luck, and to send us back waving in triumph the crutch that helped us at the outset to hobble on our laborious journey. It is possible that these drawbacks are the inevitable waste of action—the loss occasioned by converting what is raw into what is ready for use—the deodand we must offer to the Fates. Bibbins, after weeks of anxious solicitude, has, at last,

resolved to do a little in the holiday line by taking a three hours' journey to a place for a three days' sojourn. Bibbins has the evening before announced to a select circle of his friends, his intended journey. He has taken a formal and tender adieu of each, and speaks of his return as a thing of the future. It is evident that Bibbins is a tyro in travelling, and has some indistinct notion of the importance attached to the character of tourist which he essays very largely on the following morning when, staggering under the weight of a patriarchal carpet-bag, a ragged urchin follows at his heels, while he himself pants up the railway-stairs, and emerges on the platform in a highly excited state, with a huge wrapper pendant from his left arm, and a bundle of fascioli, in the shape of an umbrella and three walking sticks, in his left hand, and in his right a huge paper parcel, a fishing-rod, a hat-case, and a whining terrier. A deep-drawn respiration, and an expression of relief follow the harried deposit of his impediments. Bibbins, somewhat out of breath, is not out of consequence, but boldly paces to and fro as he adjusts his gloves, or doffs his cap, in the fashion of a man about to take part in some coming encounter. With an air of importance he addresses frivolous questions to the guard, rates the poor, perspiring urchin for his negligence, takes the book-stall by storm, and reappears on the platform, perusing the *Sporting News*, and, at intervals, casting killing glances into the first-class compartments. There is little more heard or seen of Bibbins till, at a station, a hundred miles from home, he is heard threatening vengeance on the railway company, and, in the next, frantically pursuing the retreating train with the cry of, "Stop guard! my bag! my bag!" He returns from his vain pursuit, deeply impressed with the idea that with less baggage he might, as he fancies, have diminished the appearance of importance, but that he would have had fewer cares and less vexation.

But it is not merely in the thousand and one little incidents of life to which these drawbacks so pertinaciously adhere; in the infinite variety of human character they may be found equally abundant and equally destructive; and, indeed, it is not a little admonitory to observe how the gap of some amiable weakness, or the narrow fissure of a venial neglect may widen, by insensible degrees, into the yawning chasm of positive delinquency. Of drawbacks to completeness, which are the result of indolence rather than of anything less pardonable, we have instances in every-day conversation or correspondence. "Excuse this harried scrawl—fuller details in my next," writes your correspondent, but the details never come, and the harried scrawl is again repeated, and again asked to be excused. Two friends engage in mutual conversation, and, with that delicious immunity to exactitude which familiarity enjoys, a great part of the conversation, is altogether elliptical. Sentences are begun on both sides, which are never intended to be finished. The one tells the other about something, or some one that was so like something, or some one else. "Indeed, just as like as—," and here there is a pause; and, if the "two peas," of immemorial usage, do not roll in his way, the other is left to conjecture the extreme likeness of the two things by an unassisted effort of imagination. This consciousness of incompleteness is both more permanent and more-

prevalent than one would at first sight suppose. You never meet a man in a state of healthful activity and tolerable hopefulness, occupying an obscure or equivocal position, who does not volunteer the remark that he is there only temporarily—that his friends are interesting themselves in his behalf—and that nothing but an irrepressible love of occupation would lead him for a moment to dim the irreproachable family escutcheon by even a temporary obscuration.

It is tolerably plain that the world has not been furnished with much else than half-characters. There is so much power which indolence or modesty leaves undeveloped, and so much reputed wisdom, but the gloss of folly, that one might, with a suitable half-eye, observe that this possibly forced itself on the attention of those allegorical artists who first, in *toga* and *cincture*, drew the dumb centaur or the beckoning siren. Half characters truly! How often half-man and half-fool, or half-man and half-brute! how often half-woman and—— No! we will not dare the ire of countless better halves, or the unappeasable wrath of infuriate parasols. But, half-good, half-great, half-commended, half-regretted, is not the world full of this fractional humanity, and not the knight of the thimble only but the fraction of a man? With what pitiful facility the character is disintegrated may be daily witnessed in the sudden, and sometimes contrary, changes produced by solitude or society, by privacy or publicity, on the conduct and bearing, the sentiments and language, of individuals. At home, Tomkins is a good, quiet fellow. In his slippers and morning gown, or, for that, in his shirt sleeves, at full length on the sofa with his pipe, few pleasanter; he has a joke for an acquaintance and a song for a friend. Tomkins out for the day is an altered man. He carries a riding-whip daily, and hires a horse once a month for two hours; he calls what is respectable slow, and what is good stupid. He luncheons at a tavern on a sandwich and bitter beer, and during the process picks a quarrel with a stranger, Brandwig by name. Brandwig is what is usually styled a fire-eater, and Tomkins is not. Tomkins would seek the protection of the law, but his comrades are about, and that would look sensible, and consequently not the thing. Tomkins sees matters rapidly approaching a crisis, and feels secretly inclined to run away, but Tomkins has not the courage to be called a coward, and Society is at his side, or at least he thinks so, and while his heart is sinking, Society, the great prompter, prompts Tomkins to keep it up, and so Tomkins does, and gets down thereby, and is put out in consequence, discovering that Society has dyed his cambric of a claret colour, and for the day spoiled his capacity for making use of his eye-glass. If, in society we are prompted to appear what we are not, or feel impelled not to be what we really are, it is at home we throw down the mask and kick off the buskins. If Browne really likes a little mustard with his lamb, and thinks it wholesome, too, why does he eschew the mustard-pot when he dines out? If Jenkins does not scruple to blow the fire when he is alone, why does he drop the bellows, and, assuming dignity and composure, seize “Locke on the Understanding” at about the tenth chapter, when Robinson looks in? Snooks has dropped

his bandana, and for the nonce averting his head, makes use of his coat tail ; what is that to the world, it is as good any day as his coat sleeve ? Wiggins meets you on a frosty morning, and shakes you painfully by the hand, much in the same way as one seizes a pump handle—asks you why the deuce you never come down his way—tells you when the snow is coming down that he has got a capital garden, and that when you do look in he will be able to give you a fine bouquet when the flowers are in season, and as much fruit as you choose when it is ripe. Wiggins is by no means a singular individual in society ; in fact, very respectable people do a little in Wiggins' way as often as they sign themselves the obedient servants of those whom they have with the same stroke of the pen dunned, or derided, or denounced.

If you will register the virtues, and I the vices, foibles, and deficiencies of our fellows, say respectively in day-book and night-book, I doubt your having the hardest work and I the sinecure. But the strangest thing of all is that nobody seems at all conscious of his weaknesses or short-comings. Commission the rarest wit or the keenest satirist of the lightest touch and most ubiquitous agility, with the shaft of ridicule whetted to the thinnest point, and let him so armed alight upon a crowd of *sans culottes*, or fling himself amongst the throng at Almack's, and there is no one who would not resent the touch, if even Prospero or Ithuriel made the pass. Look there while Momus mimics you from that upturned cask in the market-place ; that is you—and you—and you. "My goodness, what a face," you say, and, indeed, it is a face you have often made but seldom seen, for we do not consult the mirror when hate distorts the visage, and the tongue goes with the pulse at fever pace. Tell that mendacious shrew of the pitiful end of a hen-pecked husband, and she will utter a malediction on the wretch that caused his ruin. Whisper, Nathan-wise, to the nice young man of the latest tea-fight the story of a man who sacrificed an old friend to tailorly propensities, and he will thank heaven that he is no snob. Nay, it is not out of the pale of probabilities, that the baldest man shall be the first to comment on Dobson's curls, and apostrophise his lucky stars upon the fact of his having no locks to tempt him to such folly. A positive conscious deficiency shall sometimes become a matter of positive jubilation. On the matter of scholarship in general, Grimes thinks goodness that he at least is no pedant, and that you might hang him if he could say whether the Ideas were ever raw or tanned. There is but one condition in which a sense of deficiency becomes a virtue, or even a heroism, when whatever enterprise, hazard, or attainment that wins the welcome of applause, is considered by the doer as only the repeated work of a first moment's impulse or of an hour's necessity. Do not compliment the hero of a hundred fights upon his valour, or the master of a score of tongues upon his erudition, or the dispensator of a thousand benefactions on his munificence, if you would not be avoided for officiousness, for the higher sense of duty, not cognizant of much merit, would, in the humility which is never absent from greatness, rather avoid than invite laudation. To most of us—to those loveless, unsympathizing, passionless souls of ours,

a seductive sense of repletion lulls us into a tolerably agreeable satisfaction with small things. Here and there may be a great void, but no disturbing sense of vacuity, such as sometimes visits the outer man, when the hour of dinner comes, regardless of the state of preparedness of the baked meats. A little bluster, when there is nothing to fear, will soon present us with a hero. A ricketty wherry, with the rapid growth of Jonah's gourd, shall grow up into a full-rigged yacht, under the volubility of a nautical landsman, and in the hands of a swaggering simpleton, who could not tell you whether Moselle were white or red, the furtive bottle of Cape will become but a drop from the cask of Amontillado, stored in the cellars below. It is no wonder that the scanty coverlet of respectability sometimes refuses to fold round two characters, and that with vanity, and ostentation, and deceit, pulling round by selvage and hem, it rends up with a great noise, and reveals what we had struggled to conceal. Thinking thus, to-night, I look from the window of my silent attic, right between two great gray gables, and through a rift in the trees I see the broad autumn moon, mottling the valley with light and shade, and reflect as I look, that that bright satellite is but to us an unchanging half, resolved to keep the world in the dark, as to what strange things may lie upon the hidden side; and that too "the great globe itself," is but a sphere partitioned into two great hemispheres of day and night.

A GROUP OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

BOSSUET, CROMWELL, AND MILTON.

HISTORY, which is only a consecutive narrative of events, fails to fulfil its noblest function. It furnishes immense back-grounds, but, to understand them, we require the living presences by which they were shifted and lighted. The hero is the key to his actions; and, wanting him, we lose all comprehension of the drama, in which he represents both chorus and catastrophe. Human interest takes little delight in those misty panoramas of incident, from which the earliest voices of civilization broke upon the world. The temple stands and the city wall is perfect; there are graphic records of battles, sieges, and triumphs remaining in the grim vitality of florid pigments; but the name of the victor is lost, and the foundation-stone has absorbed the coins and parchments which were to commemorate the glory of the builder. The more history is individualised and brings us nearer to its actors, the more profound must be our sympathies with the fortunes of the nations, of whom it is alike the monument and record. The perspective diminishes, and we are face to face with men and women, of whom urns and painted coffins are the only vestiges. A coin struck during the ascendancy of Cleopatra fetches a thousand guineas; and the world flocks around the block upon which Charles I. perished, to uphold the sanctity of irresponsible taxation.

M. Lamartine, who occasionally suspends his eternal psalm of mendicancy, that he may enrich Europe with fine thoughts, clad in language of costly stateliness, tells us he is actively occupied in writing universal history on these principles. History in his hands shall be transformed into a vast portrait gallery—a stupendous Valhallah, in which every god and hero shall relate his own story. The plan is admirable. A series of biographies, ranging from Nimrod to the first Napoleon, would contain the pith and essence of the fortunes of the human families, if the materials for such a work are in existence. We speak cautiously; for M. Lamartine is not a man to be daunted by absence of facts, whilst he can imagine incidents equally effective. It would be hard to forget the atmosphere of refined trivialities, in which he has enveloped the last hours of Mary of Scotland—the results of a vision so microscopically clear, that the stains on the royal ruff and the number of teeth in the royal hair-comb are catalogued with edifying exactness. In the great circle of literature he has no rival in the art of gold-beating. His dexterity in that craft is something to be marvelled at; with him a bead's weight of true metal covers a square league of doubt with a superficial resemblance to truth. It is to be feared that his is not the hand to write universal history with that care and conscientiousness the task requires. He may fill his Valhallah with forms of grandeur and loveliness, but the student searching for truth, will pronounce the vehicle at fault, and the portraits hypothetical.

Independent biography, which seeks no explanations from an anterior past, but is the pedestal of an isolated greatness, opens a proper field for the speculative and discursive tendencies of M. Lamartine. This truth appears to have been recognised by himself, and accepted in the most practical sense, for he has given us a book as a proof of his sincerity. "Celebrated Characters," is a work in which the sensitive, emotional genius of the great Frenchman, found a congenial channel. Any other living writer would be thoroughly exhausted by the outflow of passion and sentiment of alternate praise and invective, of veneration and hate, which spreads itself over those pages. Reflection is piled upon reflection, hypothesis upon hypothesis; at times the language is rich and sonorous as an evening canticle; by-and-bye angrily agitated into a shriek of reproach or malediction. That the writer has anything like a fixed system of opinion, we gravely doubt. He revels in contradictions so obvious that they cannot be otherwise than visible even to himself. His attachment to Catholicism is ardently professed in one page, whilst in the next he ridicules Bossuet's famous apostrophe to the centre of unity, and sanctions his attempt made, at the instigation of Louis, to transfer the church of France to a purely Gallican basis. It may be possible that M. Lamartine does not perceive the inconsistency of his avowal and his panegyric, or that he is intent on carrying hero-worship to extremes, even to the risk of his own reputation. Nor is he more fortunate in his magnificent estimate of Bossuet, in which he sums up his general character in the word Priest; and the part which the illustrious divine is made to play between Mademoiselle de la Vallière and the King Louis XIV., whose passions were constantly agitated by extreme

caprices of sensuality, had grown weary of La Vallière, and fascinated by the graces of Madame de Montespan. To relieve himself of the former, he employed Bossuet to induce her to retire into a convent; and, according to M. Lamartine, the royal wishes were unhesitatingly complied with. The rejected instrument of the king's pleasures, still in the flower of her youth and the freshness of her charms, was consigned to the cloister. The queen's hand placed "the mortuary veil" upon her head, and Bossuet, from the pulpit delivered one of those inspired outbursts, in which he seemed to rise above the level of human genius, and to be prompted by the angels. Madame de Montespan, whose husband was living, succeeded immediately in the royal affections, and this is the short history of an infamous transaction, in which we are called upon to believe that the greatest mind in France became the willing tool of a low despot. M. Lamartine does not utter a word of reproach; he persists, on the contrary, in leading his idol into the holiest recesses of the sanctuary; still sees the mystical stone blazing on his robe, and the cloud of the Presence hovering above the ark. He attempts to palliate Bossuet's share in the proceeding by telling us that "the strictest ministers of the church lived in this atmosphere of criminal indulgence; they drew a veil over their eyes, that they might not behold such glaring violations of the sanctity of their order." Further on, there is a fresh attempt made to explain Bossuet's complicity. He had not accomplished his work by placing the first favourite on the road to heaven by means of the second. He wished, in addition, to purify the court, and to tear Madame de Montespan from the king's embraces. Giving the eulogist all credit for the ingenuity of this apology, it is worth the trouble to follow him to that period when Louis grew indifferent to Madame de Montespan, and cast his foul eyes upon the widow of the celebrated Scarron. Here again, we are told, Bossuet set at work to induce the second favourite to withdraw from court. His mission failed; but ill-treatment joined to contempt subdued Madame de Montespan. She left Versailles and died of grief and mortification. How does M. Lamartine reconcile the priestly purities of his hero with these acts? He represents him as "the dupe of his own virtue and of the interested motives" of an ambitious woman. He thinks this a sufficient vindication, and passes on to the next topic with unruffled complacency. We dare not travel so fast. A pure répute has been soiled, and a wounded conscience demands satisfaction. When M. Lamartine recurs again to those disgraceful intrigues, he will do wisely if he come to the conclusion that his hero was neither a tool nor an idiot. The story is capable of better explanations. When La Vallière retired, Louis's queen was living, and Bossuet trusted she would be restored to her rights when the guilty impediment was removed. The king's passions foiled the hopes of the sanguine divine; and a new distraction slipped between the monarch and his conscience. Bossuet protested firmly but respectfully. He denounced the fresh departure from the laws of the gospel, and bewailed the fact that persistence in guilt had taken the place of atonement. Louis listened, wavered, and finally consented to the banishment of Madame de Montespan. Scarron's widow was in the ascendant at court; the king turned to her,

but her inflexible virtue resisted the temptation. The queen was dead ; it was time to put an end to scandals which outraged the church and demoralized the people. Bossuet suggested the only remedy, and Madame de Maintenon, though of plebeian blood and mature age, became the wife of Louis XIV.

The warm attachment of Bossuet to Fénelon is a touching and melancholy episode in the lives of the two eminent men. Fénelon was the disciple, Bossuet the apostle, whose rank, talents, and glory elevated him to a height which the other loved to contemplate with a reverence in which awe contended with affection. Bossuet, much as he loved the silence and retirement so congenial to his profoundly meditative nature, was frequently drawn into the political storms of the day. He was the panegyrist of dead royalties, every one of whom sleep under the everlasting flowers which his liberal genius scattered upon their tombs. When disputes broke out between the Sovereign Pontiff and the French king, backed by the French episcopacy, he was selected to preside over the council of the National Church, and subsequently to maintain in person its alleged privileges. Like his predecessors who had combined the two-fold character of priest and statesman, he experienced the ingratitude of kings. The Archbishopsric of Paris was the desire of his heart ; it was denied him, and he had to content himself with the prelacy of Meaux, a position by no means equal to his zeal, or consistent with the reward due to his services. Never repining, never complaining, for a noble pride sealed his lips, he felt, notwithstanding, a passionate sense of injustice ; and with a heart loaded with griefs he threw himself for repose upon the bosom of Fénelon. The strong leaned upon the weak, and, for a while, the trust was not disappointed. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the genius of the two friends. There was congeniality of heart, but none of intellect. Bossuet's finest inspirations arose from the contemplation of suffering, or the agony of irretrievable loss. He preached the gospel of affliction ; he touched bereavement, and transformed it into gain. Fénelon's heart and imagination were in advance of his reason, and dragged it in their train. With him religion was a divine poem, resonant with canticles, and sweet with the odours of shrine and chancel. He worshipped in allegory : and God to him was a beautiful incarnation of sanctity, around which, like so many splendid emanations, gathered the hierarchs and the hosts of heaven. He would not reduce faith to a statute ; while Bossuet relied on systematic symmetry of belief and hard outline of adoration. In these contradictions we have the key to their melancholy estrangement. It is not clearly shown that Bossuet was not jealous of the disciple's popularity with Madame Maintenon, who did not hide her preference for the mystical believer. Fénelon was admitted into the circle of hypocrites and devotees whom the new queen gathered around her at Versailles, and by whom reason, revelation, and destiny were discussed to perilous lengths. With him, too, was admitted Madame Guyon, a creature constantly shrouded in the haze of religious metaphysics, and the reputed object of divine manifestations. She was beautiful, eloquent, and mysterious. Her book, "The

“Torrents,” took Paris by the ears, and a woman who dared to expound moral perfection, in language of the grossest sensuality, was fêted, caressed, all but worshipped, by a large community of neophytes. Fénelon, with the strangest inconsistency, recognised her as the Sybil of Christianity : and adopted her doctrines without thought or reservation. Bossuet felt the church was endangered by this wild example. In a tract, whose bitterness of reproach was blunted by the vestiges of a dying friendship, he denounced Fénelon, and razed his pretensions to the ground with unanswerable logic. Society beheld its two champions in conflict. Fénelon fought for his reputation, Bossuet for the church. Telemachus had been ushered into the world with the first clash of their weapons ; and its appearance gave a deadlier tone to Bossuet’s animosity. He ridiculed the book as a fable—worse, as a satire on the reign of Louis XIV. Rome was appealed to, and he triumphed ; whilst Fénelon went to cherish his dreams in the disgraceful atmosphere of a compulsory retirement. But the war did not end with this catastrophe. When the bishops condemned Madame Guyon, the exile, contrary to his promise, refused to subscribe to their decision. He even went to the length of supporting her theories in a memorable volume, known as the “Maxims of the Saints.” Again he was assailed by Bossuet, to whose taunts he replied with an asperity rendered doubly bitter by the remembrances of their attachment. At last the gladiators separated. Bossuet extended the hand of reconciliation to his antagonist for seven long years ; it was never accepted ; death ended their estrangement.

The closing years of his life were worthy of his eminent manhood, in keeping with the lofty dignity which invested him like a robe, from the day he preached his first sermon in a fashionable *salon*, to that which saw him reposing in his coffin. He read the gospels continually, seeming to derive the fortitude which holds death of small account from the pages of the prophets and evangelists. He slept little ; his lamp burned from sunset until sunrise, and was known to the peasants of the district as *the star of my lord, the Bishop*. “Enveloped,” says his secretary, “in the skin of a bear, the hair turned inside, his feet uncovered, his head whitened by the snows of age, and his tall and meagre figure, he resembled the prophets whose verses he was continually employed in commenting on and repeating.” Before day-break he rose to chaunt matins, as if God was nearer to him in the holy twilight, before the distractions of the earth intervened between his Master and his soul. Poetic compositions, few of which have been preserved, beguiled his time and provided outlets to his imagination. Laughter was displeasing to him ; jests were his reprobation, seeming to him proofs of frivolity and shallow-mindedness. Fever smote him, and he died murmuring, “*Vim patior, sed scio cui credidi*.” M. Lamartine dismisses him with these remarks : “Bossuet is, in fact, his own monument. His nature was so exalted that it has survived and will continually survive his works ; it was the reflected grandeur of God, not his own. His was the most flowing, the most imaginative, the loftiest, and the most persuasive eloquence with which Providence has ever gifted the lips of man. His glory is so incorporated with that of his

country, that to diminish it would be to deduct something from the majesty of French genius. His name resembles the summits of the Alps or the Himalaya, enveloped with snows or storms, uninhabitable by man, but which constitute the renown and pride of the countries overshadowed by those lofty ridges, and which serve to demonstrate how nearly earth can approach to the elevation of heaven."

We can forgive M. Lamartine many failings, but his credulity is unpardonable. That excessive desire to oblige, which opened his ears so readily to the liars and cozenors by whom the French republic was surrounded in "Forty-eight," remains to damn his highest labours, and render obvious truth from his lips suspicious. He suffers himself, with a dependence of which genius is seldom guilty, to be led into inconsistencies, frequently amusing, but as often deplorable, by any one with a loud tongue, a solemn quaintness of expression, and a bold declaration of veracity. Cromwell is recommended to him as a hero of the noblest type by no less notorious a muscle-worshipper than Mr. Thomas Carlyle, and directly he trims his lamp, and lights his incense with all the faith of a pious believer. He places his hands devoutly on the feet of the shrieking regicide, and addressing himself to posterity, exclaims—"Behold a man." Cromwell, if we accept M. Lamartine's opinions, has been badly used. To call him a hypocrite offends the conscience of this over-sensitive Frenchman, who has discovered, through Mr. Carlyle's spectacles, that he was a sincere religionist, or to carry the panegyric, little short of blasphemy, "a JUDGE of the Old Testament." Where M. Lamartine praises, encomiums fall "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." He delights in superlatives, never betraying the fear that to be extravagantly laudatious is to be simply ridiculous; or that Hercules in court breeches and cocked hat, is a whit less heroic than Hercules armed with the club and clothed in the lion's skin. Idolatry of greatness is his creed; and in the exercise of his faith, he is prepared, provided the materials be supplied, to elevate any scoundrel whatever, from the Protector of England, down to Castlereagh the suicide, to the pedestal of perfection. Surely the world, against which he declaims with such frequent bitterness, is not so thoroughly destitute of genuine greatness, that he is obliged to play the part of *femme de chambre* to the illustrious vagabonds of history. Cromwell a sincere religionist! The idea must have descended from Pym to Mr. Carlyle, from Mr Carlyle to M. Lamartine, and from M. Lamartine to any one foolish enough to believe him. We do not, and from very rational motives. We believe Cromwell began as an impostor, and ended as a fanatic, whose vehemence was tempered by cowardice. The man's nature was alien and meditative, a disposition increased by the sombre associations of his youth. Mr. Buckle and M. Lamartine agree in thinking that tempers, habits, and opinions, are largely moulded and characterized by the ever-recurring influences of surrounding nature, and Cromwell is introduced to illustrate a law which is, at the utmost, purely empirical. His mind reflected the gloom of the scenes of his early life. His horizon rested for the entire circle upon forlorn marshes, dotted with wizard-like trees, and intersected by sluggish streams, or broad pools of stagnant water. Human

voices seldom interrupted the almost conventional silence of his house, a building, we are told, resembling the ruins of an abandoned cloister. There were few leading objects within range, except the miserable cattle which subsisted on the bitter grass of the morasses, or troops of herons, sailing through an atmosphere choked with eternal fog, and loaded with miasmas. In the midst of this unvarying desolation, the man was born, and there he developed that terrible austerity of heart and intellect, which made him the reliance and the terror of his contemporaries. The Bible was his library, and in his studies of the sacred word he obtained the fervent assistance of his wife, an amiable zealot, but a good woman. They did not seek fame, it sought them out, and raised him with one effort to the rank of legislator. Shabbily dressed, vulgar-looking, uncooth of language, awkward of movement, and careless of pleasing, this plain country gentleman, whose life was a repetition of the psalms, came up to London to blackguard the Parliament, and murder the king on the 17th of March, 1627. Charles I. was even then in difficulties with the Commons. They murmured against Strafford, and thirsted for his blood. The cry was re-echoed from Ireland, where the excesses of the minister excited the deadliest popular hate; and from Scotland, which could always muster a band of scoundrels to dance the carnagnole of fanaticism around the corpse of a victim. Strafford perished, and the king gave way to repents from which he was speedily awakened by the novel attitude of the Parliament. Their demands were so foreign to all precedents, and so repugnant to himself, that he had to choose between two simple alternatives—crush them, or succumb. He preferred to fight, and the conflict began.

Cromwell's vulture eye foresaw the battles and the carnage. On the pretence of visiting his household, he returned to St. Ives where he harangued the people, supplied them with arms, and infused into them a share of his own enthusiasm. He preached incessantly, and his text was war. The meek follower who "lived in Kedar, a name which signifies shadow and darkness," but whom "the Lord will not desert, but finally conduct to his chosen place of repose, his tabernacle,"* exposed the wolf's fangs, and gaped for bloodshed. At the head of a concourse of fanatics, dignified with the name of militia, he fell upon the partisans of the crown, and succeeded in raising the country. In a short time, seven counties adopted him as their leader. He led them against the king's troops, whose stubborn loyalty was unable to resist men with whom wounds were tokens of election and death, a passport to paradise. As they marched into battle, they were heard chanting hymns and canticles, occasionally pausing, whilst some ragged fanatic in band and gown, appealed to their passions, and besought them to give no quarter, but smite the Philistine, hip and thigh. When their passions were raised to the most extravagant pitch, they hurled themselves upon the royal ranks with that desperation which seldom fails of victory. Charles was finally defeated, and then, with a credulity showing total ignorance of the character of the people, he threw himself

* Cromwell's Correspondence, quoted by Carlyle.

upon the mercy of the Scotch army. As one would naturally expect, that chivalrous body, reflecting in itself the popular desire for profit, at any risk of honour or salvation, sold him to the English Parliament for £500,000. M. Lamartine's fancy increases the sum to £3,000,000, but we beg to correct that more than poetic exaggeration. Nor does the transaction on examination prove disgraceful to the Scotch. It is unreasonable to blame a people, who had morality enough to be guided by their instincts. Society would blush for itself, if the son of Judas were mean enough to disown his father. "I never," says Goethe, "heard mentioned a crime that I might not have committed." We absolve the philosopher from all acquaintance with the history of Scotland.

Cromwell, the sincere religionist of M. Lamartine, was impatient for the assassination of the king. For a time, he pretended, in concert with his son-in-law, Ireton, a wretch who died with God's curse visible upon him, to respect the fallen monarch and feel for his misfortunes. Charles was credulous; the hypocrisy of the scoundrels dropped a veil between his eyes and the axe to which he was silently condemned. In a moment, the rough hand of Cromwell dissipated the illusion, and the Stuart beheld the real nature of the man into whose toils he had fallen. M. Lamartine, minicking with genteel parrotism the explanations of Mr. Carlyle, covers his hero at this juncture with the shield of a pleasant fiction. He tells us that the king wrote to his wife telling her that although each faction was anxious he should join them, he had resolved upon concluding with the Scotch; and that this letter was intercepted by Cromwell, whom it armed with a terrible animosity against his captive. Ingenious Mr. Carlyle! easily persuaded M. Lamartine! Is it possible to believe that Charles, unless he were afflicted for the time with a hopeless madness, could have contemplated a combination with the Scotch hucksters—the men who had bargained him away for the purchase of an estate, and who would not fail to sell him again and again to the highest bidder, whether Jugger-nut or the English? The notion is monstrous. Where Mr. Carlyle unearthed this precious apology for his hero we know not; but we denounce it as a skilfully concocted justification of the king's murder, with which Cromwell had to satisfy the nation that Charles was a traitor, and his blood was spilled to save the kingdoms. No mention of this document occurs in the reports of Charles's trial. It was forged to calm the consciences of the people, and ward off the execrations of posterity. It is a lie on the face, worthy of the liar by whom and for whom it was invented, but it fails to cover a crime perpetrated upon one of the rottenest pretences in history. When Charles was condemned to die by the infamous conclave of Westminster, Cromwell grew delirious with joy. It was with difficulty he was prevailed upon to grant the unfortunate king the three days which he demanded to prepare his soul to meet its Judge. To every prayer and argument urged in favour of a commutation of the sentence, he opposed jeers, scoffs, and brutal sarcasms. The foreign embassies offered him immense sums to spare the king's life; but the "sincere religionist" had only one answer—Death. M. Lamartine tells us "One of his relations, Captain Ingoldsby, entered

the hall accidentally while the officers were signing the sentence of the Parliament, and refused to set his name to an act that his conscience disapproved. Cromwell rose from his seat, and clasping Ingoldsby in his arms, as if the death-warrant of the king was a camp-frolic, carried him to the table, and guiding the pen in his hand forced him to sign, with a laugh and a joke. When all had affixed their names, Cromwell, as if unable to contain his joy, snatched the pen from the fingers of the last, dipped it anew in the ink, and smeared the face of his next neighbour, either thinking or not thinking that in the ink he beheld the blood of his king." What are we to think of M. Lamartine who recounts this barbarous incident, and assures us, nevertheless, that the chief actor was "a judge of the Old Testament?" If this be the morality of history we can wait with patience for the appearance of his long-promised *Civilizer*. When he had assassinated the king, reduced Scotland, and deluged Ireland with blood, when his steps faltered and his hairs grew white, and the blast of death was on his face, Cromwell thought of returning to the piety of his early years. To his son Richard, a conscientious slobberer, he addressed several letters, filled with the ravings of a disordered mysticism, and complaints that God had withdrawn his light from the Kedar of his soul. To his son's father-in-law he confesses that "an exalted station, a high employment in the world are not worth fighting for." To another friend he writes, that his atrocities in the Irish and Scotch wars were "inspired by charity and zeal. I beseech you to recognise in me," he adds, "a man sincere in the Lord. O Lord! I beseech thee, turn not thy face and thy mercy from my eyes." His mother died at the age of ninety-four, and the man who felt no pity for the slaughter at Limerick, and the massacres at Wexford, was paralyzed by her loss. He wept like a child when receiving her blessing for the last time. She was buried with royal obsequies under the porch of Westminster Abbey. He refused a crown, offered him it is true with all the appearances of sincerity; but he knew that it would only render his head a more conspicuous mark for the bullet of one of his numerous rivals, and refused it. Remorse hastened to finish the work of decay. His days were clouded with fears and misgivings, his nights embittered by reflections which robbed him of sleep, and racked him with the agonies of the damned. Often he was seen quitting the House in the middle of a debate, to descend into the vaults of Whitehall, where the headless trunk of his royal victim was for a time deposited. He was careful that no one should witness those awful interviews between his agitated soul and the corpse of the king whom he had deprived of his throne and life; but prying eyes saw him lift the lid of the coffin and gaze with terrible earnestness on the white face of the Stuart. When he returned into the open air, the attendants beheld him full of trepidation, his features haggard, his speech incoherent, all his faculties in a condition of torpid suspense. Well might he write to Fleetwood that he had more than ever need of the help and prayers of his Christian friends. The silver cord was ready for untwisting, and the hand of God was raised to smite the golden bowl of the cistern. "Persuade our friends who are with you to become moderate."—Too late,

and he knew it. The earth at last became unstable beneath his feet. His dearest daughter turned upon him, for he had slain her lover. She died of a broken heart, and Cromwell's days were numbered.

It is not our province to determine whether he had a destiny to fulfil, that his mission consecrated his actions. Neither is it for us to step between him and the just judgments of the God whom he invoked whilst he trampled on his laws. History has its retributions, and to them we resign Oliver Cromwell. Deep and terrible, though, must have been his repentance, if it saved him from that fearful panorama of past misdeeds which the gathering shadows of death project upon the retina of the soul. The brutalities of the first wars of the Protectorate, the skeleton-strewn fields of Ireland, the bloody glens and moors of Scotland, the fireless hearths of England, and, in the foreground of the maddening picture, the grim scaffold and the Stuart's gory head in the grasp of the executioner!

Let us close the biography, and blush that an enlightened Christian should elevate so vile a reputation to any level but the gibbet of everlasting infamy. Posterity, at any rate, at least that portion which refuses to see in great successes the manifestations of great virtues, will accept his statue upon no other basis. Awakened conscience ere this uprooted his corpse, dragged it through the streets and hung it from a gallows. Remorse still lives to treat his memory with the ignominy lavished on his bones.

Unfavourable as may be our opinions of M. Lamartine as an historical annalist, we believe there is no other public man in Europe to whom the reputation of a poet could be entrusted with less hesitation and deeper faith. One side, and that the tenderest, of his own character is essentially mystic, passionate, and speculative, three qualities which are engrained in imagination like sparkles of mica in granite. In his "Holy Land" there are passages of epic breadth, and lyrical beauty, which will contrast generously with the finest rhythmical compositions of the French school. In the picturesque faculty, and but few understand the minute labours and delicate organizations which go to construct it, he has no equal, unless we admit the claims of George Sand. The comparison, at best, would be faulty. The man has seen life and nature under lights to which the author of *Consuelo* had no access. His mornings are the silent, solitary day-breaks of quiet mountain regions ; never disturbed by the noise of the avalanches ; his wildest sunsets might have been borrowed from Claude, or copied from the illimitable perspectives of Turner. Sand is more graphic, because more masculine. The world is revealed to her through a pair of Flemish spectacles ; her comprehension of filth and loveliness is the same ; her sensitiveness revolts from nothing. Did she understand politics she would have made a better historian of the *Gironde* than Lamartine, half of whose time is squandered in patching up the furniture and staining the glass of the ante-chamber, whilst the men and women of whom he writes escape down the back stairs, or are carted to death in the tumbrils of the revolution. Lamartine, however, is the man to celebrate the apotheosis of the poet—the revealer of the poet's heart, which he describes in exquisite

language as "a living summary of all the pathetic vibrations of human affairs."

Milton, in his eyes, claims to be a superb translator of the Christian imagination of the middle ages. He questions his originality. Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Tasso were his inspirations. The theological character of the day forced him to turn to the Bible for the materials of an epic, and literature was enriched with the glory of the "*Paradise Lost*." Dante had already penetrated hell, and read the sentence inscribed below its awful portals. He had climbed the purgatorial coils ; and with the howlings of the damned ringing in his ears, passed the threshold of heaven, and stood trembling before his beatified mistress. He went down to hell as an avenging satirist, that the perdition of his enemies might be manifested to the loving ; he descended from heaven, prayerful, imploring, penitent. The visions he had created rebuked himself; he was dazzled by the splendours evolved from the chaos of his own imagination. The last passages of the *Paradiso* sound like a wail before the throne where the elders are prostrate, and the seraphs stand with heads abased in the presence of Him who liveth for ever. Lamartine tells us the work "is absolutely monumental in expression," forgetting how much it suffers from lack of æsthetic coherency. To us it more nearly resembles the ruined masses of a cyclopean temple, full of purpose, but destitute of symmetry—the labour of an architect, vast in conception, but ignorant of proportion and design. We admit it was in the atmosphere of Dante Milton conceived the plot of his epic. It abounds with coincidences which judgment denies to be fortuitous. The machinery is often modelled in the same matrices ; the bitterness and wrath which frequently deluge the narrative are formed out of the same pyx—political hate. In the spirit of the two epics, their mutual isolation becomes terribly obvious. The *Inferno* is a volcanic mountain, whose fiery peaks and bursting sides will not suffer a blade of grass to grow in their ashes ; the *Paradise Lost* frequently discharges its lava, but in the hilly fissures the flowers nestle, the birds sing, and men have their habitations; minds, disorganised by calamities and blasted with a sense of wrong, fall back upon Dante, in whom they recognise the A'Kempis of suffering and self-denial. Piety delivered up to illusions, and embarrassed by the Rosicrucianism of faith, finds in Milton a faithful reflection of its fancy and fanaticism. Dante is the ascending prophet in equilibrium, half earthly, half supernatural, and rarely sympathetic. Milton's gravity weighs him down like his flesh. His canticles may reach heaven, but the singer is as visible to us as the divine angels of the Tuscan altar pieces who lift their hearts to God to the accompaniment of guitars and fiddles. For these reasons, Dante's popularity will be always special, his audience abstract, his genius local. The influences of Milton will continue to increase until a distance, great as that which separates us from the Florentine, shall have revolutionised the prevailing religious instincts. Even then, his fame will be great, for the work on which it rests is but a paraphrase of the book through which Christianity interprets itself.

Italy did for Milton what chivalry did for the Troubadours of the

middle ages. The climate warmed his fancy, filled him with passions, and thus provided a counterpoise to the gloomy austerity that chilled him on returning to England. He had admission to the highest literary circles of the Peninsula, where confidence in his future was supported if not created by the predictions of eminent men whose labours have shed an undying lustre on Italian letters. "The air of Naples," says M. Lamartine, "infiltrated itself through his veins, and made him lose sight of everything, even his glory and his native country." "I have forgotten the Thames," writes the poet, "for the voluptuous Arno. Love has so willed it, who never wills in vain." How this particular passion eventuated we know not. Perhaps Milton was disappointed; perhaps the contempt which is stepmother to familiarity, led him to renounce the attachment and preserve his heart for another. Beyond the flimsiest conjectures we have lost all traces of this mysterious connection. Civil war was lighting up England from one extremity to the other, when Milton, his heart surcharged with anti-monarchism, returned to London. Cromwell was leading his Ironsides against Rupert, Charles I. was fighting for the recovery of his throne, and society was split into factions, the stronger siding with the dictator, the weaker rallying all its sympathies around the king. The position scarcely afforded room for a poet, whose voice would be lost in the universal clamour. Milton left the combatants to themselves, and buried himself for three years in a retired quarter of the city. His meditations were interrupted at the climax of the national crisis. The intellect of the country was arrayed against Cromwell, whose popularity was seriously compromised by the incessant assaults of the royalists and politicians. No reply worthy of the republicans was forthcoming. The democratic mind was paralyzed, and the king's friends had the best of the argument, until Milton quitted his privacy and launched his thunders at their heads. A lull succeeded the outburst; and Cromwell, whom no one will charge with an indifference to genius, appointed his advocate his private secretary. The stern, unyielding soldier detected the crevice in his armour, and hastened to embrace the only man in England who was able and willing to guard his reputation. "It was not enough for him," says M. Lamartine, "to triumph on the battle-fields of Scotland and Ireland; he wished equally to despise over public opinion." Milton satisfied the ambition.

As a politician, the poet's fame rests on the "Iconoclast," a book in which he replied to an appeal against the injustice done to the king by the republic. The *Σίκελος βασιλεὺς* seemed like a voice from the grave of the Stuart, imploring no: the vengeance but the compassion of heaven on the men who had spilled his blood. A more masterly defence was never written; and its effect in England and on the continent was sufficient to alarm the wildest apprehensions of Cromwell. Milton, who was an accomplice in the regicide, hastened to vindicate the Protector's reputation. He replied in a tone of delirious exultation, justifying the death of Charles, and appealing from the pathos of personal misfortune to the imperilled national liberties. As to the divine rights of the monarch he assailed them with invectives which have been ever since accepted as golden texts

in the gospel of Democracy. The arguments were full of blood and muscle ; but they were the blows dealt by a gladiator, whose passion dominates his reason, and whose respect for right is inferior to his anxiety for victory. Never was dead or living king abused with more ferocity—never was the power of the people vindicated with fiercer eloquence. Milton became famous, and Cromwell's peace was restored. The calm, however, was of brief duration. When the press at home had disgorged itself of curses and judgments on the head of the Protector, the continent revived the assault, and Salmasins, a clever Frenchman, once more reproached them with the murder of the king, in terms which it was impossible to accept in silence. Milton became once more the champion of the nation. His attack on Salmasins has been compared by Voltaire to the assault of a wild beast. The peroration was prophetic. "We shall teach nations," said the poet, "to be free, and our example will on some future day carry to the enslaved continent a new plant more beneficial to the human race than the grain of Triptolemus—the seed of reason, civilization, and freedom." The prediction has been too bitterly verified. Well, it would have been for the liberty which he loved to propagate that it had grown to maturity in a soil not fertilized by innocent blood. Milton, in this outburst, which reaches the highest pitch of exquisite bombast, foresaw the pikes and barricades of Paris, the trenches and breaches of Rome. His nature was not repelled by the spectacle. Having clamoured for the royal head, he laboured with terrible earnestness to set the impress of his genius on the block that received it. He may have been sanguinary, but his consistency is above suspicion.

Charles II. entered London like a conqueror when the last vestiges of the republic were trampled down by the treachery of Monk. An amnesty was proclaimed ; but Milton had no trust in kings, and fled the retribution which the friends of the monarch besought him to inflict. A rumour prevailed that he was dead. Charles, to render him justice, was too mean to be vindictive. His father's wrong bequeathed to him no heritage of vengeance. A man whose ambition was woman's favour, and dissipated ease, did not care to burthen himself with the anxieties of the State. Above all, he had no animosity against Milton ; and pretended to believe in the reality of his death. The latter had taken refuge in a dilapidated house in a corner of St. Paul's churchyard. From his windows he saw the exhumed corpse of his former friend and benefactor dragged by the heels through the streets whilst an infuriated mob kicked at its rolling sides or covered it with the filth of the kennels. The storm passed away. Charles discovered Milton's retreat, and offered, if he would support the monarchy, to re-instate him in the secretaryship of state. Poverty was in the poet's house ; creditors dogged him incessantly ; he and his wife frequently suffered from cold and hunger. She entreated him to accept the royal offer, and was answered in words that must perpetuate Milton's sagacity and unselfishness for ever. "You are a woman," he replied, "and your thoughts dwell on the domestic interests of our house ; I think only of posterity, and I will die consistently with my character."

It would be out of place to examine, in this rapid essay, M. Lamartine's criticisms on "Paradise Lost." They betray invincible ignorance and lack of sympathy. For the namby-pambyisms of the Epic M. Lamartine has pretty phrases of praise, but for the sterner and grander passages he is destitute of appreciation. We are not sure that he does not prefer "Comus" of the two. However, it is hard to censure a writer whose countrymen do not write poetry, and are absolutely ignorant of what it is. Victor Hugo and Beranger have given some pleasant ballads to French literature, but the great French poets, as we call them, have never soared, in their wildest flights, above respectable mediocrity. With the final passage of this essay we close our review of M. Lamartine's volume:—"The best portraits of Milton represent him seated at the foot of an oak at sunset, his face turned towards the beams of the departing luminary (M. Lamartine means the sun), and dictating his verses to his well-beloved Deborah, listening attentively to the voice of her father; while his wife, Elizabeth, looks on him as Eve regarded her husband after her fault and punishment. His two younger daughters meanwhile gather flowers from the meadows, that he may inhale some of the odours of the Eden which perfumed his dreams. Our thoughts turn involuntarily to the lot of that wife and daughters after the death of the illustrious old man on whom they were attending, and the poet, thus brought back to our eyes again, becomes more interesting than the poem. Happy are they whose glory is watered with tears; such reputation penetrates to the heart, and in the heart alone the poet's name becomes immortal!"

J. F. O'D.

OYSTERS AND OYSTER-CULTURE

THE oyster season having, as a writer on the subject observes, set in with its accustomed severity, our shell-fish shops have put on their usual attractive appearance, filling their windows with tempting crustacea. Any quantity of those fascinating mollusca can be had in these appetizing resorts for the asking, accompanied with those equivocal condiments which have evidently been designed for the purpose of inducing constant repetitions of the supply, as at best they only serve to disguise the native flavour of the animal. It has been noticed this year, that the oysters are smaller than is usual at the beginning of the season. Indeed, of late years, a very gradual but steady diminution in the size has been observed, indicating that the demand has induced the taking from the beds of very young specimens, a practice which must, in a short time, tell with fatal effect on our animal supplies, as it has already done on those of France. It is notorious, that the holiday of four months, which has been so long accorded to them, is now severely trenched upon; that, in fact, oysters can be had at any time throughout the year. It would be well to curb this greed, on the part of

oyster-eaters, and to insist on the rigid observance of the four months' vacation, during which the animal might have time to rest and breed. Let it not be forgotten, that, while in ancient times we were supposed to have upwards of two hundred varieties of oysters, we have not at present a fourth of that number.

Of this mollusc it is asserted, as it has been asserted of fish and crustacea, that their enormous power of re-production forbids, at once and for ever, all idea of extermination. When this "idea" comes to be examined, for the probability is, that there is a considerable amount of exaggeration employed in estimating the produce of the sea, it will be found, although each oyster yields, as is asserted, some 50,000 eggs, that, as in the case of the salmon and other fish, a large proportion of the ova never obtain a fixed position from which to grow, and that the largest quantity of those which do obtain a resting place, are destroyed before they can be of any commercial value. The fact is, that at present we really know very little about the natural history of the oyster; so little, that there is, or was lately, but one drawing of its anatomical structure, and that one was said by some naturalists to be very imperfect. The body of this favourite mollusc, as seen in its shell, looks like a mass of creamy gelatine, or blubber, and gives no indication of ingenious structure, or life-like organization. At one time naturalists had agreed that the oyster was totally destitute of all powers of active existence, and thought to be little more than a superior kind of vegetable, destined to perpetual confinement in its shelly prison. But when examined by the lights of natural history and the microscope, the oyster was found to be a better developed animal than was supposed; and, if not itself of high structural perfection, it gave indications at least of some of those wonders of the lower life, which are so beautifully elaborated in the higher animals.

The generation of oysters, as far as it has been observed, is as follows: The young brood is exuded from the old animals in the shape of what is called "spat," a fatty substance of a greenish hue. When examined by a powerful magnifying glass, this matter is found to be instinct with life, containing amazing quantities of little oysters, perfectly formed, and ready to commence growing at once, so soon as they can attach themselves to a stone or rock, and for this purpose they are provided with valves which enable them to cling with great ease. Oysters grow, it is said, with great rapidity: but we do not believe them capable of re-producing themselves at the age of four months, as has been asserted by some writers. Had nature conferred upon them such a power, we might be able to laugh all ideas of scarcity or extermination to scorn. But, at the age of four months, the infant oyster is not much bigger than a pea, and we suspect that the animal will be at least three years old before it be able to perpetuate its species. The period when the oyster sickens is about the end of April; in May it begins to shed its spawn, and then remains "poorly" till September, before which time oysters should not be eaten in anything like quantity. This is the reason why oysters are not considered in due season during the four months of the year from which the canine letter—as R is called—is absent. The age of an oyster can be ascertained to a nicety, It is not to

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OYSTERS AND

THE oyster season having, as a writer has said, its accustomed severity, our shells have assumed a more attractive appearance, filling their wine glasses with a quantity of those fascinating molluscs which may be had for the asking, accompanied with a bottle of sherry or port wine, evidently been designed for the supply, as at least one animal. It has been usual at the beginning of the season, but steady diminution in the demand has induced the practice which must be discontinued, as it has always supplied, as it has always done, the holiday of four months, now severely trenchanted throughout the year.

reover, these experiments are on the state of the fisheries, we was two hundred and twenty laid down upon it be multi contain, six hundred thousand francs a thousand, will produce number of oysters were to be sixty thousand francs would be two hundred and twenty one francs, a larger profit than any other branch of constructing a series of great it once obtained from these figures. been delegated the task of re-condid down several thousand oyster-beds,icular being two thousand four hun artificial nurseries were first constructed l sold oysters in the days when ancient r. Orata and his contemporaries were nal cultivation, which enhanced the de particularly distinguished for their know To such a length, we are told, did they pursuit, that fish were so acclimatized as water varieties were trained to live in flesh

n of the oyster is extensive. Large quanti coasts, and at the Antipodes. On the coast is also plentifully sprinkled, and have we on trees, and can be plucked like an apple or attach themselves to the roots and branches fuge and security. Some persons affect to uncertain origin, but the solution is by no lies a great variety of shrubs and trees grow on the shore, especially in such places as on of the waves. The sheltered recesses of ore, often filled with abundance of lofty man the shallow bottom, and present the beautiful . Wherever they appear on the sea shores, with an infinite number of different insects—hade—but also with molusca, that hasten to violence of the waves, amid the scaffolding of , which rise like lattice work above the surrauches that dip into it. And to these the uselves in such numbers, that a loaded branch, one person to carry. The loaded branch is then le, where it forms a favourite appendage to the ne glowing tints which are so literally imported tropical regions extend occasionally to the unas-

be found out by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Every body who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth; so that by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal age.

Oyster-beds, if permitted to grow without being broken upon, would soon become so extensive as to be injurious to navigation. The animal is so local in its habits that it is only by accident the young oyster gets farther away than a few yards from the resting place of the parent. The organization which is constantly at work for supplying us with this mollusc is more perfect than can be said of any other branch of the fish trade. In oyster-culture we approach in some degree to the French, although we do not, as they do, begin at the beginning and plant the seed. All that we have yet achieved is the art of nursing the young "brood," and of dividing and keeping separate the different kinds of oysters. This is done in what in England are commonly called "parks," or "farms," and in Ireland, generally "beds," the process consisting in bringing the young oysters from various places and laying them in assorted lots to grow and fatten till they are of the requisite size.

Among the works which have been projected for the recusitation of the fisheries in France, great attention has been paid to the creation of oyster-beds, and to the propagation of the oyster. Artificial banks of considerable magnitude have been carefully prepared, and countless thousands of the much-prized animal have been spawned on these receptacles, so that in a very short time the French will again have a never-ending supply of this universal delicacy. Indeed, the produce of these artificial banks has already been brought into use, and is found to be quite as good as, and far more plentiful than, the supplies formerly obtained from the natural beds. The grand secret of successful oyster-culture, lies in the fact of the seed obtaining an immediate and permanent resting place; should each minute globule not at once get itself firmly attached to some "coigne of vantage," all the chances are, that it becomes a lost oyster. In order to afford points of attachment to the spot, the French pisciculturists have hit upon the ingenious plan of sinking in the water a series of fascines constructed out of branches of trees, and these, resting upon an artificial bottom, composed of fragments of stone and brick, and of pieces of broken pottery-ware, afford capital breeding ground for any quantity of oysters. This has been proved. The beds laid down on the coast of Brittany have been most productive; they were stocked at the commencement with about three millions of breeding oysters. These have multiplied to a vast extent; as a proof it may be mentioned, that twenty thousand small oysters were found attached to a

branch plucked from one of the beds ! Moreover, these experiments are found to pay. From one of the official reports on the state of the fisheries, we learn that the total expense for forming a bank, was two hundred and twenty-one francs; and if the three hundred fascines laid down upon it be multiplied by twenty thousand, the number they contain, six hundred thousand will be obtained, which, if sold at twenty francs a thousand, will produce twenty thousand francs. If, however, the number of oysters were to be reckoned at only ten thousand, the sum of sixty thousand francs would be received, which, for an expenditure of two hundred and twenty one francs, the original cost of the bed, would give a larger profit than any other branch of industry. An idea of the expense of constructing a series of great oyster-beds on our own coasts can be at once obtained from these figures. The Imperial authority, to whom has been delegated the task of re-constructing the fisheries of France, has laid down several thousand oyster-beds, some of them very large, one in particular being two thousand four hundred yards in superficial area. These artificial nurseries were first constructed by Sergius Orata, who bought and sold oysters in the days when ancient Italy flourished in pristine grandeur. Orata and his contemporaries were well versed in all the arts of animal cultivation, which enhanced the delights of the table, and they were particularly distinguished for their knowledge of the art of pisciculture. To such a length, we are told, did they extend their experiments in this pursuit, that fish were so acclimatized as to able to live in wine, and salt water varieties were trained to live in fresh water, and *vice versa*.

The geographical distribution of the oyster is extensive. Large quantities are found on the American coasts, and at the Antipodes. On the coast of Africa, the "Ostrea edulis" is also plentifully sprinkled, and have we not places where the oysters grow on trees, and can be plucked like an apple or an orange ? This odd species attach themselves to the roots and branches of mangroves, as a place of refuge and security. Some persons affect to treat this statement as one of uncertain origin, but the solution is by no means difficult. In hot countries a great variety of shrubs and trees grow on river banks, and even along the shore, especially in such places as are screened from the agitation of the waves. The sheltered recesses of bays and harbours are, therefore, often filled with abundance of lofty mangroves, which grow up from the shallow bottom, and present the beautiful appearances of marine forests. Wherever they appear on the sea shores, the beach is not only covered with an infinite number of different insects—feeble beings which love the shade—but also with molusca, that hasten to shelter themselves from the violence of the waves, amid the scaffolding of thick and intertwining roots, which rise like lattice work above the surface of the water, or the branches that dip into it. And to these the parasitic oysters attach themselves in such numbers, that a loaded branch, when cut off, is too heavy for one person to carry. The loaded branch is then washed, and brought to table, where it forms a favourite appendage to the banquets of the rich ; for the glowing tints which are so literally imported to the birds and flowers of tropical regions extend occaionally to the un-

suning oyster. Many of the species are beautifully shaded, and the shell of such as inhabit the Red Sea are frequently variegated with the vivid colours of the rainbow.

In connection with this description of a member of the oyster family, we cannot in this country boast of anything so picturesque. But for all that, a trip to the coasts of Clare, Dublin, or Wexford, during the oyster season, is well worth the attention of the *blase* idler. Sea-side loungers could not do better than assist at the dredge. Great hauls for naturalists are to be obtained on these occasions, and the minor wonders of the deep—

“ Of shells and sea-weeds, corals, corallines,
Borne up, perchance, from many fathoms deep.”

incidental to oyster dredging, cannot fail to yield instructive and entertaining occupation to those who interest themselves in the wonders of the shore.

FLORAL LYRICS.

SONG OF THE IVY.

“ Old ivy tree, old ivy tree,
A lesson thy green leaves bringeth,
Of care and care which man must wear,
Like the form to which thou clingest.”

ANON.

Round the rimous bark o' the monarch tree
Thick wreaths I hang of green drapery,
As with upward thought I seek the sky,
Climbing the tops of the oak-boughs high,
And methinks I'll sing unto man this tale—
Have courage to climb, thou shalt never fail.

Near my haunts the owl joys to flit,
She loves 'mid my foliage, dark, to sit ;
And each large dim eye, like charnel lamp,
Luridly gleams thro' the night-dews damp,
And lights my way o'er yonder tower
While I sing to the moon thro' midnight hour,
And let man find list to my simple tale—
Have courage to climb, thou shalt never fail.

'Tis said I draw from the great oak's heart
That life which to me doth strength impart ;
They slander me who would cast such shame
On the ivy that emblems friendship's fame ;
Ah ! wherever my creeping leaves once stray,
There, tho' ruin should come, I remain alway ;
Thus, the Ivy teaches, let man attend—
We should never desert a ruined friend.

Of yore, thro' you aisle the mass bells rang,
 And chaunting monks laud and matin sang ;
 The bells and good moaks have passed away ;
 The Ivy stays and will ever stay,
 And she'll clothe with her leaves the gray walls bare
 While a stone remains that may claim her care.
 From the Ivy thus you may learn, that she
 Clings with fondest love in adversity.

And e'en should the thunderous tempest howl,
 And thro' riven clouds wrathful lightning scowl,
 And the tott'ring tow'r feel the fatal shock,
 And come toppling down on the arid rock ;
 Still I fearlessly brave the sphere's red ire,
 And cling to the tow'r thro' the scathing fire.
 Thus man should brave with dauntless strife
 The passion fires of humaa life.

Men say I am cold and unamiable ;
 Yet, my heart can love—oh ! warm and well—
 And tree, old tower, and mouldering wall,
 Graveyard, roofless abbey, deserted hall,
 Attest that the Ivy boughs ever wave,
 Less o'er bower in joy than in grief o'er grave.
 And so, those who slander the Ivy show,
 How much they assume—how little they know.

SONG OF THE WALLFLOWER.

" Lonely and sweet nor loved the less,
 For flowering in the wilderness."

MOORE.

Who loves not the Wallflower, handsome and gay,
 Whose breath's mild and sweet as the kiss of young May ?
 Whose colours are simple, as village maid's gown,
 Where yellow is chequered with stripes of deep brown.

I bloom in the garden, field, dell, grove, and bower,
 I bloom on gray rock, oft o'er mouldering tower,
 I wave my lone leaves to the night-wind's sad sigh,
 And I mourn as I think, thus shall I,—all things die.

Yet I love the old tow'r, and its ivy-prankt wall,
 More than bower of beauty by soft waterfall,
 And the moss-ravelled stone, as it crumbles away,
 Tho' it leave less to love, do I love less ? oh ! nay.

And I love the churchyard, where the beautiful sleep,
And I deck the lone grave, where the widow doth weep ;
And my heart feels delight as she kisses my leaves,
And I know that her sorrow some solace receives.

And the poor man's green plot how I love to adorn,
There his children caress me at ev'ning and morn ;
And should I feel thirst or but sun-weary look,
Lo ! they bring me fresh show'rs from the clear cooling brook.

I have been in the palace, pavilion, and hall,
I have shone 'neath gold lamps in the beauty-thronged ball,
And I've hung o'er the couch where affection lay dead,
Till my leaves 'gan to wither upon the cold bed.

Yet the untended couch I would rather bestrew,
With my leaves' morning odours while fresh with the dew ;
Than shine in the ball-room, 'neath rich censers glow—
There beauty is false, and affection vain show.

Still I love those green bow'r's that Spring decks in her pride ;
And my rich-robed comates tho' my garb they deride,
And I'm cheerful and gay, be it sunshine or storm,
When their fair breasts are cold my brown bosom is warm.

Proud rose woos the day, and vain tulip men's eyes,
Daffodil and anemone fair ladies' sighs,
And the cowslip delights in the daisy-starred lea,
Ah ! the mouldering tow'r or gray ruin for me.

You may smile at my choice, but when flowers decay,
Who shall speak of their bloom when 'tis faded away ?
Yonder time-braving tower will, in gratitude, tell,
How the Wallflower loved mid its ruins to dwell.

PLAINT OF THE FUCHSIA.

"The stalk some spirit gently bears,
And waters with celestial tears."

BYRON.

GENTLY, ah, gently, ye breezes blow o'er me,
Frail is my delicate form ;
Spare a floral exile, who hath come to dwell with you,
From climates more sunny and warm ;
From climes where the smiling sun never knows chill—
Blow gently, ye breezes, a rude blast will kill.

The children of Summer have left me, they sleep
 In th' embrace of their kind mother, Earth ;
 And like a lorn virgin I hopelessly weep,
 Where once echoed music and mirth ;
 All the flowers are gone, I alone now remain—
 Ah ! the long, dreary time till they come back again !

Now the morning is dark, and cold day, drooping, grieves ;
 The sunbeams are niggardly shed ;
 Tho' bright threads the gossamer o'er my breast weaves,
 The chill dews are blanching my head ;
 And my coralline cheeks pale beneath the hoar frost—
 Breathe warmly ye breezes, or Fuchsia's lost.

But colder and fiercer the nipping winds blow—
 Ah ! why did I leave my own clime ?
 Yellow Autumn is dead, Winter comes wreathed in snow,
 I die in the noon of my prime.
 Tho' the rude, icy winds mock my plaint as they rave,
 Soon they'll wail a death dirge o'er the sad exile's grave.

When, once more, at the wave of young Summer's rich wing,
 I spring forth in beauty and bloom ;
 All-forgetting, forgiving, contented I'll sing,
 Nor dread the dark grief of the tomb.
 Roses die, lilies fade, and, indeed, I should fear •
 Less to die than remain cold and comfortless here.

JOHN DUGGAN.

A VEXED QUESTION.

" The Pillar Towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand,
 By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land ;
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
 These gray old Pillar Temples—these conquerors of Time ! "

NORWITHSTANDING all the research and erudition which distinguishes the attempt made by Dr. Petrie, in his " Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," to elucidate the origin and use of our Round Towers, it must be admitted that the subject, so far from being conclusively settled, is still debateable. The qualifications which he has laid down as essential to the enquiries into this interesting branch of our antiquities are, no doubt, of the first importance ; for, without architectural knowledge, which we highly prize, though by no means deem it a science, and an intimacy with our ancient annals and ecclesiastical records, we should feel disposed, at first sight, to deem it a case of temerity to undertake the investigation ; yet, on mature

reflection, when we recollect that one of the principal causes of this great national enigma is the total and culpable silence of our sacred registries and public documents regarding the matter, and that the “lofty as well as round” pillars—as Giraldus Cambrensis termed them, when alluding to the popular belief, that—

“On Lough Neagh’s banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve’s declining,
He sees the Round Towers of other days
In the waves beneath them shining;”

themselves possess neither the beauty of the Corinthian columns that could fascinate, nor the intricacy of the Gothic clusters that may bewilder our imaginations, we cannot discover the utter incompetency of many ordinary mortals to undertake the herculean labour. It would look rather awkward, indeed, after spending, let us suppose, half a lifetime in the study of what remains to us of our historical and national literature in Dublia and London, in Paris and Rome, in Sweden, Denmark, and the Netherlands, for the student to be told the moment that he felt himself, on the prescribed terms, qualified to investigate the question, that our public records threw no light whatsoever on the subject!

Limited as are the boundaries allotted her by nature, on reverting to the remote past we find that Ireland was not only remarkable for the sanctity and learning of her sons, at a period so early that all around her was in comparative darkness, but rendered illustrious by their missionary fame, and the promptness and humility with which they taught, both by precept and example, as well as renowned for the multiplicity of her great ecclesiastical establishments, and the magnitude and grandeur of her collegiate foundations. But, most prominent among the peculiarities characteristic of our nation were the Round Towers—structures in their form, appearance, and altitude, unexampled and unique in Europe, displaying more simple grandeur in their plain and unencumbered shafts, as they rose up against the clear, blue sky, than all that the elaborate creations of Greek and Roman science had ever effected with greater combinations, and yet whose era, origin, and use were as completely unknown to us as if they had been so many new-fallen stalagmites of the over-arching firmament. Then comes Cambrensis, who, influenced by intense curiosity respecting them, made every exertion to cast some light on the night side of their history, and yet all in vain. He describes these ecclesiastical towers, as he calls them, as lofty, round, and slender, and as being built *after the manner of the country*; but as to when or wherefore, he knew nothing. Now, if we will only dwell, for one minute on the character, the credulity of the vagrant North Briton, it will be quite superfluous to hint that Giraldus had really nothing more to say about those rotund structures, otherwise he would infallibly have said it. The natural inference, therefore, to be drawn from this unaccustomed taciturnity of the writer is, that the period of their erection could not have been recent, as it would have been in the mouths of the people;

and that not only was it not recent, but that their antiquity must be great, since tradition itself was uncertain and at fault about them. Since they are, inferentially at least, of unknown antiquity, probability seems to carry it against Petrie's Christian theory, and in favour of their Pagan origin. As the legendary account was the only one current at the time of Cambrensis, it would be absurd to suppose that churchmen could have been at that very period, or recently, in the act of building them. We are not to believe, nor can we be expected to believe, that two or three centuries could have worked such a stygian abyss, that human tradition dare not pass the unfathomable gulf; and in this case it would be requiring something of the kind, since Giraldus Cambrensis was amongst his Irish gossips on the banks of Lough Neagh, in the twelfth century, and according to Dr. Petrie, some of these towers had been built so recently as the middle of the tenth century, or perhaps later. We do not suppose it to be possible that a whole nation could have chanced to be afflicted with that sort of mental paralysis which obscures the recollection of all recent occurrences, while it only enlivens the brilliancy of those more remote. However, the whole question has now narrowed itself from all its broader, but less important features, to these two cardinal points, whether these towers are Christian or Pagan structures? To arrive at some satisfactory conclusion on this debateable ground, one of the primary and best ingredients in the enquiry, will, for the elucidation of historical truth, be secured by a dispassionate, but searching investigation of the entire subject.

Like most of the early tribes that colonized Ireland, the Tuatha-de-Danaan were cognate with the Celto-Scythians, but better known amongst the ancients under the name of Cimmerians, who, after all their wanderings from the East, by the Euxine, the Hellespont, and the Mediterranean, found their way at length to the British Isles. Here they found located some of the earlier swarms which had preceded them, from their native plains of Ind, by whom they were supposed, from their more advanced skill in the arts and sciences, to be magicians. Dispossessing these, the Danaans made a settlement here, and remained for about two centuries, until in their turn they were necessitated to succumb to greater numbers, or more successful adversaries. At "Magh Turadh," or the "Plain of the Tower," situated near Lough Maak, between Cong and Ballinrobe, in the county of Mayo, they are said by local tradition to have defeated the Firbolgs, who opposed their assumption of supreme power in the island, and the locality remains to this day a corroboration of their great skill in architecture. These succeeded the Milesians, who are recorded as having conquered them, and made themselves masters of the island; but these new colonists were still a portion of the same great erratic people, that had been for ages rushing down, avalanche-like, from the East to Europe, and were all alike sun-worshippers. They acknowledged and revered that great luminary, through the symbol of fire, which they consequently held sacred; and, if the Pagan hypothesis be correct, of which we entertain no doubt, held the fire tower, or *hyra-theia* of the Danaans, in equal veneration. This is not only the most probable way of accounting for all the singularities connected with the Round

Towers, but the only likely mode of making them appear beside the more uniformly Christian belfries, without calling in question the economy of the founders, or the sanity of the architects. The great apostle of the nation found it alike in consonance with his natural character, his Christian benevolence, and the ecclesiastical policy of the age, to associate, as much as possible, the heathen monuments and remains with the ceremonies and observances of Christianity, and thereby imperceptibly but surely wean the people from their Pagan creed. The holy wells, which, under the Druidic worship, had attracted so much popular veneration, were, in accordance with the same line of policy, taken under the protection of the Christian missionaries. On the same principle, too, the various churches raised by the apostle and his disciples were always located, whenever practicable, in the vicinity of the Druidic Round Towers. There can be little doubt but that the Irish missionaries would have made some use of the Pagan altars likewise, but for the embarrassing circumstance of their being generally found raised on the summits of hills and mountains, which rendered them inconvenient to the social footsteps of civilization.

The Pagan theory thus serves to simplify and explain everything that had been otherwise mysterious in the whole subject, whereas the adoption of the Christian origin of the towers, would lead to the wildest confusion. If the Round Towers were Druidic erections, as we verily believe, nothing could be more consistent than the unbroken silence of monastic records and annals respecting them, the effect of which, like the destruction of the Druidic volumes, though possibly very prudent and very politic at the time, we may be allowed to regret in those days of universal enlightenment and cultivated literature. The more we realise the real condition of our Pagan progenitors, the more clearly we comprehend the peculiar circumstances of the country, even in the times of Cambrensis. In the early ages of the occupation of the island, the Druids and Pagan people worshipped the sun, moon, and stars; and even the winds, the wells, and the rivers, came in for their share of popular veneration. The Danaans, the Formorians, the Belge, and the Milesians—in fact, every colony as they successively reached these shores, no matter how vigorously they battled for supremacy, all seem to have been unanimous on one point—the universal adoration of the sun, and its symbol, fire. One colony is supposed, and with great probability, to have made its way to European climes through Persia; another by Greece and the Mediterranean; all, however, bringing with them something in the way of progress and improvement as their contributions to the common exchequer of knowledge and science then concentrated, such as it was, in this little western isle. There is no dispute whatever about these broad facts, that the Druids were worshippers of the sun and moon, like the Persians and the Oriental races; that, like many other eastern nations, they had their sacred symbolic fires, which they worshipped, or reverenced, on the tops of hills and mountains. The remains of these practices and ceremonies of the Pagan times continue so rooted in our nature and habits, that there would be no use in denying the hypothesis that, like the Orientalists, they had also a priesthood set apart for the due performance of their sacred rites, who were learned

and enlightened, not only according to their time, but, as many modern scholars are willing to admit, far in advance of the age both in literature and science. Now, before the advent of the latter colonies, Persia, in the time of Darius Hystaspes, five hundred and thirteen years before the Christian era, witnessed that memorable reformation of Zoroaster, which spread over the great continent of India; and, of course, we should be more surprised, therefore, to find they had not fire-towers in Ireland than otherwise, since they professed the pyrolatry, or fire-worship, which had given rise to such structures. Pagan observances, such as the fires on May-eve and the Eve of St. John, still subsist amongst us; on these festival nights they are still lit up on many high places all over the island, tending to evidence indubitably that our Pagan ancestors were fire-worshippers. There is but one inference to be drawn from these facts. The fire-worshippers were the reformers of the older religionists; and wherever the reformed system was adopted, the Round Towers were their indispensable temples as well as their type. The admission is accorded on all sides, and by all writers, that the Druids worshipped the sacred fire; but they hesitate to allow that they kept it, like the Persians, their co-religionists, in towers. St. Patrick, as the sanguinary creed of Druidism "paled its ineffectual fires" in the hallowed light which radiated from the tenets of Christianity, condescended to discuss the merits of their respective religions with its priesthood. Patronized by the monarch as individuals; protected by the state as an institution; taking precedence as princes, governing as magistrates, and instructing as priests, would it not be extraordinary, indeed, to find they had no towers in which to preserve that sacred fire at which they adored before all, and above all, as the symbol of their universal divinity—the sun?

Under such circumstances, then, what can be unworthy of our attention in Hanway's statement respecting the towers which he met with in India? In the very country through which, it is generally admitted by the most learned archaeologists, the ancestors of the Irish people had emigrated, he discovered, as he tells us in his "Travels in Persia," four Round Towers, which were said to be temples of the Ghebers, or Persian fire-worshippers, which he visited, and felt surprised that, after the abolition of the religion itself for the purposes of which they had been raised, they should be suffered to exist. These edifices were round, thirty feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty feet in height. Here are facsimiles of those buildings in Ireland which some would fain have us believe were Christian belfries, yet found in a distant Mahomedan country; the remains of a Pagan people who were fire-worshippers, and built by them for the preservation of the sacred fire, and who never knew any thing of Christianity, bells, or belfries. Are we not entitled, then, to ask, can these belfries of the Irish people have been really Christian structures, when we can find their type only in one other portion of the world, and there as a remnant of Paganism? Such belfries are not to be found in any of the great metropolitan cities and episcopal towns of Italy, Gaul, Germany, or Spain. Nowhere else, in fact, where the Christian religion has established its eternal truth.

" Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and weak
 The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
 And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires,
 All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires."

Again, Lord Valentia happened, during his travels in the Indies, to fall in with two Round Towers, at a place called Banguepore, and was delighted to meet with what, from his recollection of native scenery, appeared to him like old acquaintances. In height, form, and appearance they were nearly identical with the Round Towers of Ireland; the door being about the same height from the ground. Singular enough, Lord Valentia was unable to find any tradition respecting them. They were, however, reverenced as holy, and numbers of devotees were said to flock thither annually, as to a place of worship. Every unprejudiced eye will recognise the archetype of the Irish Round Towers, whether Pagan or Christian, in those of Hindustan, because nowhere in Europe are edifices of the kind, with similar peculiarities, to be met with. If they were Christian, how came the Irish architects to select a Pagan model? The more the theory of their Christian foundation is persevered in the more intricate and unsolvable will the puzzle become. If the Milesians were so loosely orthodox as to require that their belfries, contrary to all Continental rule, should be no longer connected with the chancels, but rise high in air, free and independent, and formed, too, upon a Pagan type, we can only say, that if such notions could originate in the sanctuary, they were extraordinary ones. In the earlier ages of the church, as well as to-day, all Christendom had its regular plans and style of building for ecclesiastical edifices, which successively served as models through all time. Of these foreign foundations, many were not only built for Irishmen, but some were actually instituted by Irishmen, and were at all times patent to their countrymen. The Irish, however, on their return, are presumed to have become architecturally schismatic, and, against all rule and precedent, to adopt, if we credit the Christian theory, a system of building belfries entirely apart from their respective churches. It would not only be an Irish innovation on the ordinary rules of architecture, but it would moreover appear, that its importation was not permitted to the Continent, since not a solitary instance of a Round Tower belfry can be discovered through the length and breadth of the land. How does it happen, that many of the churches adjacent to Round Towers have been supplied with the ordinary Christian belfries known commonly to all Continental churches, and which always formed an intrinsic portion of such buildings? After all, the origin and use of those beautiful and mysterious towers, whose history is so truly said to be hidden in the night of time, are as completely unknown to us to-day as they were to the Cambrian topographer, in the twelfth century.

" The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
 Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
 But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
 These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past !

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
 The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
 Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman Peers—
 And the swordmen of brave Brian, and the Chiefs of later years!

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was gone,
 As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;
 And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples drunk,
 And the death song of the Druid, and the matin of the Monk !"

It was in the year 1185 that Gerald Barry, or "Giraldus Cambrensis," as he was familiarly termed, being a native of North Britain, first devoted any marked attention to the Round Towers of Ireland, which he denominated "tumuli ecclesiasticas," and added, were built "more patriæ"—after the manner of the country. Until nearly five hundred years afterwards—1662—nothing more is heard about them, when John Lynch, adopting the *nom-de-plume* of "Cambrensis Eversus," undertook to reply to him, and first advocate! the Danish origin of the towers, a theory, however, entirely untenable, because the Danes were only in possession of some maritime towns, and the towers are found all through the country. In addition to this we possess the evidence of a grandson of Olæss Wormius, himself a Dane, of their not having any such edifices in their ancestral Northland, nor were they known to raise them in any of the different regions reduced to their subjection. Yet in the year 1684, we find Peter Walsh, in his "Prospect of Ireland," supporting the same opinion, but suggesting that they might have also been built as watch-towers; while, in 1727, the celebrated Dr. Molyneux only deemed it *probable* that the Danes were the founders. Harris, in his edition of Sir James Ware's "History and Antiquities of Ireland," introduces a new theory—that they were anchorite towers. The idea of this supposition would appear to have been originally started by Dean Richardson, and it soon obtained more able support in King, Dr. Milner, and O'Halloran. The first, in his "Munimenta Antiqua," announces his adhesion as a "styliste;" Dr. Milner published his opinion in his "Tour through Ireland," and the historian in his "Introduction to the Study of the History and Antiquities of Ireland," regarding them as works of the eight, ninth, and tenth centuries. In his "History of Cork," Dr. Smith, on the authority of some Irish manuscript which no one else has seen, adopts another hypothesis—that they were penitentiaries. A new idea, however, struck the Doctor after visiting the tower at Ardmore, and in his subsequently published "History of Waterford," he strenuously argues in favour of the belfry theory. General Vallancey next appears upon the stage. He stirred up tradition, ransacked musty manuscripts, and infused vitality into the subject, when he proclaimed them *pyratheia*, or temples of the ancient fire-worshippers. An enthusiastic oriental scholar, he mantled the history and antiquities of his adopted country with a warmth of colouring, and a brilliancy of light from the rich shores of eastern learning, and a more than eastern imagination, which were at once captivating and intense. The emanations of his powerful and active mind appeared in the "Collectaneæ de Rebus Hibernicis," which was published under

his auspices in Dublin. But he was soon encumbered by another writer of considerable erudition and great argumentative subtilty, Dr. Ledwich. The latter adopted the Danish origin of the towers, and an ethnologic warfare sprung up between them which had, during its existence, a source of peculiar popular interest. Colonel de Montmorency, the Beauforts, Wild, Dillon, Wright, Gongh, and Shea, add to the antiquarian list, and countenance some opinion or another, yet leaving but one prominent theory in the foreground of the picture, that of Vallancey, for the fire-towers. So interesting did the vexed question at length become that, in the year 1830, the Royal Irish Academy proposed a prize for an essay on the subject. From the essays sent in the Committee selected two, one written by the late Henry O'Brien, and the other by Dr. Petrie. The former adopted the Vallancey system in its integrity, and in the most Oriental style, and gave to the world one of the most curious and elaborate articles ever written on the subject. Dr. Petrie zealously advocated the theory that they are Christian not Pagan remains. Let us glance briefly at a few of his statements.

For the theories of Vallancey and O'Brien Petrie has not the slightest sympathy. He cites from them, indeed, but, strangely enough, does not deem their arguments worthy of a formal refutation. He can afford to sneer at their Oriental fancies, but does not care, for obvious reasons, to disprove them. Vallancey asserts that a certain Druid, named Midhe, who emigrated from Greece to Ireland, lighted the first fire in Meath, which was in consequence named after him, and the colonists of which were compelled to pay him tribute for it. Dr. Petrie denies that Irish history states any such thing, although he admits the inference might be drawn from it. Vallancey further states, and he is not singular in his opinion, that the Irish towers were built after the manner of the Persian ones, for the purpose of preserving the sacred fire by the Pagan ancestors of the Irish people, and that here, as in ancient Persia, were two sects of fire-worshippers; one lighting their fires on the summits of hills and mountains, while the others preserved them in towers. The adoption of fire-towers by the Persians would appear to have been subsequent to the reformation of Zoroaster, although they did not at the same time discontinue to offer their sacrifices upon the hills and in the open air; for, as Cicero, almost employing the words of Herodotus, tells us, they had neither statues, temples, nor altars to the Deity, as they considered it absurd to confine within walls that being whose temple is the universe. Their altars, as Byron has it, were—

“The mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great whole.”

Moore, in his “History of Ireland,” observes: “By those who hold that the Celts and Persians were originally the same people, the features of affinity so strongly observable between the Pagan Irish and the Persians, will be accounted for without any difficulty. But, independantly of this hypothesis, the early and long-continued intercourse which Ireland appears to have maintained through the Phoenicians with the east, would sufficiently explain the varieties of worship which were imported to her shores, and

which became incorporated with her original creed, or formed new and distinct rallying points of belief." As regards the sacred fire, Vallancey was essentially correct, as appears from a MS. in Trinity College.

To enter at length into the numerous hypotheses advanced by Dr. Petrie, in support of the Christian origin of the Round Towers, would far exceed the space at our disposal. His work is one of sterling value as far as regards the illustration of ecclesiastical architecture, but to throw light on such a vexed question he has, to our mind, adopted a most indefensible theory. We cannot discover that stone churches were generally erected in Ireland before the ninth century; and it is not really conceivable that the construction of the Round Towers, which, according to him, was contemporaneous, could have escaped, even traditionally, from the minds of the people in two or three centuries. Yet, when Giraldus Cambrensis arrived in the twelfth century, he could gain, with all his industry, no information about them. Moreover, we do not think it probable that such an extraordinary innovation would have been attempted in ecclesiastical architecture. Of all artists, we believe that architects are the most serious and attentive in the observance of the duties and requisitions of their art. Nothing less than a stern necessity could induce them to adopt a severance of the belfry from its ordinary and proper location in the body of the church, and here existed nothing of the sort. Any change contemplated by them would be either from a consciousness of its utility, or an appreciation of its beauty. The severance of the bell from the chancel, and placing it externally and apart, would be an eye-sore that no professional science would tolerate. In the first place, the entire effect of the monastic pile or church, as a structure *per se*, would be manifestly deteriorated by the juxtaposition of a tall, incongruous pillar, that could be neither harmonious nor picturesque. At the same time, the simple beauty of the tower, which it effectually exhibits as a solitary object to the eye, unobstructed by, comparatively, the cumbrous building beside it, would be entirely lost. The pyramidal effect of the edifice was destroyed, when the companion, or bell-tower, the artistic consummation of the whole, and which has invariably been an ornamental adjunct to such structures, was severed from its own peculiar position. The belfry, moreover, in its proper site, would afford much better accommodation, not only for the bell, but for the safer custody of the episcopal properties and church valuables, than the isolated Round Towers. We are not ambitious to break a lance with Dr. Petrie in a trial of skill in my department of architectural antiquities, but we are unable to endorse his theory of the Christian origin and use of the Round Towers of Ireland. Be this, however, as it may, on their pointed summits, whence the sacred fire of Druidism once shed its mystic rays, the glorious emblem of our Redemption is now triumphantly placed; and our aspiration is that of the poet:—

" There may it stand for ever, while the symbol doth impart
 To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart;
 While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,
 Bright prophets of the Future as preachers of the Past!"

KILMAINHAM AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

FAIR in the morning sun of this yellowing October day stretch out the slopes and uplands, the dells and woods of old Kilmainham. From this height between the Island-bridge-road and the forest-land that glooms over the river bank of the murmurous Liffey up to the village of Palmerstown, there lies a scene a poet might grow rhapsodic about, and a painter attempt to sketch in vain. Far through bosky tintings on the right the eye ranges across garden and lawn, through which still and broad rolls down the stream to be lost in the city streets, amid the crowd of men, and the hurry of life. Over the fields that lie on the bither and further side of the river are dotted cows in groups, or bunches of sheep that a Dutch painter—Cuyp or Hackluyt—would grow ecstatic about, and transfer in all their picturesque grouping to their ready canvas. But never yet came a Dutchman of them all who could catch the roll of that sward or the tint of that green. Then away beyond the river on the hills of the "Phoenix" arise the sombre but mellow shadowings of those hawthorn woods—thick-growing as an Austral scrub forest that crown those heights and bound our horizon. Glimpses of white cottages and neat villas catch the glance as they peer out of hollows from amid hollyhocks, laburnums, and drooping willows; others look down from the wood-crowned eminences, that are interspersed as if by some giant hand through all the varied spot. To culminate the glories of nature that surround our vision the eye is uplifted to the Dublin Mountains that raise their ranges into the blue sky, and link our looks with heaven. A thousand times, no doubt, this fairy scene is passed by wayfarers unconscious of its beauty. The stray passenger through the village street of Island-bridge, that has such a quaint, old world look, and seems the stony petrifaction of the ghost of old times, cannot think of the seclusion that falls around him, like a mantle of peace and blessedness, in those green fields on the river bank. The mill may clatter beside the bridge, as the miller follows his noisy trade, the trampling squadron may be performing its evolution in the barrack that disfigures this pleasure, the flying train and its puffing engine may be bearing its busy freight on pleasure or profit, and madly rushing by, but there is room enough for all those vanities to expend themselves in nothingness, whilst we look at calm-eyed Nature, as she reigns here, or summon history, that monitress of pale and wise face, to interpret unto us the characters that time has set in the handwriting of death and change upon this page, first opened by the finger of God.

Sixteen hundred and eighty-five years ago, when the Roman was lord of the lands, when his consuls were in Gaul and Britain, in Spain and Pannonia—in Europe and in Asia—everywhere rulers of men; the Brehons and the Ollamhs, the sages, and the princes, and warriors, of unconquered Ireland,

* Wrongly is this noble Park so called. Popular belief assigns its terminology to the Phoenix sculptured on Lady Chesterfield's pillar, but the derivation is erroneous. The name is taken from the chalybeate spa well, at the upper end of the Zoological Gardens, called long ago, "Fion Uisce," now corrupted into Phoenix.

marked this country of ours into two divisions, to be thenceforth, and for ever, the patrimony of two chiefs of Royal Erin. The spires and chimneys of the Hospital for decayed soldiers, just visible over the trees, arise above one of the eminences of a chain of hills, or Esker, that extends from Dublin to Galway, and what was called Aisgir Rieda, when the language of the Gael was murmured by princely Irishmen, to noble ladies who loved the speech, when it was the medium of the flashing eloquence of our people, when Bard sang in it, and Brehon taught in it. Here they stood to end their wars in a peaceful arrangement of boundary. The tall Con, Prince of Leath Con, or all the land on the northern side of this Aisgir, strode haughtily over the green sward, no doubt, as his glance ranged across wood and valley, river and meadowland, that spread far and wide before him. Dreamed he of hunting the gigantic elk, or the huge red deer that roamed at will through his broad domains, dreamed he of spearing the salmon that gamboled in the clear river, or, attuned to softer thoughts, did he follow the current of the stream, which flowed down to the City of Hurdles, where the fair princess was drowned in the foaming flood? The envious Mogh Nuagath, the rival of Con, as he marked all the portion that fell to his share, as prince of the land south of the Aisgir, called Leath Mogha, did he, less generous, only look to the value of his possessions? This is most likely, for thirteen years hardly had rolled away until he gathered his tributaries, his gallowglasses and kerns, and woke the flame of battle once more to win half of the dues that were gathered from the harbour of Dublin. How many a gallant fellow bit the dust in the raid he led?—how many a widow mourned for her husband, when the fight was over?—how many an orphan wept the father, by whose knees he no more might climb, to be fondled and caressed?—how many a maiden put on the garb of grief for some youth, whose fierce, impetuous valour had won him death? Con, prince of the north, and Mogh Nuagath, lord of the south, have lain down their royalty at the feet of the gray ages.

Their warriors grew old amid Irish hills, and the mighty arms of the conquering host, became in good time, weak as those of little children—the Brehons and the Ollamhs—the statesmen and the chiefs—have gone so long ago that the world forgets them and their wisdom; and the widow and the orphan, and the mourning maidens, have met the lost, whilst the earth rolled through the days of well nigh an hundred generations of the human race, as they grew and lived, feasted or sorrowed around this same old place. What a homily this is on our passions or our griefs to-day! Hero it is preached in the murmur of the river, that bears a song-like burden, that may well seem the echo of melody from bosky dells, far upon its banks, where the thrush lifts “his wood notes wild,” and the robin, “that ever in the haunch of winter sings,” pipes to the day, and the diapason of agitated woods, heaving and swelling in the October winds, like a heart pulsing and throbbing with unknown thoughts, all mingle in a harmony that instrument made by human hands never could rival. The river rolls as then, the sky stretches away above our heads, without a wrinkle on its serene face, the land rises and falls in its wonted undulations, and life passes

still ; grows crabbed and bent, fleets in tears, or starts in sunshine ; whilst the hills are the same, the stream as musical, the fields and heaven as fair, as though the passions of men, their greed or generosity, their heroism, or their weakness, never disturbed the spot.

Four hundred and fifteen years after the disputes of Mogh Nuagath and Con had ceased, Kilmainham was witness to another sight. On those high grounds to the right, somewhere near that embattlemented gate that rises far in the old elm trees, there came a man of peace and prayer—an Abbot and his monks—to build a church and convent amid the lonely but beautiful wilds that spread, in those days, all around this district. Then the red deer browsed at evening or slept at mid-day in the covert of the woods, undisturbed by human presence. The kingfisher dozed on the river-bank, and the hawk soared in the open, seeking for his quarry. It was a meet spot in those times for holy commune. In the face of those mountains—in the shadow of those woods—in the voice of the river there was the presence and the tones of an eternity, not dark and decrepid, but ripe, vigorous, and crowned with an undecaying youth—rose the temple from its foundation as the Abbot Maignend—now crowned with the aureole of the saints—and his monks, and their labourers fashioned coign and arch, buttress and pillar, and soon amid the solitude were uplifted the stately spire and the soaring cross. Then at Prime and Matins pealed forth the silver-voiced bell, and across the wood and upland the sound rolled in harmonious volume, until the kern heard it on the hills beside the mountain tarn, the keyriagh,* as he watched his browsing charge, listened to its vibrations, and the wild bird, startled in the close thicket, cheeped an alarm note in response to the unwonted modulation. How long Abbot Maignend and his monks lived and laboured, prayed and wept here, there is, after one thousand two hundred years, no record ; but ever since to this day the spot bears his name. The cell of Maignend † was it called in the language of our fathers, and to this hour, in the long wilderness over which the dusty feet of Time have since trodden, the words echo, in the tones of our strange and alien tongue, somewhat corrupted and barbarized ; but still true to the reverence that won a reputation for the spot from the virtues of this Irish priest long ago.

Ages passed away, and the church and convent fell to ruin. Weeds grew in the pleasaunce, and ivy on the wall. The monks died off, and their places were not filled up. The Danish invaders, who settled at the embouchure of the Liffey, and ravaged where they could, had scared them from their peaceful retreat with their lawless ways and grim impiety, when around the church and amid those hills and dells there came the trampling squadrons of a delivering army. McMurrough, Prince of Leinster, ancestor to him who afterwards delivered his country to the stranger, rose in war against the hordes of the Danish robbers who despoiled his territory, and Brian Boromhe—the great and heroic King Brian—came down to do battle against the oppressor. The sun set on an August day, in the year

* Herdsman.

† Kill Maignend.

1015, as the white tents of his camp were pitched along this sward ; troop after troop defiled in this quiet place. Knight and gallowglass did their duties—these in command, those in obedience ; and when the pale crescent of the autumn moon rose up, it lit the lines where banner and pennant shimmered in the gleaming air—the sentry paced his round and made his shrilly challenge to the silent night—some restless chief stalked in slow thought along the ground, haughty and fierce as Mars, and all the wilderness was gorgeous with the panorama of glorious war. Here the sight was renewed night after night until the Christmas of the same year, and in the bleak December days King Brian broke up his camp at Kilmainham and marched further northward.

On Easter Sunday in the following year, again across the Liffey ford advanced the same army, this time the laurel of victory wreathing their standards, which drooped in mournful honour to the ground. The grandson of King Brian, and if popular tradition be true, the son of the same hero were borne in stately sorrow upon their bloody bier from the triumphant field of Clontarf along those slopes. Solemnly walked the cortege of tried and victorious warriors to the sacred enclosure around the monastery of Maignend, where his dust and that of his monks lay on yonder hill, and there amid prayer and grief they committed the corses of the noble dead to the earth. Tradition used to point out the grave of the warriors in the old burial ground, perhaps even tradition has forgotten it now. War had again been desolating our shores when Kilmainham owned a new master, Strongbow ; “the sleek and wily Strongbow,” chose the site as being most fitted for a Priory of the order of the Templar Knights. Here, in the year 1174, upon the ruins of the abbey and church, artificer and mason once more came, and the foundations were laid of the noblest priory which the far-famed Templars possessed in Europe. For many a rood along those banks lay their possessions ; vast gardens were arranged and ordered around the fortress, of which they were to be the keepers. A cemetery then, one of the first in Christendom, was mapped out to hold their dead, and soon amid the corridors of Kilmainham stalked the white-robed soldiery of the cross. Here during some hundreds of years they kept watch and ward, sometimes making a fierce raid upon the tribes in the hills, sometimes hunted and driven to bay by the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles. Many a chief ruled over them and their commanderies in Ireland until the days of Edward the Second, when the Lord Walter de Waters was Grand Prior of Kilmainham. Then a decree was made by the king and council in England that the Order was to be suppressed. All their property was confiscated and themselves driven out. Walter de Waters made his way through Europe, hunted like an outlaw, and died in some eastern land of a broken heart, and the Templars never again were seen in Ireland. To them succeeded in possession of Kilmainham the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and here they held their rule until the reign of the eighth Henry, when they, too, were visited by the hand of rapine. These, called variously the Knights of Malta or St. John of Jerusalem, were originally termed Knights Hospitallers, because they were bound by their

rule to reside in an hospital to receive the poor and strangers. The order was instituted by certain merchants of Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples. Those merchants being trading to the Levant, obtained leave of the Caliph to build a house at Jerusalem for themselves and the use of pilgrims, on condition that they should pay an annual tribute. Soon after they founded a church in honour of St. John the Baptist with an hospital for sick pilgrims, from which they took their name. The valiant Godfrey de Bouillon, who took Jerusalem in 1099, exceedingly favoured those Hospitaliers, who, in the reign of Baldwin, the first king of Jerusalem, in 1140, added to their three religious vows another, by which they obliged themselves to defend the pilgrims in the Holy Land from the insults of the Saracens. From that time they became a military order of knights, and wore for their badge a cross with eight points. They were vowed to celibacy and bound never to make peace with infidels. They used to observe also certain constitutions borrowed from the canons of St. Augustine. Such were the men who succeeded to the possession of the Priory of the Templars. During this period the mountain chiefs still followed their war on the Priory of Kilmainham, at one epoch only being in harmony and peace with its possessors. In the reign of Henry the Fifth, Thomas Le Botiller, Prior of Kilmainham, publishing his intention of going to France to fight in the ranks of King Henry the Fifth, obtained sixteen hundred volunteers from the Irish hills, who assembled here, and departed for the wars under his command. At Rouen they performed prodigies of valour, and aided mainly to the victories of that place. In Cressy and at Azincourt their resistless charge was as desperate as ever their descendants made many a century after against the same hosts and under the same flag in the bloody field of Peninsular warfare.

So the course of events ran on around this old place. Sometimes it was in the possession of warriors—sometimes of abbots and their monks—sometimes the hymn and the wild bird's song alone broke its silence, and sometimes the slogan of angry foes or the wails of wounded and mangled men broke upon the air. Now in the calm October evening it is tranquil as if the appeased ghosts of the dead hovered upon its stretches.

At yonder bridge there was a battle fought between the citizens and the O'Toole's. Across the brawling river the contending hosts strove and struggled whilst the stream ran red with blood. Surely it is quiet enough now.

'Thus the years have rolled over Kilmainham. At one time measured out for the patrimony of a prince, at another the camping ground of a great host, again the domain of a monastery, or the battle-field of hostile armies, the ages have passed over it to mark it with memories that survive their dust. Here Roderick, king of Connaught, led his troops against the conquering Strongbow, and made him sue for terms upon this field. So far did the Irish prince humble the Norman robber, that he acknowledged him as his sovereign, and swore allegiance to him as his king. Humbly enough did the grasping baron stand beside his liege lord's bridle rein, as he marched at the head of his troops down those slopes across the ford of the Liffey and over the heights to Castleknock, and amid all the glory, pride, pomp, and circumstance of war the army of king Roderick passed in splendid

pageant from those uplands. Never was such a sight of triumph beheld here after until Art O'Kavanagh came again at the head of another line of those Irish warriors, who carried defeat and dismay into the Palemen, and spread far and wide the terror of their name and prowess.

From all those varied uses there came yet a more signal change upon the land. Charles the Second decreed that a retreat should be built here for maimed or worn-out soldiers who had served in his army, and yonder it arises, built according to the ordinance near the site formerly occupied by the Castle of Kilmainham—the old residence of the Templar and Hospitaller of the holy wars. Round about its walls and within its precincts lie the bones of the Abbot Maignend and his monks. There is interred the honoured dust of the fated but triumphant slain of Clontarf. Donagh, the grandson of Brian Boromhe, and many a chief of Brian's host lie there in the peace that falls upon them out of the depths, the silent years have gone through their revolutions—summer and winter, spring and autumn, whilst they rested there since. Men who had it from their fathers, and they from theirs, tell their children that in that old burrying-ground the son of Brian, Murrough, has found his grave; nay, even they point out the spot. As if to corroborate them, many years ago an old cross, one of those antique stone crosses peculiar to our country, fell from its base, and in the socket were found many Danish coins. In the Royal Hospital there is still shown to the curious, a ponderous sword, eaten with rust and age, consumed by the gnawing tooth of time, which tradition assigns to have been that of Prince Murrough. Is it the blood of the slain invaders that has gathered upon it in those brown incrustations? Warm from the grasp of the hero's hand, it must have been laid down with his corse; red with the gore of battle, it must have been consigned to the repose from which it has been raised only to make the wonder of a chance visiter.

In the memory of such vicissitudes as this old spot has seen, how deep the suggestions that arise within the soul. All the life and passion, all the schemes and plottings, all the blood and cares that have sunk like fleeting visions down this sward. Yet here lie, in this October evening, the sunset rays glinting and tinting every blade of grass, every elm and ash, every flower in the mead, and every ripple on the stream, as in the days of Con and Maignend, Roderick and Art. What a glorious land it was—this land of ours—in other times, when the bards sang its joy in such ecstasy as a bird in the forest, whose tones gush out of a heart of happiness. A poet, worthy of the days of Ireland's most poetic faine, catching the spirit in which the harp once rang in bower and hall, pictures his country in the time of a great and wise prince, Cathal More of the Red hand, son of Turlogh, king of Connaught, who died in the year 1224. Solemnly, like a dirge, its echoes fall and mingle with the vesper bells that ring in the hush of eve :—

“ I walked entranced
Through a land of morn :
The sun, with wondrous excess of light
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn ”

And lustrous gardens, aleft and right.
 Even in the clime
 Of resplendent Spain
 Beams no such sun upon such a land ;
 But it was the time,
 'Twas in the reign
 Of Cathal More of the Wine-red hand.

Anon stood nigh
 By my side a man
 Of princely aspect and port sublime.
 Him queried I,
 'O, my Lord and Khan,
 What clime is this, and what Golden time ?
 When—' The clime
 Is a clime to praise,
 The clime is Erin's, the green and bland ;
 And it is the time,
 These be the days
 Of Cathal More of the Wine-red hand !'

Then I saw thrones
 And circling fires,
 And a dome rose near me as by a spell,
 Whence flowed the tones
 Of silver lyres,
 And many voices in wreathed swell,
 And their thrilling chime
 Fell on mine ears
 As the heavenly hymn of an angel band,
 It is now the time,
 These be the years
 Of Cathal More of the Wine-red hand' ".

O sweet singer, numbered long among the dead and gone, how mournfully thrills thy melody ! Was such the song of Israel by the waters of Babylon, when the singers wept, remembering fair Zion, and lone Bethany, and the lakes of beauteous Galilee ? Did thy lyre gain its tenderness from the touch of woe, and desolation, and suffering ? Or was its music won from faint echoes that trembled down through the airs of silent ages, and by some wondrous sympathy of thy nature, fell upon thy listening soul to be interpreted to all men and all time ? Across the still wood there comes a soft breeze that, it may be, answers me in its low murmuring ; it plays amongst the sedges on the pool—it ripples the broad river, and whirls the dust on the white road, and is gone, as thou art. What is life or joy, melody or beauty, but a passing breath ?

From those old times passing down to days more modern, Kilmainham has grown into a suburb with many agreeable residences about it, and in its streets, that look like those of a rural village. Some of the most eccentric, some of the most base, and some of the most admirable characters in our recent history have left their names as heirlooms

* "A Vision of Conacht in the Thirteenth Century," by James Clarence Mangan, in the "Book of Irish Ballads," in Duffy's "Library of Ireland."

to the place. Few are there who do not connect the memory of the old Court-house with that of Bully Egan, the generous, brave, and impulsive Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. He was a large, dark, and burly man, as we find by his portrait limned by a master hand in "Ireland Sixty Years Ago." He bore all the reputation of soft, good-hearted characteristics, except in one respect, and that was when it was necessary to fight a duel—a task from which he never shrank. Then Bully Egan knew no fear nor tenderness, although upon some of those occasions his better nature broke out upon him. He fought at Donnybrook, with the Master of the Rolls, in consequence of some insult he conceived that judge to have put upon him in court, and as it was known the precise day and hour it would come off, a large crowd of spectators gathered to enjoy the fun, which Bully Egan contrived to intermingle with every scene in which he was an actor. The Master of the Rolls had a right to the first shot, as the parties had tossed for the decision of that serious matter, and, the duelists having taken their ground, the Master of the Rolls fired at Bully Egan and missed him. This exploit satisfied the judge, who was walking away very coolly saying his honour was satisfied, when the hoarse voice of Egan stopped him, and recalling him to his post exclaimed, that he should have a shot at "his Honour." When, in obedience to this command, the judge returned to his place to be shot at. Egan shouted aloud that he would not humour him or be bothered with killing him, and called on him to come "and shake hands, or else go to the devil." This, it need not be said, the Master of the Rolls did, and ever after the men who had met to take each others lives became fast and firm friends. Another of the curious duelling incidents in which he appeared, was that where Jerry Keller, the barrister, and Egan were engaged upon opposite sides in the same suit. The case was heard at the Assizes at Waterford. Keller and Egan fell out upon some point of law, which they were discussing, and their argument growing earnest both retired from the court to decide the matter by a duel. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat to gain the county of Kilkenny. Henry Hayden, a large man, and justice of the peace for the county, when he heard of it made for the scene of contemplated battle, and arriving as they were preparing to fire, got between them. Peremptorily, he was commanded by both candidates for honour to get out of the way, or they would first shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of peace. They told him they did not care if he were an angel from heaven, they would not mind him. And, terrifying him by their determination, he got out of the way, when they exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally known, and the bench, jury, and auditors, were expecting to hear the news, which of the belligerents was killed, when both walked into court. The Court-house of Kilmainham, however, bore testimony to the genial nature of this fierce duellist, for many a time, when passing severe sentence upon a criminal, he was known to exhibit his commiseration so far for the unfortunate wretch, as to shed tears upon the fate he was compelled to subject him to.

At Kilmainham, some sixty years since, from the judge to the executioner was only a step, and from the court of justice to the scaffold, where the hangman ministered, just as brief a journey. "Luke Caffrey's Kilmainham Minit," is a true picture of scenes that, in those unhappy days of Ireland, were frequent of occurrence. This celebrated slang song, rivalled only by the "Night before Larry was Stretched," sketches the mode of progress of a condemned man to execution. The gallows, in those days, was erected at Stephen's-green, and the criminal was conveyed from the prison to that spot in a cart, in which he stood under the fatal beam, where the noose being adjusted around his neck, the cart moved on, and the unfortunate wretch hung dangling in the air until he became a strangled corpse. The system of execution differing then from that adopted now, as death resulted solely from apoplexy instead of, as in our times, from fracture or dislocation of the bones of the neck, and apoplexy from the constriction of the rope on the blood-vessels leading from the brain. This fact caused efforts to be made for the resuscitation of the persons executed after they were cut down from the rope. Those had, in some instances, proved successful, and one man, named Lanigan, was restored to life, after execution, by the touch of the surgeon's scalpel, who had obtained the body for dissection, opening a vein and relieving the engorged brain.

From one of the most interesting books on Irish manners and customs of those times, we are told that the costume of the finisher of the law was horribly grotesque. For the purpose of concealment and disguise he was accustomed to wear a peculiar costume. His face was covered with a visard, whose misshapen features were calculated to excite the risibility of the spectators. His back was bolstered up into an immense hump like that of Punchinello. The system of constructing this appendage was as peculiar as it was useful to the executioner. The appearance of this official was always hailed by insults and a shower of any kind of missiles that were at hand about the place of execution. The hunch was formed of a wooden concavo-convex dish which was laid between the shoulders of the hangman, and being fastened there, was covered by clothes. When the criminal was turned off, and the amusement of pelting the hangman began—a process known as "dusting the scrag-boy"—to avoid the showers of stones hurtling by him, the hangman ducked down his head and opposed his hump as a shield to the frequent missives aimed at him. From this they rebounded with a force that told how deadly was the strength with which they flew, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd, who rejoiced in the antics of the degraded wretch upon such occasions.

After such horrible spectacles as this were abolished, the hero of many of them, old Tom Galvin, the hangman, remained resident at Kilmainham. This ancient ruffian was proud of his fame, and rejoiced to show his visitors the rope with which he performed his work, and with which he jocularly used to relate that he had hanged most of his own relatives. His dexterity in the task was a theme upon which he would always dilate with pleasure, and as an instance of it many a visitor unexpectedly found the rope suddenly slipped round his neck by the master hand of the old strangulator, and enjoyed

the sudden chuck that conveyed the sensation of strangling. He had no human feeling, and exercised his vocation with the most intense selfishness. A reprieve was a thing he dreaded, and when news came to him of a respite for some unfortunate man upon whom he hoped to exercise his horrid trade, it is said that he would almost cry with disappointment at the loss of his fee, and say : "It is a hard thing to be taking the bread out of the mouth of an old man like me!" He was always impatient at any delay made by a convict, and a notable instance of his remonstrance upon such an occasion, occurred at the execution of the infamous Jemmy O'Brien. This cruel and ferocious informer, at his last hours exhibited the greatest terror, and lingered over his devotions to protract his life for a few moments. Galvin, annoyed at being kept waiting, called out to him at the door of the scaffold, so as to be heard by all the bystanders, "Mister O'Brien, jewel, long life to you, make haste wid your prayers, de people is getting tired under de swing-swong!"

Kilmainham had a frequent place in the ballads of the people. The romance of Lord Altham's abducted bull, for the purpose of baiting, is one of the old and favourite ditties of the classic neighbourhood now long forgotten. It tells how—

" 'Twas on de fust o' sweet Magay,
It being a high holiday,
Six-and-twenty boys of de straw
Went to take Lord Altham's bull away."

The finish of the expedition is tragic of course, as all such productions should make their finales. They got the bull and baited him, but Nemesis was to appear on the stage, and this is how the lame divinity made her entry—

" Lord Altham is a very bad man,
As all de neighbours know,
For driving white Roger from Kilmainham lands,
We all to Virginy must go!"

Those are relics of times that are old now in our eyes, who live amid the decorum of more enlightened days. Strange as they are, in our records they are worthy of a place, for the instruction they convey.

The last celebrated reminiscence of Kilmainham is that which connects the village with the name of the gifted, patriotic, and high souled Robert Emmet. A house which he occupied is still shown near the police-barrack, and curious it is, but still patent to any one who will examine it, that the railings around are composed of gun barrels, which, doubtless, poor Emmet hoped would have aided him to gain success in that tragic course which terminated in his execution at Thomas-street. This house was the witness of the brutal torture to which Major Sirr put a young girl, the faithful and heroic servant of the devoted enthusiast, in order to force her to confess where her master was concealed. This she resisted, although the pangs she suffered were so great, that a little addition to them would have relieved her by immediate death. This is an episode sufficient to close

our paper upon Kilmainham, reflecting as it does the principles which are yet rife amongst our people, in their unconquerable fidelity and attachment to the patriotic and unfortunate.

Deep falls the shadow of night over the white houses in the old suburb, over the blurred outlines of distant spire, and far tower, over the woods and over the river, whose voice grows louder, more hoarse and solemn, in the hushed pauses of the still air. Above the hills gleam the silent stars, the burning cressets of old time, hung out from heaven. The steer has been gathered into the byre, the sheep have been housed in the fold, the plough is stopped in the ridge, and the teamster passes homeward, as here we muse amid the dust of old battle fields, the ruins of old glory, and the graves of dead Chief and Kerne, Knight and Monk. What a voice this is preaching the lesson of mutability, that without an earthly tone falls on us, with an earthly interpretation! Wherever we tread, it proclaims amid the world, amid roads ever so dusty and common place, scenes ever so still, wild, and beauteous, that the dead of by-gone ages lie under our feet, whilst we muse and moralise, weep or rejoice in our path. Dead passions, dead peace, dead strife, have reigned and ruled everywhere over this wide world, and with such connection, in the tranquil darkness that hides the ghosts of other times from our sight, we leave to loneliness the wide domain that Maignend blessed, and for which warriors bled a thousand years ago.

THE VIEWLESS.

WHITHER I go or whence I come
No mortal can discover,
Among the flow'rs I idly roam,
And o'er the waters hover.
Sometimes I'm wayward as a child,
Sometimes as true love steady ;
Sometimes in fury, rude and wild,
I whirl and wheel and eddy.
I frisk and play
Thro' ruins gray,
And make the ivy rustle ;
I gently brush
The dewy bush,
And with huge oaks I tustle.
I linger on the upland heath,
With purple tinges glowing ;
I gently creep its bells beneath,
Fresh youth and strength bestowing.
I kiss the rose's blushing face,
I shake the bearded thistle,
And round some old forgotten place
I sob, and sigh, and whistle.

My course I take
By glassy lake,
Or river fringed with willow ;
Then o'er the deep
In wrath I sweep,
And chase each heaving billow.

I skim along the sandy shore,
With coloured shells embedded—
And rocky caverns I explore
'Neath cliffs and chasms dreaded ;
I peer into the osprey's nest
On dizzy crags and ledges,
And steal where fragrant violets rest,
In sheltered way-side hedges.
The waves I dash,
With sounding crash,
'Gainst cliff, and cape, and island,
Then bear away
The captive spray,
O'er vale, and plain, and highland.

I love the cheerful village green,
Where noisy children riot,
I love the churchyard's moonlit scene
Where all is still and quiet.
Far on the sea, in fiercest strife,
Or whispering o'er the meadow—
I'm but a type of human life,
Its sunshine and its shadow :
And waves and grass,
And men still pass,
To others swift succeeding,
And thro' all time,
And ev'ry clime,
Still I go on unheeding.

T.

THE TWO SICILIES IN 1862.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

It soon burst forth again, and Piedmont beheld with terror the entire population rise up with one loyal accord, to atone for their supineness, and vindicate their fidelity to the Bourbons. Francis II. was accused of having stimulated the new outbreak. By a singular confusion of terms, the royalists were designated brigands, a title to which they had

as much claim as the cavaliers who fought for Charles I. against the armies of the Protectorate. Surely, if the king wished to organize the demonstrations, he had lost the opportunity for doing so. It was from Gaeta, and not Rome, that they should be controlled and directed, when he had troops at his beck, and not when reduced to the shadow of a king, under the protection of the Pontiff. The royalist bands were charged with being guilty of frightful excesses, which, in reality, were the tearing down of Sardinian colours, the re-erection of the statues of the king and queen, the plunder of granaries that they might live, and the abstraction of the municipal chests, on which the Piedmontese had not laid violent hands. Surely, no one had a clearer right to the king's property than the king's agents. To call such acts excesses is but to designate legitimate necessities by opprobrious titles. Can the Sardinians show clean hands? They are defiled by the worst excesses that ever attended war. It may answer some purpose to cry "thief," but the reproach may be returned with interest.

Sardinia having conquered Naples, the latter, according to the revolutionary theories, had nothing to do but become rich, prosperous, and powerful. The people were blessed at last with a free government, and it would be ungrateful of them not to appreciate its advantages. They were to have a parliament, eliminated from the best electoral system in the world. Self-taxation was also promised—indeed, nothing was to be denied them that the nation—under the benign will of a king, who had violated his oath and despised his conscience—might become a paradise. Alas, for the promises! they proved but so many delusions. The great results were barren and bitter. In six months the aspect of affairs had changed considerably for the worst. The agrarian laws promulgated by Garibaldi, and by which the communal property was divided between the scamps of the peninsula, fomented discontent, and quarrels, often ended in blood, became the order of the day. Every one would have his share of the spoil, and Naples, large as it is, could not accommodate the universal desires. The dictator's railroads, asylums, and savings'-banks, were, at the best, Utopian schemes—card-houses, blown down by the first breath of popular clamour. The state finances were rapidly exhausted, although, when Garibaldi entered Naples, the treasury was fully equal to its responsibilities, notwithstanding the drains to which it had been subjected by the epidemics and partial famines of the years 1853, 1854, and 1855, and the cost of reorganizing the army in 1859. Genoa and Leghorn, favourite centres of revolutionary operations, had the first draw. Patriotic exiles demanded patriotic indemnities for fines incurred by patriotic labours. One minister, we are told, drew 72,000 ducats; and another, not satisfied with 40,000 for himself, insisted on having 16,000 more for his father. Then the state officers had to be recompensed for their sufferings, or their losses. A director-general of the customs withdrew, after one month's labour, with a life pension of 2,000 ducats. In this way about 2,000,000 ducats were easily got rid of. Rubbatamio, of Genoa, were paid for the Cagliari, though that vessel had been restored to them; and for the vessels which carried the Garibaldians to Marsale they received a million lire. The war on the Vol-

turno, the operations against Gaeta absorbed immense sums. A director, and two secretaries of state, pocketed 400,000 ducats. This was denied, and the journals which exposed it were threatened with prosecution, but the injured parties took no further steps to purify their reputations. The funds, the great barometer of public feeling, which, under the king's reign, had risen to 118, at 5 per cent., collapsed to 65, or about half their original value. The depositors hastened to withdraw their money from the bank ; public confidence was shaken to the base ; and, before one year of free government had passed over, the interest on the national debt was increased by 500,000 ducats ! The Marquis Ulloa, commenting on these facts, asks : "And what portion of the whole debt contracted by the kingdom of Italy, and amounting to 700 millions of lire, a sum which had hardly been contracted for when it was already spent, may not be expected to fall on the kingdom of Naples, which forms one-third of the whole state?" The urgent need of meeting so many newly-raised expenses, multiplied by the financial reforms of a constitutional ministry, who overturned the system of the accounts kept for the state, with laws not instituted by the parliament, made it necessary to have recourse to dangerous and immoral expedients, even to touching the funds of private individuals in the Bank. How could commerce and industry flourish when the ships were all of a sudden taxed on the scale of Genoa, because the government wished the customs to be paid in its own neighbourhood ? Naples and Messina served as holocaust to Genoa. The ports of the kingdom were opened to foreign trade, and, at the same moment, national manufacturers, such as those of Cava, Piedimonte, Arpino, and Sora, were obliged to diminish or to close their works. The urgencies of trade became so great, that on the 10th September, the maturity of commercial bills was prorogued for two months, and at the end of that period it was again twice prorogued, thus securing the second and third profit to those who had had the first * Bankruptcies multiplied and succeeded each other rapidly in Naples.

Nor was this all. Trade was demoralized, and gangs of unemployed operatives paraded the streets cursing the new government, and frightening the peaceful inhabitants by their excited cries and menaces. The arsenals were idle ; an army of 100,000 men had been disbanded, and the factories which were kept in constant requisition for their uses, were closed for every thing, even to the shoes and clothing of the soldiers was made up and provided in Turin. As an additional proof of the centralizing tendencies of the new government it is worth while stating that Turin also supplied the public stationery, and the desks and benches used in the state schools. Workmen were imported from Turin, who obtained a preference over their Neapolitan brethren, and double their wages. Railroad machinists, custom-house porters, gaolers, foundling hospital nurses came in swarms from Turin, which had also the honour of introducing bands of the most dexterous thieves and pickpockets in the peninsula. Well might the poor Neapolitans weep for the dreams inspired by the ephemeral intoxication

* Decree of 8th October, 1860 : "Official Gazette" of Naples.

of the revolution, and turn with heavy hearts to the past they had abused, and the king whom their cowardice had made an exile. Worse terrors than those detailed awaited them. The criminals belonging to the galleys at Castellamare escaped, and with 250 other desperadoes, liberated with the consent of a state minister, literally invaded Naples a-fresh, and organised a new reign of terror. In one fortnight nineteen assassinations took place by daylight and in the open streets. Life was accounted of no value, and was afforded no protection. Houses were daily and nightly broken into, the valuables removed, and the inmates beaten and insulted. This was a constitutional government with a vengeance, when licence assumed the forms of liberty, and an enemy's life might be purchased for a ducat. As if private spoliation was not sufficient, the government proceeded to rob the state. Upwards of two hundred thousand muskets, the bronze cannon of the arsenals, as well as the celebrated bronze gates of Castello Nuova, were removed to Turin, but the populace insisted on the restoration of the latter, and they were restored to the hinges. The royal palaces still remained to satiate the thirst for plunder. They were robbed of the magnificent treasures which the taste and wealth of the Bourbons had accumulated under their roofs; the plate was sold by auction, the kitchen furniture sent to Turin. And as if to crown the series of outrages, red-shirted scoundrels were to be seen driving along the banks of the Dora in the royal carriages.

Fresh impositions continued to be levied. Sicily was taxed for salt and tobacco. For the registration of the civil, judicial, and administrative acts, which cost about one and a-half millions, under the old regime, the people were taxed for ten millions. Notwithstanding this enormous income a deficit of ten millions and a-half ducats embarrassed the Neapolitan Exchequer at the close of December, 1860. In 1861 it had risen to upwards of twenty millions, to meet which there were sold seventeen millions of stock, and all the corn bought in for the people by the Bourbon government. Intellectual Piedmont, by way, we suppose, of a lofty form of variety, next proceeded to dissolve the Royal Academy, the Academy of Naples, the Institute of Fine Arts, the Military College founded by Charles III., and the Naval College, established by the same monarch. Civil colleges were swept away with an unsparing hand. Others, at the abolition of the religious institutions, disappeared; several private institutions were closed; the educational establishments for the children of nobles and civilians became disorganized; and the mistresses were carried away at night by carabiniers, because they refused to swear allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. The primary and secondary schools failed for want of the subsidies, while the people's schools, the infant asylums, and the other institutions projected with so much ostentation, remained unfounded, and even the idea abandoned and forgotten.

As to the clergy they were exposed to frequent insults, deprivation of their benefices; and worse, the horrible spectacle which was presented when the government set up preachers of blasphemy and lewdness in the pulpits of their churches. The bishops were expelled the country without

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were inflicted on them before death, it is impossible to tell. Thirteen Neapolitan soldiers were imprisoned near Lecce, and brought before the nearest judge. But when the judge called for the prisoners, he was answered, "*They repose near the village*"—the soldiers of the escort had shot them! A body of Piedmontese having entered Somma, a village near Naples, the officer in command had six unfortunate wretches, who had been pointed out to him as having had understanding and dealings with the insurgents, brought before him, from their own houses, and, without granting them a hearing, ordered them on the instant to be put to death. Among these six men thus assassinated was one officer of the National Guard, only twenty years old, and who had been married only a few days before. And the word of one ruffian had sufficed to induce the captain, Count Bosco, to command these executions. The public clamour was so great that they were obliged to bring the Count to trial, but the judges acquitted him. The council of war assembled at Turin sentenced the victims, not the butcher, acquitting the Count, and declaring by a posthumous judgment that the six had been guilty of connivance with the insurgents. But what magistrate had tried them? What law had been applied to them? Who had given the Count faculties to commit this iniquitous massacre? Towns, villages, hamlets, which might have been possibly occupied by the insurgents, were set in flames; at sunset all the villagers were obliged, under pain of death, to repair to their habitations. Whole families, deprived of husbands and fathers, roamed about the country without food or shelter.*

Such is an outline of the causes which overthrew the Bourbon dynasty, which deluged and continue to deluge Italy with blood. The war of extermination still goes on; the king is in exile; and the Neapolitans have abundant leisure to reflect on the wisdom which made them passive spectators of the flight of their sovereign, and uprooting of a government, which, with all its faults, cared for them with a zeal that had few parallels. Already the clouds are gathering on the future of the new kingdom. The curse with which it was inaugurated threatens to destroy—its very elements are in conflict. Disturbing causes have originated in places where the invaders dreamt most fondly of security; and every sign is prophetic of convulsion and change.

* See Document No. X.

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DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

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1862.

THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SEARCH.

THE reader will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that the very horseman to whom Alice had confided her important communication, was no other than the Jesuit himself! and little did *he* imagine as he bent his ordinary way to the Priory that he was the bearer of information so vitally touching his own safety; and that his life depended upon its immediate delivery. It was only when read aloud by Sir Algernon Trevillers that the startling intelligence broke upon the family circle like a thunder stroke.

"Some one has betrayed us," cried Mistreas Anne Trevillers, greatly terrified. "This very night! What can be done?"

"Brother," said Sir Algernon, endeavouring to lead him towards the door, "my roof is no longer one of shelter for you. Quit it this moment; your horse is ready saddled. The least delay may be your ruin."

"My horse is not here," replied the reverend father, "I lent the use of it to the bearer of the billet, who needed its services more than I did." His means of making a hasty retreat being therefore cut off, it was suggested as an alternative, to take refuge for the time being in the dark shades of the cypress grove. This was quickly agreed upon, and it only remained for him to clear away from his room those things which gave signs of recent occupation, particularly all religious books, and other matters appertaining to his sacred calling. In the meantime, the master of the Priory summoned his faithful domestics together, and made known to them the hostile visitation that night expected; giving directions how to act when the fearful moment should arrive.

All this being soon arranged, the only thing that remained to be done was to get his reverend brother to leave the house without further loss of time, this he had some difficulty in doing, as the good father seemed not to be impressed with that degree of anxiety which overwhelmed the rest of

the family, and was engaged giving directions to his old servant Joseph, respecting the removal of his effects the following day, when he was interrupted by hearing a noise, which seemed to proceed from the outer hall.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sir Algernon, "what sound is that?"

"They are come already," cried Mistress Trevillers, pale with terror, "my brother is lost! fasten the doors."

"I will resist their entrance," said Sir Algernon, placing his hand upon his sword.

"Anything but that," rejoined the reverend father, calmly, "such resistance would be madness."

"Follow me, dear uncle," said Uredilla, "follow me, for God's sake. I know where you can conceal yourself if you will take my advice; for the sake of yourself, for the sake of us all, I conjure you to follow me; lose not a moment," and snatching up a taper, she quickly disappeared, accompanied by her kinsman; and well it was he tarried no longer, for the tramping of feet, and the sound of strange voices, intimated clearly who the intruders were. At this moment mistress Trevillers, with a presence of mind hardly to have been expected in her state of alarm, rushed to the supper table, and snatched from the board the fourth cover, laid for her unfortunate brother, which might have disclosed his being at hand, and about to join the family meal. She had scarcely succeeded in so doing when the door opened, and at its entrance appeared a stern-looking man, in the garb of a *pursuivant*, accompanied by several others under his command. He had no sooner planted his foot on the oaken floor of the chamber than he halted, and drawing forth his warrant proclaimed in a tone of authority, that he came in the Queen's name to arrest a traitor concealed in the disguise of a steward, within the walls of that building.

"Hold," said Sir Algernon, restraining himself with difficulty from levelling the insolent official to the earth. "For whom do you intend this epithet of *traitor*?"

"For a recusant, an alien, a man disowned by his country, and who, by his clandestine return to this land, in defiance of the late acts, has rendered himself a felon and a traitor in the eyes of the law. I therefore command you, Sir Algernon Trevillers, by the strength of this warrant, to deliver up to my custody this same Jesuit, that he may be dealt with accordingly. But should you refuse to comply with this order, it will be my duty to make a rigorous search throughout your premises."

"Do what you consider your duty," said the master of the Priory, indignantly, "I would sooner run my hand into yonder blaze than give the slightest assistance to such a nefarious proceeding."

"You must, at least, attend me in my search," said the *pursuivant*.

"Attend you?" responded Sir Algernon, preparing himself to resist so additional an insult, but reflecting afterwards that he might in some way contribute to retard their progress, and thus give time to his brother the better to conceal himself, consented.

The latter consideration turned out, however, unnecessary, for before he had gone many paces from the door, he was met by his daughter, who,

though ready to sink into the earth with fear, at the sight of the ruthless men in her father's company, contrived to give him a significant glance of confidence, which he understood to mean all was right. Urcella and her aunt were now left alone in the gloomy guest-room. They looked anxiously at each other, neither daring to speak till the sound of the heavy footsteps had died away. They then seated themselves, and in low whispers endeavoured to keep up each other's courage.

"Fear not, dearest aunt," said Urcella, "you, no doubt, guess where I have concealed my poor uncle."

"In the chamber we use as a chapel?" replied Mistress Trevillers.

"The same; within the sliding panel, contrived by old Joseph for secreting the furniture of the altar."

"You have taken care that it is perfectly closed?"

"Ah, so well closed, that no human eye could possibly suspect its power of drawing aside."

"What a happy thought it was of yours, dear Urcella," said her aunt, embracing her. "It would never have entered my terrified mind."

"It was not the first time," whispered Urcella, "that it occurred to me, it might serve as a place of concealment in case of difficulty; indeed, it was only on Sunday last, when that good woman Trenchard was assisting me to fold the alb, and place it in its secret depository, that the same idea escaped her lips; and though neither she nor I dared to express our private fears that a need for such an extremity was likely to occur, still we looked at each other with an expression that seemed to say, 'Keep this last resource in mind.'"

"Hark!" said Mistress Trevillers, listening.

"I hear nothing," replied Urcella, endeavouring to conceal her alarm. .

"What became of your Uncle's office-book? I fear it was left on the shelf, where I saw it but an hour ago."

"No, he has it with him. I particularly remarked that he held it in his hand as he accompanied me up the stairs."

"Can he stand with convenience in that dark place?"

"Perfectly well," replied Urcella; "he is also able to slide back the panel from within when he pleases."

"My heart sickens with anxiety," said Mistress Trevillers, looking at a grotesque time-piece on the chimney-piece. "Every moment seems an hour. How I shudder to think of that tall, ill-favoured looking man throwing his searching eyes round the walls of that attic chamber, and perhaps resting them on the very spot where my poor brother lies concealed."

Both were now silent for some minutes, till aroused by the grating of a halbert sliding across the outward casings of the door, and which told them what they already guessed might be the case, that some one had been left to prevent any egress from the apartment.

"What can my uncle do to-morrow?" inquired Urcella in a still lower whisper.

"He must leave us. He can never again make this place his abode; his religious calling has been discovered, and it will no longer be safe

for him to be seen by those who knew him under the disguise of a steward."

"He will then leave the country with us?" said the anxious girl.

"I fear not. He says his mission lies in his native land, and there his duty bids him remain, let the consequences be what they may, we must, therefore submit, and pray that a merciful providence will protect him. She turned away her head as she uttered these words, to conceal the tears that filled her eyes. Urcella, whose secret misgiving on this subject had ever been as poignant as those of her aunt, made no reply, and both relapsed again into silence, in which state they remained for some time, listening in breathless suspense to the slightest sound, till at length the loud approach of footsteps announced the search concluded.

This was an anxious moment! neither of the terrified listeners dared to open their lips; but fixing their eyes on the door remained motionless. Their fears were, however, but of short duration. A smile on the countenance of Sir Algernon, as he made his welcome re-appearance, imparted the good news that all was well. The *pursuivant* with his myrmidons had left the building, apparently convinced that the object of their search was not to be found there. Happy beyond measure at this announcement, Urcella hurried away to release her uncle, who soon reappeared amidst the congratulations of his family and their united thanksgivings to the Almighty for his escape.

All apprehension having passed away, each took their seat at the supper-table, and there talked over at their ease the momentous event of the evening; indeed, such had hitherto been the hurry and confusion that prevailed, that not a thought had been bestowed upon the means whereby they had been made acquainted with the intended search; their minds had been too full of dismay to think of aught else but the safety of their beloved kinsman, and this being now secure, it was time to consider who in their hostile neighbourhood could have sent them this timely notice of their danger.

The anonymous billet was brought forward, read and re-read; the writing scrutinized, and declared to be disguised. Each turned to the reverend father for some particular respecting the personal appearance of the bearer.

"The bearer was a female, a young and delicate female," said the Rev. Francis Trevillers, "and whose address evidently bespoke gentle breeding. She appeared greatly fatigued from much walking, so much so that I pressed upon her the use of my mule, and returned home on foot."

"Was she fair? Did her hair fall in golden ringlets? Were her eyes blue?" exclaimed Urcella, in a state of excitement, feeling sure she had already fathomed the mystery.

"I fear I cannot answer all these your queries," said her uncle, with a smile. "Nightfall had so completely thrown its misty veil over everything, that I could discern little else than the outline."

"You need say no more," rejoined Urcella, triumphantly. "I am convinced that it could have been no other than my own sweet Alice Marsdale."

"Not so hastily," interrupted her father. "The plan to arrest my brother could only have originated at Tregonna: and is it likely that the daughter of my persecutor should venture to foil, in so grave a matter, her parent's deep-laid scheme?"

"You know her not as I do, dear father; with all her gentleness she possesses a firmness of character which would make every difficulty vanish that stood betwixt her and what she considered an act of justice."

"If what you say is correct, Urcella, I have only to add, may God bless and preserve her—so hazardous an attempt to serve those of whom she could know but little, and that little to their disparagement, is an act of generosity that fills me with amazement."

"To me," replied Urcella, "it is no such great matter of surprise. I have long suspected her of a kindly feeling towards those whom she knew were most dear to me, and now you have had ample proof of my penetration, and her goodness."

"I have, indeed, Urcella, and never can I forget it."

This point having been satisfactorily settled, another query of a less pleasing nature became the subject of discussion; and this was, by what means the sacred profession of their reverend kinsman had been discovered. The household of Sir Algernon were so deeply attached to himself and family, that he could not entertain a moment's doubt of their fidelity: and who, beyond the threshold of the Priory, was acquainted with the fact?

"Surely," said Mistress Anne Trevillers, "that ungracious nephew of ours has not given vent to his revenge by this cruel expedient. Geoffrey may have had a sight of your brother the morning he presented himself at the Priory."

"No," replied the Rev. Father, thoughtfully, "that is scarcely possible, as I made a point of keeping out of the way on that occasion; besides, bad as that hapless youth has turned out, I cannot bring myself to believe that he would play so foul a part as to betray those to whom he is so deeply indebted; no, such perfidy belongs not to his nature. I feel assured that the few good points I detected in his disposition were strong enough to have deterred him from so base an act of ingratitude."

"I wish," rejoined Sir Algernon, "I could think of him as charitably."

The hour had now arrived for the usual recital of the family night-prayers. The domestics were summoned; and after commanding them for their forbearance during the trying moments of the search, they were desired to dispose themselves in their ordinary places, whilst the Rev. Father, with that calm demeanour that never forsook him, took the book from its hidden position and knelt down.

Who can tell the feelings of sorrow that overspread the hearts of those on their knees behind him? Something seemed to say that it was the last time they should see him there; that never again would they hear him recite those acts of contrition and humility, which the rich tone of his voice and the impressive manner of his delivery had so unceasingly recalled their devout attention. Still they prayed fervently; not only in gratitude for that day's

for him to be seen by those who knew him under steward."

"He will then leave the country with us?" said the

"I fear not. He says his mission lies in his native land; duty bids him remain, let the consequences be what they may. She therefore submitted, and pray that a merciful providence would guide her. She turned away her head as she uttered these words, to that filled her eyes. Urcella, whose secret misgiving had never been as poignant as those of her aunt, made no reply, but lapsed again into silence, in which state they remained listening in breathless suspense to the slightest sound, until the loud approach of footsteps announced the search concluded.

This was an anxious moment! neither of the terrified persons could open their lips; but fixing their eyes on the door re-assured them. Their fears were, however, but of short duration. A servant of Sir Algernon, as he made his welcome report, brought the good news that all was well. The *pursuivant* who had left the building, apparently convinced that the old man was not to be found there. Happy beyond measure was Urcella, who hurried away to release her uncle, who was amidst the congratulations of his family and their united thanksgiving to the Almighty for his escape.

All apprehension having passed away, each took their seat at the supper-table, and there talked over at their ease the momentous events of the evening; indeed, such had hitherto been the hurry and confusion that prevailed, that not a thought had been bestowed upon the means whereby they had been made acquainted with the intended search; their minds had been too full of dismay to think of ought else but the safety of their beloved kinsman, and this being now secure, it was time to consider what danger their hostile neighbourhood could have sent them this timely notice.

The anonymous billet was brought forward, read and scrutinized, and declared to be disguised. Each reverend father for some particular respecting the person of the bearer.

"The bearer was a female, a young and delicate creature, Rev. Francis Trevilliers, "and whose address I do not know, breeding. She appeared greatly fatigued, and I pressed upon her the usual questions."

"Was she fair? Did her hair colour?" exclaimed Urcella, in already fathomed the mystery.

"I fear I cannot answer your question," said the Rev. Francis Trevilliers. "Nightfall had so far advanced that I could discern little of the person of the messenger."

"You need say no more," said Urcella, "I am convinced that it could have been no other than my uncle."

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"He will then leave the country with us?" said the anxious girl.

"I fear not. He says his mission lies in his native land, and the duty bids him remain, let the consequences be what they may, we therefore submit, and pray that a merciful providence will protect. She turned away her head as she uttered these words, to conceal the that filled her eyes. Urcella, whose secret misgiving on this subject had ever been as poignant as those of her aunt, made no reply, and lapsed again into silence, in which state they remained for some time, listening in breathless suspense to the slightest sound, till at length the loud approach of footsteps announced the search concluded.

This was an anxious moment! neither of the terrified listeners open their lips; but fixing their eyes on the door remained silent. Their fears were, however, but of short duration. A smile on the countenance of Sir Algernon, as he made his welcome re-appearance, dispelled the good news that all was well. The *pursuivant* with his party had left the building, apparently convinced that the object of their search was not to be found there. Happy beyond measure at this intelligence, Urcella hurried away to release her uncle, who soon joined the congratulations of his family and their united thanks to the Almighty for his escape.

All apprehension having passed away, each took their place at the supper-table, and there talked over at their ease the momentous evening; indeed, such had hitherto been the hurry and bustle, that not a thought had been bestowed upon the fact that they had been made acquainted with the intended search; it had been too full of dismay to think of aught else but the safety of the loved kinsman, and this being now secure, it was time to consider whether their hostile neighbourhood could have sent them this timely danger.

The anonymous billet was brought forward, read and scrutinized, and declared to be disguised. Each reverend father for some particular respecting the person of the bearer.

"The bearer was a female, a young and delicate creature, Rev. Francis Trevillers, "and whose address evident breeding. She appeared greatly fatigued from much walking, that I pressed upon her the use of my mule, and returned."

"Was she fair? Did her hair fall in golden ringlets, or was it blue?" exclaimed Urcella, in a state of excitement, already fathomed the mystery.

"I fear I cannot answer all these your queries," said the smile. "Nightfall had so completely thrown its veil over the scene, that I could discern little else than the dark shapes of trees and bushes, and the light of the stars."

"You need say no more," said Urcella, who was now convinced that it could not be otherwise."

"It is hard," responded Mr. Jones. "To see someone like you only have opinions & ideas, as I never had any of my own. And when we're in the same room, it's like being in a cage."

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preservation, but for a true spirit of resignation to whatever trial it might please the Almighty hereafter to subject them.

In these dispositions they arose from their devotions, and with many mutual assurances of fidelity and regard, parted for the night.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FAREWELL.

On the day following the search at the Priory, Mr. Marsdale, his daughter, and the old preceptor were assembled at their morning repast; but, unlike the usual cheerfulness that enlivened this their first meeting, a certain anxiety overspread the little group. Mr. Marsdale's attention was attracted by the sound of each opening and closing door, as if on the watch for some one's arrival. Alice, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed with the exploit of the preceding night, was naturally impatient to learn its results; but, not daring to make allusion to what she was supposed to know nothing about, sat silent. The preceptor, who perceived that his patron was not in a communicative mood, put on a corresponding reserve.

"Where is Humphrey?" at length exclaimed Alice, glancing at his vacant seat.

"Gone on business to Justice Sandford," replied her father, and another pause ensued.

"Ah, gone" thought Alice to herself, "to ascertain the success of that cruel plan which I overheard him assisting to arrange."

Time passed on, and yet Humphrey did not return. This prolonged absence argued ill; and she sat patiently ruminating over the doubtful state of things, when suddenly Humphrey, breathless with excitement and dissatisfaction, rushed into the room.

"We have been fairly deceived, tricked, outwitted," exclaimed the young man, throwing his cloak impatiently aside. "Our plans have been defeated, and the whole business fallen to the ground."

"How so?" said Mr. Marsdale, with a look of surprise. "Was there any unforeseen obstruction?"

"None whatever; the old building was ransacked from top to bottom; not a spot omitted. The culprit must, however, have got wind of the scheme, and decamped; for it was positively ascertained that he had entered the house but a short time before, yet was he nowhere to be found. At all events," continued Humphrey, as he took his seat at the table, "this failure has not proceeded from any want of exertion on my part; I did my best to insure success, as you well know."

"Of this," rejoined Mr. Merris, significantly, "no doubt exists whatever."

"Well, well," said Mr. Marsdale, much relieved in mind by the turn of affairs, "I have obeyed the dictates of my conscience, and the laws of my country, and can do no more."

"That is to say, for the present," added Humphrey, giving an anxious glance at his father.

"Certainly, that is my meaning," rejoined his acquiescent parent.

The reader need scarcely be told what the feelings of Alice Mansdale were during the preceding dialogue; nor the extent of her joy in ascertaining she had succeeded in the object of her perilous expedition. The little interest she was supposed to take in matters beyond her quiet, domestic hemisphere, screened her from the slightest suspicion of being in any way concerned in her brother's affairs. Far was he, therefore, from dreaming that this same gentle sister was the identical person who had thwarted all his cherished plans, and subjected him to this bitter disappointment.

In the meantime, Alice's heart glowed with pleasure at the service she had been able to render her dear Ursella, by thus securing the safety of her kinsman. Taking, therefore, but little heed of Humphrey's exclamations of annoyance, she rose from her seat and sought the shade of the long avenue, there to breathe the fresh morning air, and reflect at her ease upon the probable happiness her timely notice had afforded the inmates of the Priory.

Alice had not long been walking beneath the majestic limes when she observed Mr. Treverbyn making his way with some haste towards the old mansion. He caught a glimpse of Alice, and immediately turned into the avenue and joined her in her promenade.

"I think I can guess what is taking you so hurriedly from home, this fresh morning," said Alice. "You are, no doubt, seeking to know the result of last night's affair at the Priory; am I not right?"

"Yea, you are," said the minister. "I was desirous of ascertaining whether Sir Algernon's ill advised brother had been captured."

"I am able to inform you," replied Alice, "that he has not. He seems to have gained some intimation of what was intended to befall him, and thus was able to place himself beyond the reach of his pursuers."

"Ah, was it so?" said the minister, with an expression of more surprise than displeasure. "I imagined Mr. Justice Sandford to be too well skilled in such matters to have failed in his plans, particularly in a cause he has so much at heart. For myself, I own I am not fond of extrema measures, and therefore, feel no regret at the escape of the defaulter; I only hope he may be as fortunate another time."

These last words were uttered with a certain emphasis that fell unpleasantly upon Alice's ear, but she noticed them not, except to observe, "that, as the master of the Priory was on the point of leaving the country with his family, there would be no further occasion for such severe proceedings; but tell me, Mr. Treverbyn," continued Alice, looking fixedly at him, "you have seen and conversed frequently with this Jesuit brother of Sir Algernon Trevillers, have you not?"

I?" exclaimed the minister, startled at the bare idea of such a preposterous event. "No, never!"

"Surely, in your parish rambles, you have occasionally come across Sir Algernon's steward?"

"Certainly, I have, but what of that?"

"Only this," said Alice, with a smile, "that that very steward was no other than the formidable Jesuit himself, disguised in a defendant's garb, to evade the rigour of the law."

"Impossible! You are jesting with me, fair lady."

"No, what I say is most true. It was owing to his assuming this character that he was enabled to remain so long at the Priory unsuspected, exercising his ministerial functions for the benefit of his family."

"How extraordinary!" rejoined the minister, halting a few seconds, and fixing his eyes vacantly on the ground, as if endeavouring to recall some incident gone by. "It is true, that I have not only constantly encountered this steward, but held a lengthened conversation with him quite recently, and, moreover, by some strange coincidence, our subject turned upon this very society of which he is a member, and of which I spoke in no very flattering terms."

"An' what, said he, to your remarks."

"He took it all in good part, though firmly refuting my charges; but this he did so mildly, and with so much forbearance, as to make me suspect he was, perhaps as ignorant as myself, of the true tenets of those he was attempting to defend."

"You are now convinced he had good authority for what he said."

"Yes I am," replied the minister, "and by no means regret the conversation, as it succeeded in doing away with a good deal of that dislike which I had been taught to entertain against these self-decaying men, a dislike which proceeded from mistaken notions of their true sentiments. And though I can now understand how he must have writhed under the base insinuations I threw out against his brethren, he conquered his emotion, and gave no more than a passive dissent."

"We are indeed," said Alice, "too apt to be led away by early impressions, without pausing to inquire into their truth or fallacy."

"That is a just observation," rejoined Mr. Treverbyn. "Our proud nature often needs self correction; it is an evil which frequently leads us astray, and how few there are who permit their better judgment to prevail against strong rooted prejudices. At present I will only say, that I trust we may hear of no further molestations against that hapless family."

"How glad I am to hear you speak thus. I feared I stood almost alone in my friendly wishes towards these unfortunate people, with the exception of my brother Gerald, who has ever been, as you know, foremost in condemning sectarian exclusiveness. He will be sorry to hear of this business. I am confident he will. I wish he were here. His moderation might be of infinite service."

"I perfectly agree with you," said the minister. So sound a judgment, blended with so many good qualities of the heart, could not fail to carry weight in the right quarter."

Having now reached a path that led back to the rectory, Mr. Treverbyn took his leave. He had ascertained what he was most anxious to learn,

and had no need of proceeding further. Still he lingered on a few moments admiring the beauty of the avenue, and pointedly expressing his regret, that it should not be so favourite a resort with Mistress Alice, as it was with himself. Alice smiled, she guessed his meaning, and was not unwilling to respond to it, at least she inwardly resolved to give no future occasion for such an observation.

Some days after the above interview, Alice was tempted to take one more stolen glimpse of her dear Urcella Trevillers. She had heard she was on the point of leaving the country, and was therefore most desirous of bidding her farewell. She felt sure she had not detected *her* as the author of the important notice, so thoroughly had she disguised her writing; and also being totally unknown to the individual to whom she had confided it. Being, therefore, secure on that head, she was determined to lose no further time in making the attempt. She had not visited this once favourite spot on the sea shore, for a considerable period, owing to what old Mrs. Trenchard had inadvertently dropt, respecting Sir Algernon's aversion to his daughter's carrying on a clandestine intimacy with a member of his unfriendly neighbour's family. These rendezvous had consequently been suspended, though with a tacit understanding on each side, that their abandonment of one another proceeded solely from motives of deference to the will of others.

Her mind being thus quickly made up, Alice turned her steps towards the long and rugged pathway, that led to the sea shore, her heart beating with joyful anticipation at the pleasure she should feel, in once more beholding her dear Urcella. After some little toil, she at length reached the remembered spot, where she happily descried in the distance the object of her search. She hurried onwards. The recognition was reciprocal, and these two attached young persons were soon clasped in each other's arms.

"Receive my gratitude, my sincerest, deepest gratitude," exclaimed Urcella, as soon as she was able to speak. I have paced this beach for hours, that I might obtain a chance of seeing you, and expressing my heart-felt acknowledgments for your noble exertion in behalf of my poor uncle."

"You are speaking with certainty, dear Urcella. Why may you not be throwing away your thanks on one who has no claim to them?"

"Alice, say not so. Who, but you, would have run such personal risk to serve us? Oh, that I could make known to you those you have so befriended, and of whom you have, no doubt, heard nought but ill; men of bad faith, cunning, disloyal, etc., but let not such cruel aspersions have any weight with you, for they are utterly untrue, believe me, dear Alice, they are; on the contrary, if you did but understand the true character of him your courage has so greatly benefitted, you would be convinced, I feel confident, he was not unworthy of your goodness."

"I am certain I should," said Alice, taking her friend's hand, much moved at her earnest appeal; "but let us no longer refer to the past, let us talk of the future, which has, I feel sure, much happiness in store for you. When do you leave the old Priory?"

"Very shortly, perhaps in a few days. We no longer feel any security

here, and, therefore, my father is desirous that we should cross the channel as soon as possible."

"How happy I feel," replied Alice, "to have had this opportunity of seeing you once more, and bidding you farewell. Your prospects are, I trust, more cheering, and your sorrows all at an end."

"You give me good encouragement, dear Alice, and I am the more grateful for it, knowing that you stand alone in these friendly assurances towards me and mine."

"Perhaps not quite alone," replied Alice, with a smile; "there is Mr. Treverbyn our kind minister, who has more than once expressed regret at the severity exercised toward your kinsman."

"Mr. Treverbyn is a good man, but his cold, chilling manner seems to warn me off from encroaching on his exclusiveness."

"If you knew more of him, this reserve that you complain of would soon disappear, and you would discover in its place, as many good qualities as you could wish. There is also my brother Gerald who has a considerate feeling for every one, and who will learn with much concern, what has occurred;" continued Alice, fixing her eyes on those of her friend, and looking inquisitively in her countenance, "what will be his disappointment, when he finds that the fair lady, whom he so much admired for her superior mind and beauty, has left the country?"

A momentary and somewhat awkward pause ensued. "Do not be offended," at length said Urcella. "Do not call me ungrateful, dear Alice, if I ask you not to name your brother to me again. I may ill-judge him, but something seems to tell me to mistrust his courteous professions of goodwill towards myself and family."

"You have grievously mistaken my brother Gerald," replied Alice, reproachfully, "and it is not the first time that I have had occasion to know this. I will not, however, quarrel with you, at this our last meeting, upon a point which has so strangely seized hold of your fancy, but trust that some day he may have an opportunity of convincing you how much in the wrong you are, to doubt for a moment of his sincerity. Oh that I could be convinced of the truth now," rejoined Urcella, "and acknowledge my error. No humiliation on my part could sufficiently atone for the unworthy suspicions I had dared to entertain against one so nearly allied to my beloved Alice."

On saying which, Urcella struggled to overcome the emotion which betrayed itself in her eyes. Alice was, however, too quick-sighted not to perceive what her friend wished to conceal, and finding that the subject only distressed her, dropt it, and commenced inquiring after old Mrs. Trenchard, saying she understood she was then staying at the Priory.

"She is so," said Urcella. We wish her to remain with us till we leave. My father has much regard for the poor woman; he looks upon her as a remaining link in the chain of his old and cherished recollections of days gone by."

"I will take care of her when you are gone. She shall never want for anything. It will be my pleasure to see that she ends her days in

comfort. Is there any other old domestic that you would wish me to befriend?"

"There is a good old man called Joseph," replied Urcella, "who is greatly attached to our family, and who would be made happy in his declining years, could he occasionally hear some intelligence of those he had served so long."

"This I will willingly afford him, if you will enable me to do so."

"I will do my best," said Urcella, "to send you some tidings of my unworthy self, it will provide me with an opportunity of expressing again and again my gratitude for the many obligations I owe you."

Thus did these two young women impress on each other their mutual affection, till the hour arrived for their separation, when taking a lasting farewell, accompanied with every assurance of eternal friendship, they tore themselves away, and hurried back to their different homes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PASCAL—A STUDY.

One of the many advantages attaching to the sciences—which have two ends, that of amplifying our knowledge of the power and beneficence of Divinity, and that of enlarging, by their application, the powers and ameliorating the condition of mankind—as compared with the ancient philosophies, arises from the universality of their adaption to the human intelligence, which is a consequence of the demonstrative character of their truths. While also the first are progressive and infinite in their researches as nature itself, the latter have been stationary; while the one are addressed to all communities, the second have merely been calculated to form small and particular sects, each the representative of some half truth, but encompassed with a mass of speculative error so considerable as to arrest their development, and render any expansive relegation through their influence impossible. Platonism, Phryrronianism, Epicurism, Stoicism, respectively appealing to the imagination, the isolated reason, the senses, and the reason and will, flourished in ancient societies according to the attractions exercised by each upon the affinities of special sections of the aggregate; but their respective attempts to solve the great problems of life and destiny, failing to attain the requirements of general conviction, were thus incapable of realizing the conditions of a credo; and the conflict between their theories, which was waged with little less acerbity than that of interests, continued until all disappeared with the revelation of a diviner system. Meanwhile, however, as the speculations of the metaphysicians ceased to exercise any influence on the sequent generations, further than that arising from the interest connected with them, as curiosities in the history of the human mind, the pure sciences not only established a permanence, but exhibited a

connective progress; and while the former, like dimly luminous clouds, occupied an isolated position on the horizon of the past, a continued *rapport* has been maintained—as though the undulations of a ray of light, brightening ever as it passed, from age to age—between Euclid and Hippocrates, Kepler and Newton, the morning souls of science, and those of later and present centuries, which still shine upon our planet, as it rolls toward summers of peaceful empire amid the mature civilizations of Time.

From the epoch of Pericles to that of Augustus, the schools of Phyrro and Zeno appear to have exercised a preponderating influence over the community of Greece and Rome, appealing as they did, in their leading dictates, to the speculative reason of the one, and the iron character of the other. Stoicism, indeed, though vague and contradictory, and impossible as a human cultus, was not without a certain grandeur in its theistic and moral aspect. According to Epictetus, the soul—itself an emanation of deity—is placed in the body for a short period, during which its object and duty is to exercise a favourable providence over the human race. Life ended, it will again be absorbed into deity. Immortal in its essence, it is to hold all that men most desire or dread, pleasure and pain, in contempt. By cultivating the reason and will, wholly for virtue's sake, and substantiating a complete dominion over the passions, it will attain to god-like being, and thus, after a life-long battle with nature, pass from the sphere of existence in concentrated power, crowned with victory. In realizing those precepts, indeed, several of the philosophers held that the soul thus attained a glory greater than that of the perfect gods themselves. "Certe magnum habere fragilitatis hominem, securitatem dei," says Seneca. To attain personal perfection in union with passionless alturism, to create a god of man and make a god of necessity—such is the Stoic ideal. That their philosophy was almost exclusively based upon a system of artificial reasoning we need not say, or that nothing can exceed the ingenuity with which its authors have shaped logical weapons for its defence and realization. "What is poverty?" asks Seneca—"no man lives so poor as he was born. What is pain? it will end itself or ourselves; if that of death is tolerable, it cannot be great; if intolerable, it cannot last long." In Seneca, Epictetus, and the philosophical works of Plutarch and Cicero, a complete armoury of Stoical weapons may be found, nor can any better illustration of this argument be presented than that of the latter against deafness. "How many languages," asks Cicero, "are there of which we are ignorant? Iberian, Punic, Egyptian, etc.—Is it, then, any great misfortune to be deaf to one more?" While inculcating a love for humanity, it likewise insists upon a perfect indifference to the loss of all objects of affection, thus overlooking the consequence that with the extinction of the passions that of the virtues would follow—a system analogous to that of arriving at internal perfection by destroying the nerves, which are alike the source of pain as of pleasure. The greatest imperfection of stoicism, however, arises from its being essentially barren and uncreative. "It is a mark of a narrow mind," says Seneca, "to condemn the order of the universe, and propose the mending of nature rather than ourselves." Thus, those inventions

and discoveries which render the world habitable, which give man a control over external agencies, and which constitute in their application and results the manifold elements of civilization and progress, were held by the followers of Zeno in utter disdain ; and there can be little doubt, that were the world inhabited by a Stoic community, not only would it become in all respects stationary, but the race would either have degenerated or, possibly, become extinct. Such is the contrast presented between the tendency of an abstract and artificial, and an inductive and utilitarian philosophy. Of its ethics, contrasted with those of Christianity, we may say in fine, that while the former resulted in making a few great men, according to the antique ideal, the latter has made multitudes happy. A few isolated figures are the triumphs of the one—the world with its endless generations of the other.

No less opposed to nature, and consequently no less barren in its results, was ancient scepticism, not to speak of that of modern days. Not Phryrho only, but Berkley and Hume as well, may thus be said to have made an irrational use of Reason. In his "Moral Philosophy," Sydney Smith has a pleasant allusion to those famous doubters. It is in the chapter in which he refers to the asserted tendency of science to foster scepticism. "Berkley," he says, "destroyed the world in one volume octavo ; and nothing remained after his time but *mind*, which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume, in 1787, so that, with all the tendency to destroy, nothing remained for destruction. Phryrho, too, in old times, went so far as to pronounce that there was no such thing as pain ; and he saw no *proof* that there were such things as carts and waggons ; and he refused to get out of the way : but Phryrho had fortunately with him three or four stout slaves, who followed their master without following his doctrines, and whenever they saw one of those ideal machines approaching, took him by the arms and legs, without attempting to controvert his doctrine, and put him down in a place of safety." So, in Berkley, the presumed incertitude of the senses, from which our ideas originate, constitute the basis of his argument against the existence of an external, material world. Pure reason, indeed, divorced from sense and fact, and revolving in its own sphere, arrives at results which realize the *ne plus ultra* of the absurd, and its isolated action, in thus destroying its object, may be compared with that of intense light, which by confusing the relations in the surfaces of objects, renders them invisible. Montaigne also, while a mixture of the Epicurean and Stoic in character, presents in his mental aspect a type of the pure sceptic. Taking reason as his sole guide, he analyses and attempts to resolve principles themselves with nothing ; his intellect revolves in a perpetual circuit of speculation, without landmark or resting point ; and in the doubt which doubts itself, and the ignorance which is ignorant of itself, consists the substance of this philosophy. "We are," he says, "I know not how, of a double nature, so that what we believe, we do not believe ;" and so he proceeds seeking to annihilate insensibly all that man considers most certain ; not, indeed, to establish the contrary with that certitude to which he is opposed, but

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only (when thirty-six) did he return to his mathematical pursuits, at which time, during the meditations of a few wakeful nights, he succeeded in solving one of the most difficult mathematical questions, the problem referring to the curvature of the Cycloid, with whose solution all the mathematicians of Europe were then ineffectively engaged. From his twenty-sixth to his thirty-first year, he resided in Paris, where he was distinguished alike by his virtues, his penetrating genius, and brilliant wit. At the close of the latter period, however, he retired to Port Royal, where his sister Jacqueline resided, and here it was that, undertaking the defence of the Jansenists, he wrote his famous "Provençals," and meditated his great work on "Theism and Christianity," of which the mere outline, his sublime "Penses," alone remain. In the French literature of that age, the book may be compared to some work of Grecian architecture found by a traveller in a desert, not a ruin, like Palmyra, but a mighty temple, arrested by an untoward fate in its process of construction.

The intense sufferings experienced by Pascal for many years before his death, were attributable to several causes. At once an enthusiastic Christian believer, and an admirer of Epictetus, he sought to attain to a state of pure, moral, and spiritual existence by annihilating his human nature. Not only did he hold the simplest gratifications of sense in disdain, but he held himself aloof from the purest expressions of human affection; to grow perfect through suffering was his leading idea; but though acting ever under the dictates of inexorable duty, and manifesting in his daily life a self-denying asceticism the most complete, the extravagances into which his principles led him, were equally opposed to reason and Christianity. His reproof of his sister for exhibiting fondness toward her children, the constant repulse with which he met the kind offices and attentions by which she sought to alleviate his sufferings during sickness, are instances among many of the exaggerations of conduct into which he was hurried. "If God exists, He should be loved, and not humanity," is one of the fundamental precepts of the "Penses;" and again, he says—"It is an injustice for any one to become attached to me by regard or affection, because I cannot be the *end* of any being, and because dying, the object of affection dies with me; hence I should be acting a blameworthy part in attracting the love of any;"—and a principle once defined, was carried out by his powerful logical mind, in argument or conduct, to its ultimate consequences. In painting man, his greatness and misery, and speculating on the condition and end of human life, Pascal has presented us with an image of himself in those individual views of humanity and existence, which led Voltaire, very erroneously, however, to style him a "sublime misanthrope." "Beholding," says the author of the "Penses," "the blindness and wretchedness of man, and the astonishing contrarieties observable in his nature, the universe silent, and man without light, abandoned to himself, and wandering in this corner of infinity, without knowing who placed him there, for what purpose he was so placed, or what is to become of him after death, I feel terrified like one, who, during sleep, has been carried to some desert island, and who awakes without knowing where

he is, or how he can escape. I am astonished that I am not filled with despair at my miserable condition. I see others like me; I demand if they are better instructed than I?—they answer, no. Yet these wretched wanderers, seeing some objects agreeable to them, become attached to them, and to their abode. For me, I could not remain tranquil in the society of creatures like myself, miserable as I, powerless as I. I see they cannot aid me when I die: I must die alone: then should I live as though I were alone. If, then, I were alone, I "ould not build mansions, or embarrass myself with tumultuous avocations; I would not seek for the esteem of any, but would value my life only for the discovery of Truth."

Pascal's death, which occurred at the age of 39, was the result of a complication of disorders. The few data which exist, connected with his post mortem examination, are singular and suggestive. The stomach and liver were withered and diminished in size, the intestines gangrened. The most curious phenomena, however, were those presented by the skull, which exhibited no trace of any of the usual sutures, except one, the saggital, which runs longitudinally along the crown of the cranium, joining the frontal suture, and which former was found to have remained open during life, being covered externally by a calcareous deposit, perceptible to the touch. The brain was of immense size and density, and thus, as the rest of the skull, was a solid, unyielding mass, the nervous expansion of the organ necessarily took a frontal direction, its enlargement occurring in those regions of the cerebrum, through which there is some reason to believe, the reverential emotions and purely intellectual operations are manifested. Phrenologically viewed, therefore, this peculiar condition of the brain tended to destroy the equilibrium of the system, to develop the intellectual functions abnormally, to concentrate life in ideation, and thus, while leading to transcendent exhibitions of mental power, to account in some measure for that contempt for physical existence, which was the chief cause of his death, and for his greatness and misery. Mathematician and *religieuse*, his exaggerated Christian Stoicism, his imperious isolation from all human feelings and affections, his disdain of any natural or rational pleasure may be traced to those secondary causes involved in his cranial structure, which rendered him an instrument of pure ideal activity, an intellect supremely and ruinously dominating on an animal frame. Absorbed in contemplation of the perfection of Deity, his great soul aspired to a condition impossible to humanity, and in the attempt to attain to pure spiritual existence, his life terminated in intellectual suicide.

Pascal displayed great original powers of mind in treating moral as physical, or abstract science. His method of dealing with subjects, moral and philosophical, is one of strict geometrical accuracy. It is only a few chapters dedicated to the particular thesis which formed the basis of this great projected work on Christianity which can be considered as complete in themselves; a large proportion consists in isolated thoughts; while the first have undergone the process, so to speak, of planetary condensation, the others resemble brilliant aerolites, which, however, although disengaged and unconnected, have all a direct relation to the same system.

After examining the nature of the principal evidence required by the mind in arriving at certainty, he proceeds to investigate the nature of man, and his capacity with respect to truth, and then producing in order the proofs of theism and Christianity, establishes a demonstrative inference, that the latter bear a character of veritude as complete and final as those which the human intelligence accepts in the domain of the mathematics. The mental conditions necessary for the examination of a standard of faith, are thus characteristically stated by Pascal: "It is essential," he says, "to have three qualities—to be Pyrrhonian, Geometer, and Christian; their accordance leading to doubt where doubt is necessary, to assurance where assurance is necessary, and to submission where submission is necessary." Starting from those principles, although his design is manifest, and his object is, in many respects, successfully attained, the work for the imperfect state in which it was left, and the relative completeness in which the earlier chapters exist, exhibits the sceptical aspect of Pascal's mind, in nearly as great strength as its Christian. His reliance on reason is everywhere apparent, he even says, "*Le scepticism, c'est la vraie.*" His object was evidently to conduct to Christianity through scepticism, though what his great work would have been had he lived to perfect it—to develop and reduce its scattered parts into a complete whole, we may conjecture. As it is, its chief interest attaches to its earlier articles, and especially those penetrative and eloquent chapters on the Phrythonians and Dogmatists, on Man, his general knowledge, his vanity, his misery, and greatness. A few paragraphs of the first have formed the basis of Steward's system, while the latter, brief as they are, are among the profoundest insights of moral speculative science.

In the commencement of his Contemplation of the Redeemer, Pascal thus finely distinguishes the order of elements and beings in creation, regarded with the eyes of the Christian.

"All kinds of matter—the firmament, the planets, the earth and its kingdoms,—are of less value than the least of spirits; for it is, capable of knowing all those, and itself,—and matter, nothing. All the bodies of space, and all their spirits, and all their productions, are of less estimation than the least feeling of love,—that belongs to an order infinitely more exalted. All the universes of infinity are incapable of producing a single thought—that is impossible to them; for it is of another order, and the entire universe of matter and intellect cannot give birth to a single emanation of pure love. That, too, is impossible; for it belongs to a distinct order—one that is supernatural. Thus infinite is the distance between matter and intellect, between intellect and love."

"All the grandeur of earthly power is lusterless to those who are engaged in mental researches; all the grandeur of the latter to the rich, to kings, conquerors, and the mighty ones of the earth; while the greatness of the wisdom that comes from God is alike insensible to the carnal and to the intellectual. The three species are each of an order totally distinct. Great geniuses have their empire, their glory, their grandeur, their victories, and have no need of earthly greatness, which has no affinity to that

they appreciate. They are seen by the mind, not the eyes; and that is sufficient. Saints, too, have their empire, their glory, their grandeur, and victories, and have no need of such as are either carnal or intellectual. They are seen of God and the angels, not with the eyes of the body or mind,—for them God is sufficient. Without any *eclat* arising from birth, Archimedes would have been held in admiration. He won no battles, but he illuminated the universe with his mighty discoveries. Oh! how grand does he appear to the eyes of the intellect! Jesus Christ, without power or science, reigns in his own order—that of Holiness. He was neither a king or discoverer, but he was humble, patient, holy before God, terrible to devils, wholly without sin. Oh! in what ineffable pomp, in what transcendent majesty, does he appear to the eyes of the Heart, and to those who estimate true Wisdom! Useless would it have been for Archimedes to have appeared as a prince in his book of geometry, although he was one; and as useless for the Saviour, whose reign was one of holiness, to have appeared upon this planet as an earthly king."

In his chapter on the weakness of man, after commenting on the effects of youth and age in producing incertitude of reason—those of opinion, of circumstance, and climate,—of the precarious nature of human judgment from the interference of the imagination, he says:—

"The soul of the greatest man on earth is not so independent as to be free from the influence of the least noise in his neighbourhood. It does not require the report of a cannon to interrupt the train of his reflection—the sound of a weather-cock, or pully, is sufficient to do so. Would you not say that yonder grave magistrate, whose venerable aspect imposes respect on the multitude, governs with a reason pure and sublime? Behold him enter the hall of judicature, and take his place with an air of exemplary gravity. Do not be astonished if his reason wanders a little just now—a fly is buzzing at his ear, and that is sufficient to render him incapable of wise counsel; and if you wish him to arrive at a just judgment, you must first drive away the insect which holds his reason in check, and troubles the powerful intelligence which governs cities and kingdoms."

Such is the structure of the mind, and the delicacy of its operations, that the imaginative creative type of causes slight, indeed, as those, by interrupting particular trains of thought, may have deprived mankind of the most important discoveries.

In the article on the vanity of man he expatiates thus:—

"We are not content with the life which is in ourselves, except we live an imaginary life in the mind of others. In the heart of man vanity is so deeply rooted, that a porter or scullion boasts of his achievements, and wishes to have his admirers. And philosophers themselves have the same desire. Those who have written against glory, wish to have the glory of having so written, and those who read, to have the glory of having read; and I who write this, I, perhaps, have the same desire, and perhaps those who read what I write will have it likewise."

Pascal's painting of man, throughout all the phases of his greatness and misery, is that of the ruined archangel, who, fallen from a state of godlike

nature and heavenly life, into conditions dark as Tophet, terrible and tortuous as hell, yet aspires to heaven in virtue of his mind—itself the proof of his immortal destiny. One is reminded of Balial's speech in "Paradise Lost"—

“That we should lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual Being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity, etc., etc.,”

when reading the following passages:—

“Man is so great that his greatness consists in knowing himself to be miserable. A tree is not conscious of misery. It is true, that to know himself to be miserable is to be so; but his greatness consists in the knowledge. Thus all his miseries prove his greatness. They are those of a mighty lord, of a great king, who has been dethroned.” And he proceeds:

“Man is but a reed, and the weakest in nature, but then, he is a thinking reed. There is no necessity that the whole universe should arm itself to crush him—a vapour, a drop of water is sufficient to do so. But should the whole universe overwhelm him, he would be more noble than that which destroys him, because he knows that he dies, while of the advantage which the universe would gain over him it would be ignorant. Thus all our dignity consists in thought; it is by this we must elevate ourselves, not by space or duration.” Thus, also, Cuvier says: “*Les achèvements que l'on fait dans la terre, quelque grand qu'ils soient, sont toujours passager; les vérités qu'on bien lasser, sont éternelles.*”

Before concluding, a reference to Pascal, as a master of composition, will not be inappropriate. Styles are determined by the predominating powers of particular minds—*le style c'est l'homme*, as Buffon truly says; thus, they may also thus be said to have their temperaments, sanguineous, nervous, and lymphatic, or those marked by florid, rhetorical vigour, and abundance of language, by strength and animation of language, by slowness of movement and verbosity, disproportioned to and encumbering the thought. Bacon's best manner is pregnant, grave, and noble as nature itself; a divine sweetness, beauty, and flow characterises Taylor. Burke's early style resembles the green vigour of spring foliage; his latter the rich maturity and abundant colour of the autumnal woods; while Milton's majestic ideas move along with nervous stateliness, caparisoned in the most gorgeous diction. The style endorsed by the reason is chaste and simple as a Doric shaft—that of the imagination combinative, illustrative, ornate as a Corinthian column. Pascal may be said to have formed the prose of France, his writings still remain its earliest perfect landmark; and his particular style, as seen in his works, polemic, moral, and mathematical, a model inimitable in its way. How severely he criticises his compositions we know; many of the “Provençals” were re-written three times before they satisfied his judgment, and an instance of the vigorous excision he was accustomed to exercise, may be found in the fact of his apologising for the length of the sixteenth Provincial, on the ground “that he had not time to make it shorter.” Space would not admit of our indicating that various mastery of compositions, of which the *menteurs immortels*, as they were, with no little truth, called by his

antagonists, is a monument—the interest which he has given passages of dry ratiocination by their elaborate but seemingly natural order; his dramatic management of dialogue, the closeness, precision, and consecutiveness, the inimitable terms of expression in some parts, and the rhetorical force of others; those various merits, in short, which justified Voltaire's criticism, to the effect that they were as amusing as Moliere, and as eloquent as Bossuet. With the "Provençals" as with "Junius," the only interest now arises from their style. The account which he gives in one of his scientific works of the means by which he arrived at his discoveries is a singular piece of writing. It is instinct with a sort of prophetic animation and fire, and impregnate with the inspiration it describes. Beauties of style equal, if not similar, are also to be found in the "Pensees"—not, indeed, as they first appeared, "corrected and improved" by his Jansenist friends, but as we now have them reprinted from the original manuscript, in the Imperial Library of Paris. Pascal, while meditating his great subject, during his latter years of sickness, was accustomed to write off his thoughts, as they occurred, on fragments of paper, and string them together on a file. "I write my thoughts," he says, "without order, but even their confusion is not without design, for in representing the true order in which they occur, it illustrates the difficulty of my subject." Several of the larger articles appear to have been re-written, and those are, perhaps, the most perfect specimens in modern literature, of what may be termed the mathematical style, one which has been little practised since the best age of Greece. Frequently, indeed, to attain exactitude of meaning, he repeats the same word again and again, as one does in demonstrating a proposition. The effect, however, is far from being inelegant, and while perfect clearness is thus attained, an impression of earnestness is conveyed peculiarly characteristic. Nothing can exceed the clearness of logical sequence with which he evolves a thought to its finality, and as in his brightest writing both reason and imagination unite and conform, claritude, force, elevation, and fire, distinguish his most perfect passages. Here and there we have striking instances of his logical power acting inexorably *per se*; a premise once given, nothing stops him until he arrives at its ultimate deduction, the result of which process is, that he frequently loses sight of the landmarks of common sense, and gives us reasonings not reason;—in no other writing, indeed, can we perceive better the purely instrumental function of the latter faculty. Profound and splendid, as they are in parts, the "Pensees" exhibit a perfect image of the soul of Pascal; we see it in its depths, the inner workings of its powers, now concentrated in destroying analysis, now lighting and illuminating the darkest penetralia of nature, now speeding in excursive speculation, *ultra flammatia mania mundi*; and, while carressing in audacious voyage, comet-like, through the abysses of nature, preserving, also comet-like, a mathematical accuracy in each of its wide orbital movements.

A WALK THROUGH PARIS.

LANTY CASSIDY called on me yesterday, about two o'clock. The morning and noon had been excessively sultry, as is usually the case in the beginning of September, but a dashing shower, accompanied by several peals of thunder had cooled the atmosphere, and rendered the afternoon extremely go-outable. He complained bitterly of having to ascend *eighty-four steps* to my domicile, and declared that he should have been broken-winded, only he breakfasted so very early. His remark reminded me that I also had breakfasted before nine, and I suspected Lanty of a suggestion, that luncheon would not be disagreeable, in which notion I fully coincided. Some of my readers, recollecting the height of my residence, may feel surprised when I inform them that in a few minutes we were enjoying ourselves over a cold veal and ham pastry, a few peaches and apricots, and a bottle of Burgundy. The apartment was floored with polished oak, half a dozen good pictures decorated the walls, and the furniture was walnut, cushioned with purple velvet, and fastened with gilt nails. At a corresponding height, upon the opposite side of the street, lives a marquis, and the suite of apartments directly under him form the residence of a duke. The lower part of my building is tenanted by a baker, and my aristocratic neighbours are over a very extensive concern, designated "*Cremerie, Burre, Œufs et Fromages.*" When Lanty had appeased the "internal gnawing," which was certainly not of a conscientious kind, he inquired, "if I had seen 'Duffy' this month?" I replied "that I had been more than a month away from Dublin." "Oh!" said he, "I don't mean him, I mean the Magazine. I saw a very favourable notice of the last number, and I supposed that you might have a copy." "I expect it daily, but it has not yet arrived," was my answer. "Well," said Lanty, "I propose that we go and have a walk through the city, I think you can easily acquire, even in a few streets, sufficient materials for a readable article, to send over to Wellington-quay, for the next number. It may be under the simple title of "A Walk Through Paris." To this I made no objection. "We will go," said he, "along this street, which will bring us to the tomb of Napoleon, and crossing the *Pont des Invalides*, we will proceed to the Palace of Industry, then we will take the Boulevards, and go as far as Notre Dame, returning by the Quays. You can tell your servant to have some mutton cutlets, (in Dublin they call them chops), potatoes and peas, or French beans, about six o'clock. *That Burgundy is very good.* (The bottle was finished.) It will answer us very well." The suggested arrangements having been made, we issued forth. As we passed the entrance of L'Hotel de Castries, some person in the court-yard called out very loudly—

"*Fermez le connivert.*" "I asked Lanty what this word 'connivert' meant, for that it was totally new to me?"

"It is a kind of cistern or tank," said he, "its a new word, they are making new words in French as well as in English every day. I do not

know where they picked up ‘connivert.’ Our new words are almost all taken from Greek, as the terminations in ‘aph,’ and ‘ography,’ and ‘ology’ denote.”

“ We seldom,” said I, “ make a new simple addition to our language, the only one that I recollect is ‘stoker,’ which was coined for the service of steam engines, perhaps from rhyming with ‘poker.’ ” “ There is a word,” observed Lanty, “ as widely spread in its application as any other used by human lips. It is not of Greek, Latin, or Hebrew derivation. It comes not from the old Celtic or Saxon. It is not borrowed from any living language, and yet it is ubiquitous. On the Himalayas, in the United States, in London or Melbourne, in Canada or at the Cape. It is everywhere, and it was born, if I may so say, in Eustace-street, Dublin, on the same day that the Duke of Leinster was ushered into this breathing world. I wish his Grace a long and happy life, but the word will survive him.”

I expressed my surprise at connecting the birth of a word with the birth of a baby who, at the time, must have been incapable of uttering a distinct syllable. Lanty replied that “ he did not associate the word with the duke, or his family, or friends, he only meant that they came into existence on the same day.”

“ Well,” said I, “ words are certainly very curious in their origin, but—here we are at the tomb of the Emperor.”

“ Have you seen it?” asked Lanty.

“ Yes,” said I; “ I spent an entire day here; the tomb of Napoleon is, in my humble opinion, a silent sermon, and of the most impressive character, too.”

“ Well,” he replied, “ we have both seen it, so we need not stop here; I must say that, as a man, I never admired him much, he is little remembered for his best act.”

“ Which was that?” I enquired.

“ Why, he got a bookseller or publisher, named Pam, a Nuremberg man, into his power, and he had him shot. I think that shooting a publisher entitled him to a fair memory amongst literary people. I place it before Austerlitz or Jena.”

“ It was a foul deed,” said I, “ Pam was not even his subject.”

“ I tell you,” replied Lanty, “ a publisher is the subject of every potentate on the earth. He belongs to the Pope and the Czar of Russia, to the Sultan of Turkey and the President of the United States. He traverses the dominions of all. It is a very good thing to shoot one occasionally. When the English shot an Admiral, that unfortunate Byng, for his miscarriage at Minorca, Voltaire said it was ‘to encourage the others,’ and I believe it improved our admirals. Now our publishers are of greater importance to the community than almost any other class of persons. The highest and most holy precepts, the soul-searching denunciations of sin, and the wholesome warnings against its consequent sorrow, all are evanescent as the air around us, unless preserved and treasured to instruct and guide the young, to confirm and edify the old. The publisher when directed and fortified by the approval of proper authority, brings back the mighty dead,

and bids us stand in their saintly presence. He sustains and stimulates the human mind in the acquisition of everything necessary for a happy life, and consoles our nature with the humble hope of a peaceful death."

"And is this the class of men, Lanty," said I, "one of which you would occasionally shoot?"

"I was joking, you miscreant," replied Lanty, "and you know I was."

"Well," said I, "suppose that now you relapse into your account of the birth of that word to which you alluded. We have got to the *Pont des Invalides*, and I hope it will not take long to gratify my curiosity. What was the word?"

"I am not going to tell you the word so quickly," said he. "The end of an anecdote should not be placed at the beginning, and a word is not so unimportant. The utterance of a sound with the consequent creation of an idea in the hearer's mind. Human breath imparting human joy or sorrow, turning our thoughts to heaven, or, perhaps, which heaven forbid, in a contrary direction, prompting to good or tempting to evil, inducing contemplation of the past or speculating on the casual or probable productions of the future, is more extraordinary, in my opinion, than the formation of our limbs, however perfect, or of our organs of vision, however clear."

"Will you leave off philosophizing, Lanty?" said I, "and before we get to the Champs Elysees, inform me what word it was that owed its birth to old Eustace-street, Dublin?" Lanty proceeded as follows.

"News had arrived in Dublin that her Grace the Duchess had given a son and heir to Ireland's only Duke. To all ranks of society the intelligence was interesting and welcome. For centuries the house of Kildare had been the pride and the protection of the people. In the peerage Leinster and Charlemont were the most popular names, and in the Irish House of Commons Fitzgerald and Grattan, the 'Men of the People,' represented the metropolis. The Duke was the General of the Volunteers of his province, but the corps of which he was the peculiar head, his own corps, were the Dublin Volunteers; and along with the announcement of the birth of a young Marquis of Kildare, came an intimation that the Dublin Volunteers would be expected at Carton on the happy occasion of the approaching christening. The opportunity of paying a compliment to their beloved Commander was hailed by the citizen soldiers with the utmost enthusiasm, and there was a numerous assemblage of the Dublin Volunteers to learn the particulars and to discuss their arrangements at a tavern in Eustace-street, kept by a person named Bennett, and known as 'The Eagle.' The evening had a convivial termination, and amongst the company were many of those whose portraits appear in the picture of 'The Volunteers in College Green.' Carleton, Lightburne, Moncrieffe, Porter, and, strange to add, a practising barrister named John Fitzgibbon, who in after times became Chancellor of Ireland, and Earl of Clare. There was also present Richard Daly, then the proprietor and manager of the Smock-alley Theatre, who had an extraordinary propensity for making wagers in reference to incidental matters, however unimportant. The conversation turned upon the comic powers of

Sparkes, who was then drawing immense houses to Smock-alley. One of the company expressed his surprise how such crowds should run after Sparkes, and remarked that 'his popularity was more the result of fashionable caprice than of histrionic merits.' He is, in my opinion,' added the speaker, 'just what the French would term 'un fagotin.' ' And what is the exact meaning of that word?' asked another. ' There is, perhaps, no one word in the English language which conveys its meaning precisely,' said the interrogated party. ' If I could give an English word to signify a low, vulgar mountebank, I should not have employed the French term.' ' Then,' observed Daly, ' why do you not make a word and send it into circulation? You should not feel aware that your own language is deficient in expression without being charitable enough to supply its wants, especially as it costs nothing to make a word.' ' But,' rejoined the other, ' how could I insure the reception of a word into general use, it might be characterised as failing, or remain unnoticed and unadopted; it might be as difficult to obtain currency for a word, or more so, than it was to pass Wood's half-penny?'

" ' Dick,' said Harry Moncrieffe, ' suppose you try your own hand, as you think the matter so easy. I would leave the subject to your own ingenuity, but I fear you will find it very difficult to induce the public to take your word. If they took some of your assurance it might be an advantage, you have plenty to spare.'

" ' I thank you, Alderman,' replied Dick, ' I did not suppose so much wit could come from the neighbourhood of the Tholsel.'

" ' Oh,' said Moncrieffe, ' it has strayed up there from the theatre, where it has lately become scarce. But, Dick, why have you chatted so long without offering a single wager? Come now, start a bet.'

" ' I shall not use a phrase or make a word,' said Daly, ' in disparagement of Sparkes, from whom I have derived much pleasure, and more profit; but I shall bet you twenty guineas, and I propose our friend Fitzgibbon as the judge between us, that within forty-eight hours there shall be a word in the mouths of the Dublin public, of all classes and sexes, young and old, and also that within a week, the public shall attach a definite and universal meaning to that word without any suggestion or explanation from me. I also undertake that my word shall be altogether new and unconnected with any derivation from another language, ancient or modern. Now, Alderman, what do you say to 'taking my word,' or winning my money?'

" ' I shall not take your word, Dick, but I propose winning some of your money. I shall put five guineas in the wager, provided the present company take up the balance, and let the winnings be spent on the evening of the first parade day after our return from the christening of the young Marquis of Kildare.'

" The company were joyous and the proposal of a festive appropriation of the proceeds induced a speedy acceptance of the remaining liability. The terms were reduced to writing and deposited with Fitzgibbon. Daly looked at his watch, and took his departure. It was Saturday evening, and he reached the Theatre a short time before the termination of the perfor-

mance." He immediately procured a quantity of chalk and a number of cards. Upon each of the cards he wrote a word. It was short and distinct; and at the fall of the curtain, he required the attendance of the call-boys, scene-shifters, and other inferior employés of the concern. To each of them he gave a card and a piece of chalk, and directed them to spend the remainder of the night in perambulating the city, and chalking the word on every door and shutter. His directions were most diligently obeyed, and on the succeeding Sunday, all through the town, upon flank walls, upon hall-doors, upon the shutters of the closed shops, one word had been conspicuously chalked. The timid were alarmed lest it should indicate some unlawful or hostile design, and marked its intended victims; but those apprehensions were dissipated by the fact of its universal appearance. One, as he issued from his dwelling, conceived that it was meant as a nick-name for him, but he immediately changed his opinion on seeing it on his neighbour's premises also. It could not be political, for all parties were treated the same way. It was manifestly not a mark on any religious persuasion, for Catholics, Protestants, Quakers, and Jews were all chalked alike. It was not belonging to any known language, nor could a word of any meaning be formed by the transposition of its letters. Still, the universality of its appearance excited the curiosity and formed a topic for public conjecture and general conversation. After a few days, the unanimous conclusion was that the word was a hoax, a trick, a humbug, a joke. However, it was not forgotten. The parties to the wager, which Dick Daly was admitted to have won, have all disappeared; I had the story from, perhaps, the survivor of them. The hands that chalked the word have mouldered into clay, but the term that owed its birth to the Eustace-street wager exists wherever the English language is heard: The word is "Quiz?"

"And a very good word it is for its purpose," said I, "and you will find it given in most of the Modern French and English dictionaries, as the English for 'persiflage.'"

"However," said Lanty, "a quiz has occasionally produced a reality. When James Madison entered on his official duties, as President of the United States, a young man connected with one of the first houses in Belfast thought fit to make an American tour. Accordingly he crossed the Atlantic, and passed his time for upwards of eighteen months to his perfect satisfaction. On his return he was greatly pestered by one of his fellow townsmen, a pushing, plausible, self-sufficient kind of fellow, for letters of introduction to some American friends, the applicant declaring his intention of visiting all the principal cities of the Union. At length the party solicited replied to an urgent entreaty, by declaring that there was no one with whom he felt himself warranted in taking such a liberty except 'his friend Madison.' 'The President!' exclaimed the importunate teaser, 'why, it would be invaluable.' Accordingly a letter was written, commencing with 'My dear Mr. Madison,' and conveying the assurance that the hospitable attentions which the writer had received would never be forgotten, and that the recollection of such kindness emboldened him to introduce a

friend, in the humble hope that he would be received with even a portion of that lavish kindness which had been experienced so agreeably, and remembered so gratefully, by his ever faithful, and obliged, etc. etc. The traveller departed, and a considerable time elapsed before he re-appeared in Belfast. When he returned, his first visit was to the author of the valuable introduction. ‘ My dear fellow,’ said he, ‘ I presented your letter at a public reception. The President was more than polite, he was downright cordial. I was invited to dinner-parties and to balls, I received every possible attention. It was, however, very extraordinary, that when I called to pay my farewell visit, the President asked me to describe your personal appearance, remarking that you had lapsed from his recollection.’ After all, it was not to be wondered at, for the President had never seen the man, whose letter of introduction for the other was a thorough quiz. The Belfast man only quizzed a President, but a Dublin boy humbugged a King. When George the Fourth was reigning a Dublin doctor wrote a book. He got a copy splendidly bound for presentation, and then went to London to the royal levee, he handed a card to the lord in waiting, on which his name was written, as attending to present his work on a certain subject, *and to receive the honor of knighthood*. The lord in waiting thought all was right, the king thought so too, the Dublin doctor knelt down, the king took a sword, and gave him the slap of dignity. When the levee was over, there were some enquires as to who he was. Who had recommended him? Of what minister was he the protégé? but they were all too late, the knighthood had been conferred, people could only laugh. Canning said that he supposed the doctor claimed the honor *by prescription*. The poor doctor did not long enjoy the distinction. He is dead upwards of twenty years.”

“ I remember the man of whom you speak, Lanty,” said I, “ he lived in Peter’s parish, and was very prominent in the old agitation times. At the vestries there could not be a vote on any matter of parish cess, to which he had not an amendment or direct negative to offer. On one occasion he complained to Archdeacon Torrens, who was presiding, that the vestry-room was too confined a place for such an important discussion as they were engaged in. ‘ I move, reverend sir,’ said he, ‘ that we adjourn to the churchyard.’ ‘ My dear doctor,’ replied the Archdeacon, very quietly and archly, ‘ you will have us *there* time enough.’ ”

“ Oh,” said Lanty, “ those were delightful times before we were emancipated, I am often tempted to wish for the penal laws again. Before emancipation we had hardly any civil rights or privileges, but we had more amusement, more excitement, more fun in one day than those dull times of regular politics produce in six months, and you were never at a loss for some amusement, morning, noon, or night. It was a terribly fagging time on the reporters. To the Courts to take O’Connell or Shiel in some libel case, to parish vestries, or the common council, the Catholic Association, or an aggregate meeting, and in the evening a charity dinner at Mrs. Mahony’s great rooms, in Patrick-street. It was killing work on the ‘ press-gang.’ There was a great crony of mine employed on a morning paper, and he unfortunately fell into my company one evening when he should

have gone to the Malachean Orphan Society's dinner, where Dan was to preside. He became very tipsy about eight o'clock. It was at Radcliff's Carlingford Tavern, on Aston's-quay, and I had so much sense and propriety left as to bring him home. I feared much that he would get into a serious scrape by his neglect of duty. In a few days, however, I ventured to ask him how he had managed about the Malachean dinner. 'Oh,' said he, 'I slept until about 11 o'clock, and then I recollect myself, so I went quietly to the office and got the file of the year previous, and with a little alteration, it did for this year's dinner just as well. Very few noticed it, and Dan himself was quite satisfied with my report. It was not half so bad a mistake,' said my poor friend, 'as I made at Powerscourt, when George the Fourth went there. Lord Powerscourt had caused reservoirs to be constructed above the waterfall, in order that when his Majesty visited it, the sluices might be drawn, and a tremendous cataract produced. I went down in the morning and viewed the place, and noted minutely all the preparations. I then drew on my imagination for a description of a second Niagara, and put into the mouth of the Royal visitor various exclamations of delight and surprise. I sent off my report, and it appeared in due time, but unfortunately the King was too much hurried by other arrangements, and did not go to the waterfall at all, but drove direct to Kingstown, where he embarked. I was terribly humbugged for my imaginative report, but nevertheless I reported what the King ought to have done and what he ought to have said, and if he did otherwise it was not my fault.'

"It is of Christy Hughes you are speaking now, Lanty," I observed; "there never was a more simple-hearted being, may he rest in eternal happiness; he was all kindness and good-nature. When in the exercise of his vocation it was necessary to detail transactions deeply criminal, poor Christy was as much dispirited as the culprit; and if any circumstance appeared favourable to the accused, it was always prominently noticed. He generally exaggerated misfortune or human suffering, because, as he said, 'it occasionally influenced the charitable to afford succour to the wretched.' I was walking in his company over Carlisle-bridge on a September evening, and a poor man slipped off a plank and was drowned in our sight. Christy stood looking at the sad occurrence, and just as, for the last time, the head of the struggling sufferer appeared above the surface of the water, Christy exclaimed—'It is all over with you, my poor fellow; may God be merciful to you and forgive you your sins. You have met a sad fate, thus to terminate your existence in the filthy current of the Liffey. You are late for the evening edition, but, with the help of Providence, I'll give you a nice paragraph in the morning.' I once remarked to Hughes that 'he must have seen a vast deal of the roguery and other evil tendencies of human nature.' He replied, that 'the strangest piece of roguery he ever knew of was committed by a gentleman's coachman'; he continued:—'Shortly after Richard Wilson Greene obtained a silk gown he received a special retainer in a very heavy record for the Assizes of Kilkenny, and I was employed in taking a report of the trial. There was some subsequent litiga-

tion, in the course of which it was deemed proper to have a consultation at Mr. Lefroy's, and Mr. Greene asked me to accompany him there and bring my notes. I met him at the Courts, and when we went out on the quay he hailed a car, and desired the boy who drove it to go as fast as he could to Leeson-street. The horse was a fine-looking animal, but he stepped high and was very slow. Mr. Greene urged the driver to hasten on, and after two or three expostulations, he remarked to the jehu that the horse was unfit for a jaunting car, although he was large and strong, and that he would suit well for a carriage. The driver turned to him, and answered—‘Bedad yer honor is a witch.’ ‘What do you mean?’ asked Mr. Greene. ‘Oh,’ replied the driver, ‘I mane no offence, but yer honor is right about the baste; that’s what he is. I’ll tell yer honor a sacret: The baste is a carriage horse belonging to one Counsellor Greene, and the coachman has a hack-car, and he ginerally manages to have something the matther with one of the horses, and that gives him an opportunity to work the other in the car.’ ‘Well,’ added Christy, ‘Mr. Greene was very angry at what the driver told him, but he never pretended that he was the owner of the horse, and before we got to Mr. Lefroy’s, he could not help laughing, saying to me at the same time—‘Mr. Hughes, will you oblige me by giving this driver your name and address as the hirer of the car, and we will not pay him anything.’ Accordingly, when we arrived at Leeson-street, I had a scene with the driver, and subsequently I was summoned to the Head Office, at the owner’s suit, for non-payment of the fare. Mr. Greene came with me, and I thought that the magistrate would fall off his seat with laughing, when it transpired that the learned Queen’s Counsel had hired a hack-car drawn by his own carriage horse. The coachman ran away out of court, and never appeared to claim wages or discharge. The magistrate and Greene were intimate friends, and having accidentally met in a few days after, the conversation, naturally reverted to the carman. Greene said that he believed the fellow had left Dublin, but that he was strongly tempted to send the police in quest of him. ‘Send your horse,’ replied his worship, ‘for he knows more about *the carman’s traces* than any of the police do!’”

“Well, Lanty,” said I, as he ended his reminiscence of our friend Hughes, “here we are at the end of our walk, and not one incident have we observed, except the slight notice of the Emperor’s tomb, which would not have been more appropriate if we had been strolling from Leeson-street to the Phoenix Park. If I send the chat of this afternoon to Duffy, and give it the heading of ‘A Walk Through Paris,’ he will wonder at our impudence, and think that we might as well transmit him a bottle of whiskey, with a label of ‘Vieux Cognac.’”

“He might forgive even that offence,” said Lanty; “I fervently wish that somebody would perpetrate such an outrage on us *here*; I would highly relish the joke that substituted John’s-lane, or Bow-lane, or Marrow-bone-lane whiskey, for the best brandy that you can obtain in the Rue de Rivoli, or the Palais Royal. Send our ‘Walk Through Paris’ to Wellington-quay, and as we shall soon, please Providence, be back

again in Dublin, we will have a ramble there from one end of the dear old city to the other and back again, and we will send it to Duffy, entitled, 'A Walk Through Dublin,' and it shall be entirely devoted to our Parisian reminiscences.

F. T. P.

WOMAN AND HER MISSION.

WOMAN has been explained by a modern disciple of that inveterate snarler, Diogenes, as a creature that cannot reason, and that invariably pokes the fire from the top. We withhold the name of the unfeeling wretch for two reasons. In the first place, we are philanthropic enough not to desire to be the medium of handing him over to the tender mercies of the fair readers of these pages ; and, in the second place, we do not believe a word of his ungallant theory, seeing that personally we entertain a strong predilection for a certain member of the maligned sex, who *can* reason, and who does *not* poke the fire from the top. The definition of the miserable misogynist was recalled to our recollection within the past month, by observing an advertisement in a Dublin morning newspaper, from a teacher of caligraphy, of which this is an excerpt : "Mr. —— will educate a respectable girl in French, Italian, and every branch for first-class Governess, Music excepted, with necessary books, and only requires in return attendance from two to six o'clock p.m., to hand him copy-books, pens, and ink, and go to market." Shades of the philosophic pedants who once paced in all the majesty of intellectual supremacy through the groves of Athenian Academe, what think ye of this ? Only fancy, reader, "every branch" of an education requisite to qualify a girl for a governess taught in return for such trivial offices as a daily visit to some butcher's stall, to cheapen so many pounds of beef steak or mutton chop, and keeping the epicurean recipient of these indispensable necessaries furnished with the needful materials for supplying mental pabulum to the members of the rising generation, whom the foresight of parents and guardians entrust to his charge ! A perusal of this gem led us to briefly consider a vital question which has been for some time before the country, and around which many difficulties are grouped. We allude to the discussion going on as to the condition of the women of these islands, but chiefly as to that of those who seek, or ought to seek, a livelihood through their intellectual acquirements ; and when we ponder over the evidence and arguments adduced, we find much that casts a grave reproach on our vaunted civilization.

We confess to serious doubts whether women are better cared for in modern times than they were in ancient. In all ages the mass of woman-kind has been in a state of domestic drudgery, although there have, of course, been thousands of brilliant exceptions, that shine out from the pages of history with a lustre peculiarly their own. The Greeks poetised woman, and exalted her beauty to the pedestal of adoration ; but that ho-

mage, in more senses than one, operated to her prejudice—it left out an acknowledgment of her mind, her immortal soul, and so surrounded her with an atmosphere which contained very little of the spiritual. The Romans, colder and more practical than the Greeks, accorded to her extensive municipal rights, but utterly ignored the principle that she was their co-equal in the scheme of life, although her duties lay in an opposite direction. In fact, the ancients looked more to the outward adorning of woman than to the culture of her inner life, which, not having a proper comprehension of its nature, they treated with indifference. What they most prized was beauty, and when that had withered, her domestic labours at once reduced the wife to the condition of a servant, whose wages were food, raiment, and lodging.

We fear much that modern Europe has not presented a better or nobler example. Two-thirds of the woman of Europe are in a state of deplorable ignorance and wretchedness. In many parts, especially in the Austrian dominions, they do the labour of beasts of burden, while their lords and masters look idly on. And if we come nearer home we shall find abundance to lower our presumptuous pride. It is the boast of Englishmen—especially at the close of a bacchanal ovation—that the women of England are the handsomest, the kindest, the most virtuous, and best treated of all others on the face of the earth; and the generality of Englishwomen believe it, because they think the power they wield at home is the highest they could or ought to enjoy. The national poetry, especially the ballads, rings with the praises of woman. Poets go mad about her, all classes of men have a special monomania about her. Never, even in the days of chivalry, was such a mass of adulation poured at her feet. But, alas! for such a picture of national gallantry, it has a dismal, and, in many respects, an appalling back-ground. The social condition of thousands of our countrywomen is truly wretched; to a large proportion of them, it is one of thankless toil or hopeless misery. How to improve it, or at least how to ameliorate it, is one of the great problems of the day. There is for its existence, however, one extenuating circumstance, and that is the vast disproportion between the sexes. Owing to the constant drain made upon the male population by the army, navy, mercantile marine, emigration, and unhealthy and dangerous occupations, there are always in the United Kingdom above six hundred thousand more women than men. Hence the number of marriages does not keep pace with the growth of the population, and we have among us what would be an oppressive burden were it not for the employment of female labour, which certainly prevails to an enormous extent.

It is not, however, for the working classes, but for the more highly educated among our female population—for gentlewomen, in short—that remunerative employment is especially wanted. The number of our domestic servants, the best treated of all the poorer classes of women, is somewhat fabulous; then, there are large numbers employed in shops—not as many, however, as might or ought to be—trades and factories, and any depression among them is only of a temporary character; for as wealth

accumulates so will the demand for them. The education of these vast masses is limited, yet sufficient for their calling, which they will fill in most cases with the greatest integrity, and to the satisfaction of their employers, and we cannot but acknowledge that their state is one of comparative comfort; and, from personal observation, we can say of cheerfulness and contentment. It is, as we have said, the class above them, the educated women, who suffer when reduced to seek for employment and cannot obtain it; and that, too, in a country where men are perpetually bragging (extravagant as the word appears, we must use it,) of their love and loyalty to the sex. This bit of national vanity may be pardoned, but it must not be allowed to gloss over a great evil. It is notorious that there are thousands of educated females in this country, who, failing to obtain a market for their labour as governesses, are, owing to the poverty of their relatives, reduced to the direst distress. If young, we shudder at the probable fate there is before them; if old, the union-house is the sole alternative. This state of things is suggestive of many painful thoughts, from the consideration of which no one can honestly shrink.

There has been no little talk about the violence done to the "refined mind and feelings of a gentlewoman," by the mere fact of having to receive "remuneration" for avowable work honestly done—done for an honest purpose—but it is sheer nonsense; and the first steps towards helping the very interesting class in question is that which assists to set them free from the clogs and shackles of silly sentimentalism of any kind. All toil is honourable, and is in the United Kingdom especially honoured. This is the first principle to lay down absolutely, for it is absolutely true. Those who do not honour labour are in opposition to the national instincts, as to the instincts of the time. There is no prejudice here against a woman struggling with the hardships of life, when she is obliged to do so; on the contrary, if by her exertions she conquers them, she is respected in proportion, and the tendency is stronger every day to respect her proportionately as she has been a "hard worker." A recent writer, in noticing the objection which many educated gentlewomen have to accept any remunerative employment, except such as can be carried on at home, appositely adduces, in illustration of the want of reason and common sense shown in such extreme sensitiveness, an old German story of a peasant to whom a great magician gave, at his earnest request, a tower built on the summit of a high hill overhanging the Rhine. The peasant did nothing, and found life pleasant enough for some days; then came to the wizard, saying—"Master, I entreat you to give me a net that I can throw from my window into the river to catch the trout on which I have fed all my life. Do what I will I can make no net that will do, and no earthly pole is long enough to reach from my new home to the river. You must give me the means of obtaining my trout." "No," said the wizard, "I cannot give you both; if you will have the trout, why not climb down yon crag, cast your net, and climb up again?" "I should be exhausted," answers, ruefully, the peasant, "and should come back bleeding and torn." "Then," retorts the magician, "my good friend, you must choose; if you will remain in

your tower, you must do without your trout; if you will have your trout, you must give up your tower; the fish will not go to you, therefore you must go to the fish." And so it is in the case under examination. It must be "tower or trout," for "remunerative employment" is no more to be hauled up to the grasp of those who sit at home and wait for it than are the fish—it must be sought for out of doors. Those who aim at such an end are simply straining after impossibilities, and thus are led into doing so by a false appreciation of the exigencies of the age.

There is, nevertheless, one kind of home employment for women which, if it does not earn money, saves money, yet which is too much neglected here, though in foreign countries it is carefully taught and studied. We mean the management of a household, be it large or small. The faults of servants are a common topic of complaint, yet the fault does not lie wholly in them; a great portion of it belongs to their employers, and arises from their inattention to, if one may not more correctly say, their entire ignorance of their duties as heads of families. In this one single respect (we believe it to be the only one) the continental organization is superior to our own. French and German women are brought up from their earliest age to know how to manage their houses. They are infinitely less accomplished than those Irish, English, and Scotch fair ones whose *mammies* awaken the echoes with their wailings over the scarcity of husbands; but in this single one point of "housekeeping," they leave our women, of all ranks and classes, far behind. The system is a totally different one, and the secret of its superiority lies in the circumstance that management is vested in those whose time can be entirely consecrated to it, and, therefore, like all that can be thoroughly done, it is likely to be well done. The wife is, in every foreign country, the real active mistress of the house, in every class. She is the executive power, and has the entire responsibility, dividing it with no one. Her husband tells her at the outset how much she has to spend upon the keeping of the house, and, in whatever class of society she may happen to be placed, she looks to it that the sum be duly apportioned, spent to the utmost advantage, and that the largest amount of service be purchased from those who are hired to help in having the house well kept. The falseness of our system is, that it awards certain duties to those who have not the material time to attend to them, releasing from them those whose principal occupation they ought to be. "Accomplishments" are all very well, and a healthy appreciation of the beautiful everywhere helps to elevate women; but there is no earthly reason why, whilst studying music, painting, languages, or what not, they should not learn to govern their households, and get the largest amount of comfort for their husbands out of their income. Again, one of the worst forms which that social evil a "fear of the world" can take is, when it makes a woman extravagant and ostentatious, because she is afraid to look poorer than her neighbour; or no richer than she is. She must live in a fashionable neighbourhood—fashionable, at least comparatively, and always a stage above her rightful standing-place; she must organize her household on the same apparent scale as those of the richer among her friends;

in a word, she must make the same appearance, though her husband has not half the income of theirs, and her family has to suffer in all the essentials of the home life. With such a woman as this the whole of life is a sham ; a hiding away within doors of all the tags and ends of shabbiness, that the world outside may receive a false impression, and give her credit for an income which she has not got, and which every one who cares to think knows she has not got. Oh, the pitiful folly and meanness of this kind of life!—the misery that follows on this fatal “fear of the world!”—the ruined homes, the degraded lives, the energies and powers debased to the mere bolstering up of lies, which this passion for appearance has engendered. We have all seen instances of the like, humiliating and lamentable beyond words, but for the most part impossible to reform. A terror of the world is, no doubt, excellent as one of the bases of society, but it is bad when of such servile excess of practice that freedom and individuality are crushed beneath it. Most noble is that type of womanhood which considers no cause more righteous than that of the honest, independent support of self, or of those nearest in blood and affection, and for these objects, and these only, relies upon the aid and favour, and despises the malice and uncharitableness of the world.

To return, however, to the original question, what are educated women to do to earn a subsistence? A few years since Miss Bessie Parkes was among the first to energetically review the subject, and has shown us by what means they are thrown upon the world to get their daily bread. After alluding to the theory in civilized life, that the women of the upper and middle classes are supported by their male relatives, daughters by their fathers, wives by their husbands, she says : “ If a lady has to work for her livelihood, it is universally considered to be a misfortune—an exception to the ordinary rule. All good fathers wish to provide for their daughters ; all good husbands think it their bounden duty to keep their wives. All our laws are framed strictly in accordance with this hypothesis, and all our social axioms adhere to it more strictly still. We make no room in our social framework for any other idea ; and in no moral or practical system do the exceptions more lamentably and thoroughly prove the rule. Women of the lower class may work, must work in the house, if not out of it. But among us, it is judged best to carefully train the woman as the moraliser, the refiner, the spiritual element.” Miss Parkes then proves the existence of the distress resulting from this artificial system, and after enumerating a few sad scenes, thus proceeds : “ Here you see are ten cases of most deplorable destitution, arising from the most ordinary causes. Would to God there were anything remarkable in them ! but fathers fail, and brothers speculate every day, and the orphan nephews and nieces are left to the unmarried as a legacy from the beloved dead. There is nothing unusual here ; and it is also amply proved that the savings of the average governess cannot support her in her old age. The very highest class of governess is highly paid, just because there are so few ; if the number increased they would not command great salaries ; and the pittance accorded to the average is an irrefragable fact. Surely, then, in a country

where the chances of provision for women are so fearfully uncertain, parents in the middle classes ought, firstly, to train their daughters to some useful art, however humble ; and, secondly, to repress all desire of forcing them into tuitioe because it is mere "genteel" " Miss Parkes is right here. It is one of the vices of our middle-class society that there is a constant searching after the genteel. This weakness has wrecked more hearts than we should like to enumerate. Even in the lower strata of the society in question, there is an irreverest disregard for laborious work ; hence the overcrowding of various branches of industry. Our best mechanics come from the lower ranks, because with them soiling their hands is neither considered a disgrace nor distasteful. The men who fight our battles by land and sea, who cross the ocean and the earth to found mighty empires, regard labour as the best of blessings. Give us, as "Caviare," in his poem of "The People," exultantly demands,

" Give us, instead of puling rank,
Rich-scented, plumed, and curled,
The tinker boy, who makes his tools
Clash marches round the world !"

We are not, however, to be understood as advocating any displacement of labour proper to men ; we say, let women have women's work, and men pursue those callings which require higher skill and greater strength than women usually possess. We only contend, that the unequal distribution of work of a light kind presses with undue severity upon female labour. We also urge that the morbid craving for the "genteel" by lads and young men, and the foolish, if not criminal, encouragement of it by their parents, materially contributes to the depression of educated female labour, and by its pernicious example inflicts a serious injury on society at large. Already, however, thanks to the unwearied and unselfish exertions of Miss Parkes and Miss Emily Faithful, their staffs of energetic and willing *collaborateurs*, and the hearty co-operation of the Press, the great social question regarding the true mission of woman and the amelioration of her present anomalous position, has been argued with such ability and deliberation, that we see everything to anticipate its ultimate and satisfactory solution. We have but to add, in conclusion, that it will be rather surprising if, for the future, any dameel will be found in the Irish metropolis ignorant of French and Italian, and perhaps of Hindustani and Arabic, when all that is necessary to acquire a knowledge of such accomplishments is to fetch the daily material for their disinterested preceptor's cuisine, and hand him pens, ink, and stationery.

FLOWERS FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

SONG OF A SEA-FLOWER OF THE PACIFIC.

"And thou,
Ione, shall sing us fragments of sea music."—SHELLEY.

On the laughing wave of the Summer sea,
When its azure breast is glowing,
And the wind in the south sings merrily,
My floating leaves are blowing;
I left the land where I loved to dwell
For the Summer sea and my mermaid's cell.

Oh ! I love the sea and its marvels vast,
Its storms and its Winter glory,
When it mounts the sky, while the northern blast
Sweeps wild through its billows hoary;
I left the land, where I loved to dwell,
For the deep, deep sea, and my mermaid's cell.

The monstrous form of the mighty whale
I gaze upon in wonder;
But I fear the scale of the shark's war mail,
As he rushes my broad leaves under;
I have left the land, that I once loved well,
For the deep sea-wave and my mermaid's cell.

The nautilus comes, with his oary feet,
And paddles around me, playing,
And the flying fish, ere she soars to greet
Some Peri of ocean straying,
From his deep sea-home, where his love doth sleep
On her amber couch, which the sea-birds weep.

And the Halcyon broods o'er my rocking breast,
As she dreams of the coming storm;
And the beautiful Dolphin loves to rest
Beneath my sheltering form.
Oh ! who would love on the land to dwell,
The sea for me, and my mermaid's cell !

And when coming eve o'er the western wave
Spreads a sheet of golden splendour,
My mermaid leaves her coral cave,
For the mild light, calm and tender;
And she sings to me, "Hast thou come to dwell
With thy mermaid love, in her coral cell ?"

The phosphor gleams of the midnight deep,
 As some bark through the water dashing,
 Play o'er my couch, and illume my sleep,
 Like sunbursts round me flashing ;
 I have left the land that I loved so well,
 Oh ! the sea for me—to the land farewell !

I am kissed by the lips of the morning sun,
 As he peers o'er the eastern waters,
 I am kissed ev'ry eve when his course is run
 Ere he sleeps with our ocean daughters ;
 Oh ! who would love on the land to dwell,
 Yes, the sea for me—to the land farewell !

Often my mermaid sings a wild song,
 As she braids her hair at even,
 While the answering echoes' sweet ding dong
 Peal soft as the bells of heaven ;
 And up thro' the wave, from the Triton's shell,
 A dirge I hear—'tis the mariner's knell !

Farewell to thee land and thy lovely flowers,
 Which I love with affection true ;
 Now I bloom for the sea, live in gem-wreathed boweras,
 Floral beauties of earth, adieu !
 Oh ! flowers of my youth, farewell ! fare ye well !
 Hark ! my mermaid is calling—adieu—farewell !

SONG OF THE WHITE ROSE OF GREECE.

" 'Come back, thou dearest one;
 Return, ah, me ! return !' the wind passed by
 On which those accents died, faint, far, and lingeringly."

SHELLEY.

THE pale-faced flower that beauty loves
 When beauty's in distress—
 It looks as it would share her woe,
 That woe without redress.
 The flower of silent, suffering love,
 That patient flower am I,
 My sweetest song in gayest hour
 Breathes something of a sigh.

The cheerful strains of morning birds,
 Sweet sounds of one delight,
 Less please me than the plaintive song
 That charms the list'ning night.

I'd rather see the meek, fond dove,
 Than the proud eagle fly;
 And more I love the light of eve
 Than glare of noonday sky.

Thy peerless blush, bright sister mine,
 So beautiful to see,
 Hath in mine eyes less loveliness
 Than the milk-white lillie.
 Upon this grave, 'mid fun'ral flow'rs,
 I hang my stainless head,
 An emblem of the purity
 Of the sweet virgin dead.

She loved me well, that gentle one,
 And the cold winter thro'
 She sheltered me from storm and rain,
 Till skies were warm and blue.
 Her mother on that grave hath wept,
 And cried, "come, darling, come;"*
 One answering sigh the young betrothed
 Implored, but she was dumb.

And she is gone. Shall all things fair
 Fade so and leave no trace?
 And only I, the White Rose flower,
 Now mark her resting place!
 The flower of silent, suffering love,
 That patient flower am I;
 My sweetest song in gayest hour,
 Breathes something of a sigh.

JOHN DUGGAN.

DEAD RECKONING.

A PLEA FOR THE LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

THE shivering citizens who hurry homewards in these wet and cold November nights, and deem it a hardship to be of necessity exposed to the inclemency of a dreary season, are really by no means so badly off as they are accustomed to suppose. Indeed, the many thousands engaged in mercantile or literary pursuits, having stated hours of labour, and knowing precisely

* In parts of Greece a beautiful and affecting superstition is yet observed at the burial of a young female. The mother, or it may be the betrothed, approaches her grave, and in order to ascertain if she be really dead, pronounces in a voice of the most touching entreaty, the simple words, "λαλε, λαλε," ("come, come.") If she remains deaf to this pathetic appeal no doubt exists that the virgin is indeed dead.

when their day's work will be ended, are extremely fortunate people, as they would admit if they could be induced to contrast their lot with that of others. The professional man can scarcely ever calculate upon having an evening left free to devote to his own private purposes. The barrister does not earn his guineas simply by making a ten minutes' speech in a court of law, and the journalist or author may deem himself lucky if he can lay aside the pen when evening closes in, and not be compelled to carry his work home. Everybody knows that a doctor is common prey; he may be aroused at any period of the night, and required to hasten from his bed into the foggy streets, in order to prescribe for some one whom he has never seen before. But what are such trials of patience compared with those which, a class of whom we hear very little, are continually obliged to endure? The newspapers contain almost daily a column with some such title as "Disastrous Storm," or "Loss of Life at Sea," and the inhabitants of inland districts may glance down it at the beginning of the winter season, vaguely pitying those who "go down to the sea in ships;" but, after a time, the reports are passed over unread, and events of apparently greater importance absorb the attention. The news of to-day is well nigh forgotten before to-morrow's paper is unfolded. The occurrences that immediately concern ourselves and our own interests exclude from the mind almost every other topic. A cross little sweetheart, a sick wife or child, an unprofitable investment, a misfortune in business, a bad tenant, a disobliging landlord, a printer's devil with a summons for "copy," or a smoky chimney are troubles that affect us individually more closely than the most tragic story we have read in the journal of the day, and we are at once immersed in our own cares and anxieties. Happily, there are many unselfish persons who have the means as well as the opportunity of doing good, and who are habitually compassionate towards those who stand in need of sympathy and aid; but there is a great deal of intense selfishness in the world notwithstanding. There are persons who, from time to time, risk their own lives to save others, and whose very calling it is to undertake this mission, and yet it is found no easy matter to raise sufficient funds wherewith to pay their insignificant wages. The records of the "National Life-Boat Institution" furnish irresistible evidence of this truth, in the inadequate response made to its periodical appeals for help.

What a terrible earnestness there is in the perils our mariners undergo; how suggestive is such a statement of the agony of relatives at home! Visions of starvation in open boats, upon the bastily constructed raft, of destitution upon the barren rock, of captivity and death amongst savage tribes of men, haunt the imagination, which seeks relief in the hope, that the misery of the seamen ended when their ships were lost. A catalogue of maritime disasters, may not at first appear to be an interesting document, yet it will be found to possess, in addition to its statistical importance, that melancholy but fascinating charm, which unavailing but courageous efforts always inspire in generous minds. We read with peculiar avidity all narratives of losses of ships at sea, from the period when Defoe

wrote his "Robinson Crusoe," down to the last "Dreadful Wreck in the English Channel." And it seems that we are not likely to lack a supply of this stimulant for the future. The "National Life-Boat Institution" furnishes us quarterly with a sort of log-book of its proceedings, called after the gallant craft which it launches and supports with such unwearied industry and zeal. To the ordinary reader this register, like one of those azure volumes printed by order of the House of Commons for the information of Parliament, may appear sufficiently dry and bald, all sentiment being sacrificed to statistics, yet no chapter in Dampier, Anson, or Cook, contains a more instructive or interesting tale. The "Wreck Chart of the British Isles for 1861," compiled from the Board of Trade Register, which accompanies it, supplies of itself a world of information, which may well startle the steady landsman who sits over his November fire, and perhaps gives only a casual thought to those who are traversing the world of waters, exposed to casualties which cannot be well conceived by the denizens of cities.

Glancing over the ably-drawn up, and elaborately collated statistics of the Board of Trade, as shown in the "Wreck Chart" accompanying the "Life-Boat Journal," published last month, we find the melancholy fact that last year 1,494 shipwrecks occurred on British shores, from which 884 human beings are known to have perished. This number of wrecks in 1861, is in itself startling, but how much more so is it when we find that it exceeds the number during any of the preceding nine years, and that it is by 260 in excess, of the annual average of the last six years, the chart clearly defining the locality, where each casualty occurred, and the number of lives sacrificed by it. The statistics of these disasters are as follow:—in 1855, 1,141; 1856, 1,153; 1857, 1,143; 1858, 1,170; 1859, 1,416; 1860, 1,379; 1861, 1,494. A natural sequence of the increase of vessels wrecked, is the increase of lives lost. "It is," says our authority, "a continual, if not an ever-increasing one. The drain on our sailors and fishermen goes on year after year, notwithstanding all the benevolent and strenuous efforts made at the present day, to stay the ravage. The sea is dreadfully exacting in its demands; and, season after season, when the equinoctial gales blow, when the winter sets in, or when the summer, as our last one did, yields to the temporary, but powerful influence of storms, our shores are converted into altars, on which the Ocean offers his victims. It is unlikely that we shall ever effectually obtain the mastery over the waves; but even at this moment, we are able to contend successfully with them, in their blind efforts to swallow up life, against our endeavours to save. If, for instance, during 1861, eight hundred and eighty-four people lost their lives on our coasts by shipwreck, yet no less than *four thousand six hundred and twenty-four* were directly saved from such a fate. The whole number makes up a considerable fleet of seamen—men for whom, perhaps, in moments of national emergency, we would give any money—and many of these were preserved under the most perilous circumstances by the craft of the National Life-Boat Association." The estimated loss on the 1,494 wrecks which occurred on the coasts and in the seas of the United Kingdom,

in 1861, is upwards of one million sterling—a damage far overbalanced by the loss of the valuable lives who also perished with the ships. It may be adduced as an illustration of the invaluable services of the Life-Boat Institution, the Board of Trade, and other kindred bodies, that during the past six years alone, 16,119 persons have been saved from shipwrecks by means of the life-boats, the life-preserving apparatus, shore-boats, and other appliances, as the annexed list shows : In 1856, 2,243 ; 1857, 1,668 ; 1858, 1,555 ; 1859, 2,382 ; 1860, 3,697 ; 1861, 4,624. Since its formation, the Institution has been instrumental, by its life-boats and other means, in saving 12,680 lives ; and having now 179 life-boats, it requires, we need scarcely say, a large annual income to meet the demands upon its priceless services. Of this number of craft, we find there are 137 stationed in England, 20 in Scotland, and 22 in Ireland. The Ballast Corporation of Dublin having requested the Institution to undertake the management of the three life-boat stations of Dublin Bay, viz., at Kingstown, Howth, and Poolbeg, and their request having been acceded to, three new life-boats, with transporting-carriages, have been recently supplied and fully equipped. The Ballast Corporation will contribute £50 annually towards the cost of these establishments, leaving the Institution to collect the remainder of the sum necessary for their efficient maintenance, and for the quarterly exercise of their crews and their coxwains' salaries, from the inhabitants of Dublin. That it is not in the power of man to avert the storm, nor prevent the occurrence of wreck and violent death at sea, we are all aware, but it is our duty, to quote the words of the "Life-Boat Journal," to strive for safety, to continue to wrestle hard with danger, to confine disaster and death within the narrowest limits which human efforts can impose upon them. We are certain that there is no necessity to appeal to our countrymen for an adequate response to the periodical appeals for help of an Institution which is so universal in its practical exercise of benevolence and humanity, that it may be said to have adopted for its motto—"For one—for all!"

There is another subject in connection with the National Life-Boat Institution, to which we would briefly advert. There are no braver men in the whole kingdom than the crews of their boats ; there are none whom the generosity of the public is so slow in reaching. The cause of the latter circumstance is not hard to find. Life-boat men are stationed only on the roughest parts of the coast, and they are so remote as a rule from large towns, as to be almost completely lost sight of. Their most daring achievements—and it is wonderful how daring these men are—found no more than a curt acknowledgment in the columns or a provincial paper, until the secretary of the Life-Boat Institution was at the pains to furnish the journals with gratuitous paragraphs and articles, describing any event of interest. Yet many hundreds of lives are saved every year by these crews, and it has been estimated that these lives cost the Institution no greater sum than one pound each ! It unfortunately happens, however, that the noble fellows who leave the shore in the midst of storm and darkness, to hattle their way through the wild waves to men, women, and children,

clinging desperately to a broken wreck, sometimes perish in their hazardous undertaking, and how many besides those in the immediate locality of the catastrophe care to inquire what becomes of the bereaved families? In a country where an enormous amount of money is annually bestowed on charitable institutions, it is strange that such an evil as this should be left uncorrected. It would not be difficult to insure some provision for the families of the life-boat men, who were swallowed up in the grave from which they attempted to rescue others. Their lives, we may be sure, are as precious to their kindred as those they endeavoured to save. The winds of this present November may be fraught with bitter memories to many aching widowed hearts, and many a cheerless home, depending for bare subsistence on the uncertain charity of strangers. Is it right that there should be no effort made to diminish this misery, no interest manifested in the affairs of men, whose adventurous lives are spent in rescuing their fellow-creatures from the jaws of death, and in preventing such scenes as that limned in Charles Kingsley's exquisite ballad of the "Three Fishers?"

"Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning."

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning."

As concerns the welfare of our fishing craft, coasters, and sea-going vessels, the system of meteorological telegraphy so ingeniously devised by Admiral Fitzroy, and which gives warnings, or cautionary notices of gales of wind, or storms, thus placing them on their guard, or preventing them putting out to sea, has been attended with the most efficacious results. It is a significant fact of the general spread of education, and of the spirit of inquiry at the present day, that no event of any moment at all passes away unnoticed. Even what, at this time of the year, cannot be unexpected, a heavy storm, attracts the public attention far and wide. Storms are not regarded, as in the plenitude of ignorance they once were, as visitations and punishments for the iniquity of man, but they are looked upon as natural

phenomena, which, for wise and good purposes, have been designed to accomplish beneficial ends ; and if these phenomena are productive of loss of life and property, or injury to mankind, science is properly called on to predict their occurrence, and to devise means of escape or salvation. Science is expected to warn, that the danger may be avoided, and to find efficacious means of help for those who need it, when danger overtakes them. Thus it is, in this busy world of ours, some of the men of science are expected to be watchers and warners, and to look to the safety of the general workers on shore or at sea. As the sentry to the army in the field, so the meteorologist should be to the concourse of sailors on the fickle sea. It is he that should look out afar, and sound the warning in time. Any person who crosses Carlisle-bridge may observe, rising above the roof of the office of the Ballast Board, at the corner of Westmoreland-street, a yard or staff, with a halyard attached. From this tackle are suspended, as warnings to the vessels lying in the Liffey, the storm-signals of Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, adopted by the Board of Trade, and now in use all round the coasts of the United Kingdom, as well as abroad. It would be hardly possible, without the aid of a diagram, to convey anything like a correct impression of the manner in which this apparatus is worked. We may observe, however, that in addition to the staff and halyard, it consists of a drum and a truncated cone. When the meteorological instruments, under the personal supervision of the Admiral in London, foretel important changes of weather, the result is immediately telegraphed to every signal station, and precautionary measures at once taken. Thus, when a gale is anticipated from the northward, the cone, apex upwards, is hoisted half-mast high ; for one from the southward an inverted cone is similarly elevated. When it is likely that a succession of gales may be looked for, the drum is suspended at the same altitude, while for dangerous winds, probably at first from the northward, the drum surmounted by a cone, apex upwards, is used, and the exact reverse for winds from the southward. For night signals, lights in triangle or square lanterns are employed instead of the drum and cone. The system of Admiral Fitzroy is still but a tentative experiment, but each month has hitherto added useful facts, and increased our acquaintance with the difficult, though not uncertain, varieties of the subject. Meteorology is in a very early state as a science, and the practical arrangements for rendering it useful are not so wide-spread nor so complete as hereafter, with longer experience, they will be. In some places, because the storm signals have sometimes been displayed without the anticipated bad results following, sailors, misled by their characteristic feelings, have become inclined to slight their warnings. But in this they are not justified, for storms will often take a cyclone course, and leaving untouched certain geographical areas, may sometimes make it seem that the storm signals might have been hoisted in mistake. It does not follow that they should interfere arbitrarily with the movements of vessels, and that these are to remain waiting to avoid a gale that, after all, may not happen. All that the cautionary signals imply is the necessity for their being on their guard, and prepared for any emergency,

" For storms are sudden, and waters deep."

Defective as Admiral Fitzroy's meteorological telegraphy may yet be, it has, without question, proved an invaluable aid to the work of the National Life-Boat Institution, and a desideratum, the advantages of which it would be impossible to overrate, to the cause of "those who go down to the sea in ships."

The picture presented by the statistics of the National Life-Boat Institution is altogether very dark and sad. It has nobly led the van in the interests of a noble purpose, but there is abundant evidence that the work so well begun is still incomplete. If our readers think so, let them assist to *build the life-boat*, and launch it on its errand of mercy; to *man the life-boat*, by remembering the gallant men who "with a will" bend to its oars and share its perils, and when the storm hurtles harmlessly against their walls, and the rain dashes against their panes, keening and sobbing, as it were, for the fate of those at sea, how pleasant must the reflection be, that they have through the seething breakers held out the hand of help and rescue to their perishing fellow-man, and enabled him to make a home-circle as happy and thankful by his presence, as it would have been desolate and tearful had there been a "Dead Reckoning."

LOST AND FOUND.

THE mysteries of every-day life are called realities because of their frequency, and in consequence of their close connection with us, we imagine that we know and understand them. Remove some of those things which have come under our immediate notice to another place remote, and they assume all the characteristics of fiction and romance on account of the difference of habits and manners from ourselves, of those to whom they have reference. The world in which we live is to us a sealed book, through the cumbersome and moth-eaten covers of which we seek in vain to read these pages in which are written great and mighty truths. Time and experience, that should be the two great expounders, are the covers of the book, and human passion and prejudice the seals set upon its pages, not to be removed. Men and women act in the world, in matters of vital importance, as if they had no predecessors, or that no traveller trod the paths which they pursue through life, although the highways and by-paths which lead to good or evil have been travelled by countless millions, passed away and forgotten, save in the land-marks which they have made on their journeys, and which are disregarded or unseen by the many wayfarers who follow in their footsteps. Errors that have been occurring from natural causes, year after year, and day after day for centuries, come on people with surprise; and vice and depravity, ending in disaster and misery, are regarded as a misfortune, instead of a positive and necessary consequence.

In the beginning of July, in the year which closed the last century, as the evening drew towards dusk, a tall, fashionably-dressed man entered the

pretty little town of R——, on foot. His wearied gait, and travel-soiled clothes, showed that he had walked far on that scorching day. Although his dress was shabby, there was an air and style of breeding about him that could be observed at a glance. His eyes were deep set, and of an uncertain grayish colour. The outlines of his face were sharp, and a hooked nose, and a firmly-compressed mouth, above which grew a formidable moustache, gave to him a semi-military air. The appearance of the stranger attracted the attention of numerous persons who sat in groups, or lolled over half-doors, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the evening. Shoals of idle urchins followed him, for the two fold object of asking for money and to gratify their curiosity, but their solicitations in regard to pecuniary affairs passed unheeded, and the object of their scrutiny silently and rapidly entered the small hostelrie of the village, the only one it could boast. "This way, sir," said Tim Slevin, who acted as groom, boots, and waiter, as he pointed to a long, dark room, covered with saw-dust, on the walls of which were tin sconces for holding candles on festive occasions. Ricketty forms stood ranged beside dirty tables that appeared never to have been washed, while the odour of gin and tobacco-smoke was most perceptible.

"I suppose you come a long way entirely, to-day, sir," continued Tim. "We would have the place clean and made up for your honour if the mistress knew you were coming, but you can go into the parlour when the guager and two other gentlemen are off, which wont be very long now, as they are 'half gone' already."

"How far is it from here to the large boarding-school for gentlemen?" inquired the stranger, unheeding Tim's garrulity.

"Not far at all, sir," replied Tim, who was taken quite by surprise at the prompt manner in which he was addressed. "It is not more than a mile off, and if you like I will show you the way and welcome. I hope you don't think I was too bould when I was spaking to you about the gauger?"

"I will go myself to the school presently, after I have had supper, which you will order at once," said the stranger.

"What would you like, sir, bacon and eggs, and tay, or milk punch, or if you could wait I will get you chops from Tim Daly, the butcher; he is not in bed yet, though he has to go to the fair at daylight in the morning?"

"Anything you have in the house will do me," observed the stranger, who could not help smiling at the self-imposed importance of Tim, whose round, red face, and serous blue eyes showed that the gauger and his friends were not the only persons who had been enjoying themselves at the "Two Rangers."

When the stranger was left alone he sank into a deep reverie, and as his piercing eyes gazed on vacancy, or into the past, he drew fantastic figures with a small cane, which he held in his hand, on the dirty saw-dust which covered the floor. Why be alone, Gerald Wayland—what joy or pleasure can you find in the past? yours has been a sad and bitter fate, and your presence was a curse to all who knew you!

There, in the fading light of the evening, the lonely and mysterious man sat. Vice and deep care had written their names on his brow, and notched with wrinkles his finely-formed, though sinister face. An outcast and a vagabond, he again returns, after many wanderings amidst the haunts of the outlawed and the abandoned, to blast the peace and happiness of those who did him no wrong—to throw his cold and icy shadow on those he had all but ruined. There he sat brooding and planning, and, through the gloom and darkness of his soul, ran the deep current of his thoughts, silently, though rapidly along, like a river through a cavern, uncheered by one gleam of light or sunshine.

When supper was ready, Gerald Wayland followed Tim into the room which the gauger and his friends had vacated, and where he was again left in solitude. He eat sparingly of the humble repast which was laid before him, as his eyes wandered from the yellow, cracked, and cobweb-festooned ceiling to the walls, on which hung crude-coloured prints in broken frames, and specimens of worsted work like a Chinese puzzle, wrought years upon years before by some worthy female ancestor of the proprietor of the "Two Rangers." An old portrait in oil, perforated by the walking-sticks of excited customers, hung over the mantel-piece, flanked by two circular old mirrors, which had been broken by convivial accident, but still continued to stick together, and, after the Venetian fashion, reflected one person's face in hundreds of expressions. The ancient mahogany chairs and tables, grown brown-black from age, were kept together at their rheumatic joints by strips of iron, nailed on by some village artificer. The old clock, with a bronze face and black hands, ticked as if it had bronchitis; and when it struck the hour it seemed to groan with a vehement hollowness too much for the impaired state of its constitution. Jaded by his travel, and having repasted, Wayland at length summoned Tim, by means of a small hand-bell, and, having ordered some brandy, desired that if a man dressed as a sailor asked for him he should be shown in.

"What name shall I say, sir?" asked Tim, giving a knowing look from beneath his eyes at his new customer.

"I see," said Wayland, remarking his hesitation. "How long is it since Captain Rentoul was here?"

Tim looked the picture of astonishment as Wayland continued—

"He may be here while I am absent; if so, tell him that I will be back within an hour or two."

As he passed out, after leaving Tim overwhelmed with surprise, he courteously saluted Mrs. Flannedy, who stood in a dark room off the hall, in which a few dirty-looking barrels and some long-necked bottles were ranged.

Mrs. Flannedy was a round, fat-faced woman, not far from her fiftieth year. She appeared to be nearly as broad as she was long. There was a knowing twinkle in her small gray eyes, which, like her nose, were sadly interfered with by her cheeks, around which was tied a red silk handkerchief. She had been for many years a widow, and was known to possess considerable wealth; but how it was acquired few persons knew, although

it was hinted more than once that she had many a good venture on the sea-coast, not more than a mile distant.

In a voice something like the croak of a jackdaw, she called for Tim after the stranger had taken his departure. Tim, having cunningly looked about him for the purpose of ascertaining if the stranger was gone, addressing his mistress, said :—

“ As sure as your name is Kitty Flannedy, that fellow gone out is up for mischief. He’s as knowing as a certain ould gentleman himself, and, from what he said, I think you ought to tell Jerry Dempsey never mind going down to the rocks with the ponies for the dhrane of brandy and the handful of tobacco. He knows all about it, and he knows the captain is to be here to-night. Sure he towid me, woman, to tell the captain (and he called him by his rale, right name too,) that he would be back soon.”

The colour in Mrs. Flannedy’s face went and came while Tim was making his statement, and, observing that he had excited the fears of his mistress, he continued—

“ ‘Tisn’t the thrifie you would be making on what you will run to-night, but all you ever made will be taken from ye. Instead of thrusting me, and keeping your mind to yourself, you were always telling your saycrets to them sailors, that were here to-day and away to-morrow. If the gaugers come to hear about it, Mr. Tim Slevin (that’s myself) will be a nice wheelbarrow. I tell you what it is, he made an offer to me before he went out, but I did not like it at first; but, now that I think on it, you ought to do it, for your own sake. What is it to me? but I would not like to see a lone, widdy oman like you wronged out of all you have.”

“ What did he ax you to do, Tim?” groaned Mrs. Flannedy; “ give him everything if he don’t run me !”

“ You need not give him everything, either,” replied Tim, who pretended to be deeply concerned. “ The way it was was this—he comes up to me, and sez he, ‘ Tim Slevin, I believe that’s your name, and you was always a friend to Mrs. Flannedy’ (maning you.) ‘ Tim Slevin is my name, sir,’ sez I, ‘ and was always doin’ my best to serve Mrs. Flannedy.’ ‘ I know you was,’ sez he; ‘ you need not say a word about that as every one knows that; but what I want of you is this,’ sez he, ‘ is to tell you that I know where all the tobacco is in the haggert, and where the brandy is, too.’ ”

Mrs. Flannedy groaned aloud, and wiped her face with the corner of her apron.

“ ‘The devil, you do,’ sez I,” continued Tim. “ I do,’ sez he, ‘ and more.’ ‘Don’t mind more,’ sez I. ‘ Well,’ sez he, ‘ get me a hundred guineys in goold from Mrs. Flannedy,’ sez he, ‘ and there will be no more about it, and if you don’t,’ sez he, ‘ as sure as she is your godmother, and your mothers’ double gossip, I will have all she has in the world saised, and have herself and yourself clapped into the body of the jail for high trayson. Don’t let any one know she is giving the money to you,’ sez he, ‘ it must be all a saycret.’ ”

"Will I give him the money, Tim?" asked Mrs. Flannedy, who was quite overcome by the intelligence which she had received.

"Give it, to be sure you will," replied Tim, "and if he should be speaking to you, don't you for your life say a word about it, or he will hand it back to you, and go off to the ganger and run us."

"An I bether give you the money now, before he comes back?" asked Mrs. Flannedy.

"To be sure you are," observed Tim, who was much afraid the return of the stranger would prevent him defrauding his mistress.

Mrs. Flannedy withdrew for a short time, and when she returned, she gave Tim a hundred guineas, rolled up in a portion of a stocking.

As Tim stowed away his prize, he observed, "Never welcome the spalpeen, to take this money from a poor, lone oman, but he won't be the bether of it ('I know he won't,' said Tim, under his teeth, 'for he will never get it,')" and he withdrew, impressing on his mistress the necessity of extreme caution.

When Wayland left the "Two Rangers," the summer moon was rising from piles of fleecy clouds, and threw its soft and solemn light over the still and beauteous landscape. All was at rest but the soul of the ruined and abandoned Gerald Wayland, who wended his way towards the school in which his son, his first born, slept near his many school-fellows in peaceful rest. The moonlight threw his shadow on the road as the wretched and broken-down outcast stood in a listening attitude, when he suddenly started at the sound of approaching footsteps. "Can this be Rentoul," thought he; "if so, he is over punctual."

"A fine night," said a gruff voice.

"It is," said Wayland, "but a bad one for our purpose, as I fear the moon will spoil everything."

"Nothing of the kind, fool; the crew of the "Charmer" will be here before we have our plans ready; what can a schoolmaster and his scholars do to rascals like you and me, with twelve armed men at our backs? Show them where the boy is, and I warrant you it won't be long before they will have him on board the "Charmer"—no backing out now, I know you have pluck—do you remember the time you threw the exciseman over the cliff, when we were running the brandy yonder?"

"Speak low," said Wayland; "I have been informed the boy sleeps in the large room to the right of the hall-door; you may, Rentoul, know very well how to manage a vessel in bad weather, but the job before us requires more caution than you think. If we fail in this attempt we are lost."

"How much would your wife give for the boy, suppose we capture him?" asked the person addressed as Rentoul.

"All that she possesses in the world," replied Wayland, on whose face a scowl of malice settled down like a cloud, as he added—"She will not approve of my being the moral guardian of her son, through whom I will make her and her mother open their purse strings."

Rentoul was a thin, hard-featured man, apparently about forty years of age. His face bore a most forbidding aspect, owing to a sabre-cut

which had divided his nose and deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes. He was dressed in the garb of a sailor, and although the air was warm and balmy, he wore a large red muffler round his neck. In his early days, he had been apprenticed to the sea from a Scotch port. When still young, he picked up with the crew of a smuggler, and the calling had so many attractions for him that he devoted all his energies to improve his own fortunes by defrauding the revenue. By the profits of a few successful trips he succeeded in realizing as much as enabled him to purchase the "Charmer," and commenced business on his own account. He made the acquaintance of Wayland some years before, when he gave him a passage to Rotterdam, at a time when he was pursued by the officers of the law, on a charge of forgery.

"I hear the men coming," observed Rentoul; "they are knowing rascals, how quiet they keep their tongues—they know there's a prize ahead, and they are as canny as if they were running a freight of brandy under the wake of a cruiser."

"That is the proper way; all must be done quietly, but no violence to the boy, for that would ruin all," said Wayland, in whom still lingered the expiring embers of his early good nature and affection—all but extinguished by vicious associations.

"No fear of violence," replied Rentoul, "and as for quiet, look at these lambs," as he pointed to seven desperate looking fellows, who now stood in a group, under the shadow of an old tree which overhung the road.

A low hissing sound from Rentoul, brought the new comers around him. They presented more the appearance of the representations of pirates, to be seen in pictures, than of sailors. Brown from exposure to storm and sunshine, the skin on their faces resembled leather. They wore loose caps of various colours, and red woollen shirts were substituted for the blue jackets. Their legs were encased in high jack-boots, which were adopted for the purpose of enabling them to wade under a load in shallow water, and to protect their feet and legs from sharp rocks and shingle, when bearing a cargo to the shore.

Addressing a few words to his crew, Rentoul joined Wayland, and after a brief conversation, the latter opened a wicker gate, through which he entered, followed by his associates. For some time they moved along in the shadow of a hedge, and then at a quicker pace entered the open field or lawn, which surrounded the mansion. It had formerly been the family residence of a country gentleman, of ample fortune, as it was supposed, but who in reality became only the inheritor of debts accumulated by his ancestors for generations. It was one of those quaint old fabrics, built of red brick, with high pitched roof, and lofty gables, surmounted by huge chimneys. The ancient-fashioned windows were nearly level with the walls exteriorly, and were furnished with numerous small panes of murky-looking glass. The pleasureance was now a play ground, but there still remained about it evidences of its having once been well cared for. Ornamental trees and shrubs arrived at an honourable old age, though hacked and broken by juvenile mischief, spoke of the

old pleasure in its palmy days, before Rock Lodge was sold to Mr. Roberts, the principal of the seminary. Charles Wayland had been placed at this establishment by his mother some months before, and as he had the reputation of being the heir to a large fortune, he was treated with more than ordinary respect by the principal. He was a fine, intelligent boy, of about thirteen years of age, and bore a strange resemblance to his wretched father, who now, with Reatoul and his crew, were crouching beneath one of the windows of the apartment in which the boy slept. Opening a window with the greatest caution, Wayland beckoned his associates to draw nearer, and raising himself on his hands, in a minute was in a large dormitory, occupied by dreamers, tired from their day's studies and pastimes. Here he stood for a while attentively, and having satisfied himself that all in the apartment, save himself, were slumbering, he went direct to the bed where his son was sleeping, proving that he had received correct information from some person conversant with the internal arrangements of the school. Wayland had been within the house for about five minutes, when those outside heard a stifled scream, and immediately after Wayland almost threw himself from the window, with his son in his arms. All within the house was terror and alarm. Mr. Roberts and his usher stood pictures of amazement. A considerable time elapsed before Charles Wayland was missed, as no one ever dreamed that their unexpected midnight visitants had another object in view beyond robbing the house of any valuables which it contained. When Mr. Roberts discovered the real state of affairs, he almost lost his reason. Messengers were despatched in every direction, but they all returned stating that they could not glean the slightest tidings of the boy, or of those who bore him away.

"What shall I say to his mother?" said Roberts "after all the caution she gave me not to let her son out of my sight—and to allow him to be stolen out of my house. I must leave for town at once."

There was no sleep at Rock Lodge for the rest of the night, and at an early hour next morning Mr. Roberts was on his way to Dublin.

When Wayland joined his associates he gave the boy, who was palsied with terror, to Reatoul, exclaiming—"There is not a moment to be lost; follow me for the coast through the fields." The desperate band of ruffians ran for some time, but perceiving they were not pursued, they began to walk leisurely along a by-path which led to the rock-bound shore. The boy, who had now partially recovered from his terror, began to weep bitterly and call for help.

"I am your father," said Wayland, "and you will be safe with me. I am going to take you on a short cruise in a nice yacht lying yonder; but if you are not silent you will regret the consequences." The child became almost convulsed, as he tried to suppress his emotion, and he arrived more dead than alive on the rocks which overhung the place where the "Charmer" rose and fell to the rumbling waves that tumbled to the shore. She was a small vessel, schooner rigged, and very low in the water. The wind was blowing gently from the south-east, and the declining moon threw a faint glimmer across the sea, on which nothing was to be seen afloat.

"Charmer, ahoy!" called Rentoul, in a deep, low voice, and the almost immediate splashing of oars told that a boat was making for the shore, rowed by two men of the same character as those whom we have already introduced to the reader, and who were now standing with Wayland, his son, and Rentoul on the narrow, shelving strand between the rocks and the sea. As the man who pulled the bow oar stood up, with boat-hook in hand to "fend off," Rentoul asked in a low voice, "Did Mrs. Flannedy send down her people to take the cargo home?"

"It is safe at her place these four hours, sir," replied the sailor; "about twenty ponies and two carts did the work lively, and her man Slevin, who was drunk, I brought aboard for fear of danger, as he was getting on with all kinds of nonsense; besides, I was afraid he had been peaching, as he had a bag full of guineas, which he was showing to the lubbers that were with him. So I stowed him away in the boat, and when I got him aboard, put him in the forecastle, and closed the hatch on, but not till I got to windward of his shiners, which are in your cabin."

"We are in luck to-night, boys," said Rentoul, "and we must be well to sea before daylight, so we had better get the young gentleman into the boat as quickly as possible."

What deep sorrow and heart desolation was expressed in the face of the poor boy as he was taken, by rough and desperate men, he knew not whither! He wept bitterly as the boat dashed rapidly through the water to the schooner. In a short time all were on board, and Charles seated himself on the carriage of a long swivel-gun that was run out below the taffrail, and wept as if his heart would break. The canvas was hoisted with the greatest alacrity, and the head of the "Charmer" slowly paid round to seaward. As she began to feel the breeze she went through the sea like a witch, and the crew lounged about the deck smoking, while they enjoyed the narrative of the capture of Tim Slevin and his money. This worthy, on being liberated from his prison in the hold, ascended to the deck and threw a look of unutterable amazement around him when he discovered, for the first time, that he was at sea. He broke out into a paroxysm of self-accusations, in which he admitted that he deserved being transported for having robbed his aunt, and for belying the fine gentleman that he met the night before. Tim's explanation of the way he came by the hundred guineas elevated him considerably in the estimation of all on board, and relieved him from the suspicion of being an informer to the excise. But Tim's misfortune had only commenced, as up to the present the sea was comparatively smooth, with a brisk gaff-topsail breeze blowing steadily.

Giving directions to keep the vessel close to the land, Rentoul descended to the cabin, which was very large for a vessel of such small proportions as the "Charmer." A number of lockers, the covers of which served for seats, surrounded the apartment, and above these were four berths, in one of which poor little Charley was fast asleep, forgetful for a while of his first sorrow. A self-balancing lamp hung from the centre of the top light above a table, at which Gerald Wayland sat with his face buried in his hands. He started as if from a dream as Rentoul entered,

and assuming an air of carelessness, observed, "We are getting fine weather, and I hope you will have no difficulty in putting me ashore to-night, as I must see my wife as soon as possible, to make terms with her about our boy there," pointing to the berth where Charley was sleeping. "I expect to make five thousand of the transaction, half which shall be yours, the rest mine," and his heavy bloodshot eyes fell beneath the fixed gaze of Rentoul.

The latter, as he bent forward to where Wayland was sitting said, "I know you to be treacherous and deceitful—stare not, you know what I say is the truth. You know too many of my secrets, and I feel an interest in you on that account, but, perhaps, I would not have the advantage of enjoying so much of your company if it was safe for you to be much ashore. You are my debtor to a large amount, the hard-earned money which I lent, you gambled and squandered in Holland. You can go ashore and see your wife, but it is *I* who shall be paid for delivering up the boy, he goes not ashore with you, he can remain on board till you release him. It is clear that you do not know David Rentoul."

Wayland grew ashy pale, and Rentoul seeing his advantage continued : "I will put no obstacle in the way of your hanging yourself, but I will not allow you to keep me longer as your dupe and your fool. I will make a short trip this voyage, perhaps to Brest or Havre, and will be off the Wicklow coast within a fortnight. You know where you can hear from me."

"If the boy comes with me matters can be managed more easily," observed Wayland, quailing beneath the searching look of Rentoul, who appeared to have been weighing matters cautiously, for he rose from his seat and laying his right hand on Wayland's shoulder said, "I will put you ashore safe to-night, and I will keep this craft on and off the land for two days, which will be ample time for you to return after having done your business." Wayland, seeing that he had no alternative assented, and he went on deck accompanied by Rentoul, leaving the boy alone asleep.

The wind had freshened considerably as the day advanced, and a heavy sea was running as the schooner stood close hauled for the land. Tim Slevin, who was undergoing all the horrors of sea-sickness, stood near the weather fore-shrouds, the most miserable of mortals. The heavy rolling of the vessel awoke Charley to misery, and Rentoul and his father having failed to comfort him, Jervis took him forward amongst the crew. The sailors, with their old and well-known affection for children, soon assisted in pacifying their young acquaintance, and succeeded so well that he forgot all his cares and was soon at home in the centre of his rough companions. He always exhibited fear when his father approached him, and he was in consequence permitted to take up his quarters in the forecastle with the sailors, who seemed delighted with their young messmate.

The evening was far advanced as the schooner neared a bold headland that jutted out into the sea, and a sharp look out was kept from fear of breakers. The sun had set for some time, and in the dim twilight the head

sails of the schooner were taken in, and the rumbling of the chain cable told that one of the anchors had been let go. One of her boats was quickly lowered, and two sailors having taken their places at the oars waited for Wayland and Tim Slevin, who were to be put ashore.

"I think," said Rentoul, addressing Wayland, "this would be as good a place as you could select to signal us when you return, but don't be longer away than this time the night after next, as it would be more than dangerous to remain about here longer."

"If you let the boy come with me it would be better," said Wayland; "you do not fear that I will not return?"

"Hear me," replied Rentoul, "I have given you my answer, and if you are not here at the time I have fixed, I simply go to sea without you, and you can enjoy the company of some of your legal friends who, you are aware, would give much to renew your acquaintance."

"I will be here at the time you have fixed," said Wayland, moodily, as he stepped over the side, and, accompanied by Tim Slevin, took his seat in the stern of the boat, which was rocking violently with the motion of the sea. As Slevin held on by the gunwale of the boat, Rentoul told him to inform his aunt that he would be in R—— within a fortnight, when he expected she would square her accounts, and Tim was so overjoyed at the prospect of getting ashore, promised to do what he was directed. After a hard pull he and Wayland were safely landed, and no sooner had he put his foot on the shore than he scrambled over rocks and boulders till he reached the main road, and started at a rapid pace for his aunt's residence at R——. When the boat returned, the schooner was not long in getting under weigh, and Wayland, who had lingered on the shore, proceeded to meet the mail coach for Dublin.

Late in the evening of the day that Mr. Rogers left his school at Rock Lodge, he arrived in the metropolis, and filled with the most serious apprehension, he proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Wayland, situated in a fashionable part of the city. He knocked at the hall-door, and, being known to the servant, was immediately admitted to the presence of Mrs. Wayland and her mother. Before he had time to open his lips, Mrs. Wayland ran towards him and catching him by the hand exclaimed, "I hope nothing has happened Charles?"

"No madam," replied Rogers, trembling from head to foot; "some persons broke into the dormitory of my institution last night, and carried off my dearest pupil—your son!"

Mrs. Wayland heard no more, and uttering a piercing shriek fell prostrate on the ground. Her affectionate mother, who was nearly as much overcome as her daughter by what she had just heard, with the assistance of Rogers, raised the insensible lady from the floor and placed her on a sofa. A considerable time elapsed before she recovered her consciousness, and when she awoke to misery she seemed as if her reason was forsaking her. When she had in some way recovered from the fearful shock she had received, she accused herself for having allowed her boy from under her roof. "It would have been better," said she, "that he had died

than to have fallen into the hands of that terrible man—that fiend in human shape."

"Whom do you mean, Hester?" asked Mrs. Stanley; "who do you think has taken off the boy?"

"His father," answered Mrs. Wayland, as she rose from her seat and walked across the room to Rogers, her dark black eyes flashing with indignation, as she personated the grandeur of a mother's sorrow. Addressing him she said: "It is to your care and vigilance I am indebted for being left childless!" She sought to proceed but her emotion was too great, and she burst into a paroxysm of weeping which told of her heart's distress, and as the schoolmaster withdrew, the unfortunate lady buried her face in her hands, and wept aloud.

Hester Stanley was admitted to be one of the most fascinating and lovely belles of her time. The daughter of a general in the army, and the possessor of a splendid fortune in her own right, as might be expected, her suitors were numerous and distinguished. She refused alliances most tempting, and a coronet could be hers if she only consented to marry a young and accomplished nobleman—no, she loved Gerald Wayland, whom she had met when a mere girl, and with time her affection grew stronger and stronger for him, and despite the most active opposition of her parents and relatives, she became his wife when she arrived at her eighteenth year. Wayland had spent much of his life on the continent, and was remarkable for the elegance of his manners, and for a fine face and manly figure. He was second to none in all that would denote that he was possessed of large means; and his many rivals sought to out-do him, but in vain, in the breed of his horses or the elegance of his equipages. His bachelor suppers were quite *recherche*, and it was remarked of his play that he lost with as much good humour as if he had won; but it was also remarked that he seldom lost when playing for a large stake. After his marriage, for nearly twelve months, he was quite domesticated, and it was everywhere admitted that few married people lived so happily as the Waylands. Some time after the birth of his son, mysterious looking men were in the habit of calling on him, and his old light-heartedness and gaiety seemed to forsake him, and night after night he was away from home, and on his return at day-break, he addressed his wife in rude and coarse language. Time wore on, and the same way of life continued, until one morning he came home in a state of feverish excitement. He went to where his wife and child were sleeping, and seating himself on a chair near the bed-side, said:—

"Hester, I have drawn heavily on your means of late. I know you have no money by you, but unless you lend me your jewels I am ruined!"

"What is mine is yours," said the confiding wife, "and you shall have the jewels, though I don't like to part with them, whenever you require them."

"All will be right again," said he, "and I will pay you back with interest."

That night he went out as usual to the gambling hell, in which were assembled terrible and desperate men—fools who were trying to retrieve

their lost fortunes, sharpers and forgers, broken-down gamblers, and those who were said to have made large sums on the follies of others. In the course of that night Wayland staked his wife's jewels and lost, and knowing that he was ruined if he did not make some desperate move, he forged the name of a friend to a draft for a large amount, and partially retrieved his night's losses. Day by day he sank deeper in crime and infamy, and the old general, the father of his wife, died, after seeing his worst fears concerning Wayland realised. By degrees his house was stripped of all its valuables, and his career of vice appeared to be on the eve of closing by his friend coming forward and pronouncing the draft a forgery. When the knowledge of the transaction was imparted to the unfortunate wife, the amount of the draft was transmitted by her to the person whose name her guilty husband had forged, and that night Hester and her child went to the house of her mother, and within a week they both were on their way for the south of France, where they remained up to a few months previous to the opening of our narrative. Wayland, after the departure of his wife, fell into the lowest walks of vice and crime, and to avoid being brought to justice, and fearing that he would be captured by some of his numerous pursuers, retired to the continent, under the patronage of Captain Rentoul, of the "Charmer."

On the evening after Rogers had informed Mrs. Wayland of the abduction of her son, Gerald Wayland stood at the hall-door of the house in which his wife resided. He knocked gently, and when the servant made his appearance, desired him to inform his mistress that a man had called who could give some information of her son, and he was immediately conducted to the room where Hester and her mother were in all the agony of heartfelt sorrow. As the wretched outcast entered, Hester approached and asked in a tremulous voice, what was the nature of the information he desired to communicate?

"I can tell you all about your son, but I cannot tell you all at once."

He paused, and there was no reply from Hester for some minutes, at length she solemnly said, "I know you, and I know your mission, could you not remember all the wrong you have done to me, and for that reason have pity on me, you have again risen, as if from the dead, to be a curse to me, and to blast the only hope to which I have clung. I know you have carried off my boy!—where is he? oh, do not harm him! and I will pray for you, I will bless you! take all I have, and restore him to me."

"I want money, and you have it," replied Wayland. "I am the boy-father, and have as good a right to keep him as you have. What will you give me if I abandon that right, and restore the boy, whom you appear to be so fond of—say five thousand pounds in round numbers," and the ruffian swaggered through the room with an air of affected carelessness.

"You would rob your son as you have robbed his mother," said Hester, "but tell me, where is my child?"

"Safe where you cannot come at him, unless you comply with my conditions," replied Wayland, whose attention was attracted by the shuffling of feet on the stairs. He sprang towards the window, but the shutters were

closed, and in a moment he stood at bay, in the presence of six constables. He drew a pair of pistols from inside his coat, and, holding one in each hand, prepared to sell his life dearly.

Making a rush towards the door, he had nearly gained it, when a pistol shot, fired by one of the constables, hit him in the back and passed into his chest. Hester and her mother fled from the room when the constables entered, and Wayland, who now lay bleeding on the floor, called for his wife, who was speedily by his side. He fixed his eyes upon her, but could not speak, at length with an effort, which seemed to give him intense torture, he said, "the boy Charles is in the schooner," and he waved his hands, as if trying to indicate the direction, when a kind of convulsive shudder passed through his frame, and Gerald Wayland was a corpse. This fearful scene, which occurred as quickly as it could be told, excited in the minds of all present a feeling of horror, Hester and her mother fled from the house, which was left in possession of the constables and their guilty victim. The day but one after his death his remains were consigned to a nameless grave. Weary and anxious were the days and nights which the sorrowing Hester spent waiting for some tidings of her son. Nothing could be gleaned from what her dying husband said, beyond the fact that the child was on board a vessel. The captain of the schooner kept his word with Wayland, and at the time appointed he "hove-to" off the place where he had landed. The boat was in readiness, and good "look out" was kept during the night for Wayland, who was never destined to return. As the sun was about to rise Rentoul resolved to stay no longer, but to make a run for Rotterdam. Accordingly all hands were piped, and the "Charmer," soon after sunrise, was on her course for Holland.

Charley seemed to enjoy sea life vastly, and even Rentoul began to feel a kind of affection for the boy, who was now rigged in sailor trim. The coarse blue jacket was studded over with mother-of-pearl buttons, a canvas trousers, and a check shirt, made the little tar look as comic as possible. He enjoyed the voyage much, and when the "Charmer" arrived at her destination he was taken ashore, where it was clear poor Charley would be on the high road to destruction unless his nautical career soon terminated. Little did the poor fellow think of the deep anguish which his absence occasioned to one who had singled him out of the whole world to love and cherish.

The "Charmer," in a few days after her arrival, got on board her cargo, and on a fine night put to sea for the coast of Ireland. On clearing the land the wind began to blow in heavy squalls, which from time to time put the schooner's gunwale under. The sea assumed a dark slate colour as it tumbled and tossed about. The wind grew stronger but steadier as Rentoul ordered all the hatches to be battened down, and two reefs to be "taken in" in the mainsail and the fore and aft fore sail. The jibboom was housed, and everything made handy for bad weather. Away she went into the sea-way like a dolphin, running fully twelve knots with every tack on her "drawing," and her weather shrouds playing music for the sneezing south-eater whistling after her abaft the beam. At daylight

the wind rose to a storm, but the "Charmer," on being "close reefed," seemed to like it, and made great running. It was as much as could be accomplished to keep Charley below during the storm, and when the weather moderated he could not be induced to leave the deck. As the schooner neared the Arklow-banks, Rentoul, who had been anxiously looking to windward, said to the pilot, "I don't like that craft on our starboard tack. If she is not after us what business has she to be making for the land here. Do you know this part of the coast well?"

The reply was in the affirmative, accompanied by the suggestion that it would be advisable to stand in for the land. The seasonable hint was at once acted on, and the schooner was soon sailing briskly over the dreaded Arklow-banks. "We have not an inch to spare here, sir," said the pilot, as the "Charmer" stood in boldly for the land, and as the wind began to give indications of dying away, many an anxious glance was thrown at the cruiser which stood upright in the heaving sea, with her sails flapping for want of wind.

"The breeze has failed him, and will fail us soon," said Rentoul. "Ah! they are taking to the boats," and, as he foretold, the wind died suddenly away, and the schooner rose and fell like a log on the sea. "It is all over with the 'Charmer,'" continued Rentoul; "all we have for it is to make for the land in the boat, and I think we can out-pull them revenue lubbers." When the boat was being got over the side the schooner gave a lurch in a sea, which struck the boat and stove her in. Thus deprived of all chance of escape, the "Charmer" and her crew and cargo became an easy prize to her pursuers.

The cruiser's boats were soon alongside, and Rentoul and his crew, including Charley, were conveyed on board the cutter, which brought the schooner into Dublin. On arriving Rentoul told who Charley was, and he was at once restored to his mother. It is needless to say that the "Charmer" and her cargo were condemned as a prize, or that Rentoul and his crew had to spend several months in jail. It was said the skipper was paid by Mrs. Flannedy after his liberation, and that he returned home to live on the savings of his adventurous life. Tim Slevin married, and became the proprietor of the "Two Rangers" on the death of Mrs. Flannedy. Tim often recorded his first and only voyage. Hester and her son went to live on the continent, and the last that was heard of Charley was that he had entered the Austrian army, and had risen to eminence in his profession.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR IRELAND.

THE cotton manufacture of England has been, more than all its other sources of fortune, the greatest spring of its vast wealth. With the product of the mills of Lancashire half the world has been clothed. The Siberian *Mujik*, in the far North, round by the icy seas and frozen rivers of polar climes, has enjoyed his cotton garment as a luxury cheaply supplied to him, not

witstanding heavy tariffs, by the "Nation of Shopkeepers," as Napoleon the First used to term the English people. The black Aborigines of Australia, in the forest of scrub with which the land of Kangaroos abounds, have worn the pleasing tissue, and admired its texture as something of which to be proud. The Chinese, Mongols, and Tartars, Taepings and Imperialists, with equal impartiality have been endued with it. The Hindu and Affghan tribes, the Sikh and Cashmerian have rejoiced in the prints of Manchester. Everywhere, from the snows of Spitzbergen to the sands of Egypt, cotton has been king, and waved his sceptre with equal sway, and in triumphant monopoly over the salons of Paris, "amid fair women and brave men," to the bazaars of Constantinople and Debli, and amid the wildernesses of countries yet but half peopled.

This cotton manufacture creates a vast trade. Ships laden with its raw material, for the purpose of fabrication, swept the seas to England, from those lands where the plant; the "*gossypium herbacum*" was produced. Nubian slaves gathered it in the fields of Egyptian fellahs, and it came from the ports of Palestine to Liverpool. Indian ryots picked it in the season from cotton plants in the gardens from Bengal to Beloochistan; but mostly from the plantations of Southern America came the staple England required for her mills. All the supplies from every portion of the world were together hardly equal to one-fourth of that which was afforded by the States * now confederated in war against the American Union, and, consequently, one-fourth of the cotton manufacture of England can now only be carried on, until again peace settles down amid the belligerents of the far West. It must be so until, as before, the shovel and the hoe are busy in the plantations of Louisiana, Carolina, and Florida, and the song of the field-hand is the only sound that breaks the air, when the thundering gun, the rattling rifle, and the hoarse voice of command are hushed in the halcyon calm of a tranquil country.

But in the meantime what are people to do for cotton? Already fabrics of that material have been raised nearly one hundred per cent, and there is every prospect they shall take a higher range. This could be regarded as a temporary inconvenience surmounted by patience, but patience would

* In 1860 we received the following supplies of cotton from the undermentioned countries:—United States, 2,581,000 bales; Brazil, 103,000 bales; Egypt, 109,000 bales; West Indies, 1,000 bales; East Indies, 563,000 bales; total, 3,366,000 bales. The total amounts of cotton imported into Liverpool in the 8½ months to the 15th of September, in 1861 and 1862 were respectively as follow:—To September, 1861, 8½ months, 2,508,672 bales; to September, 1862, 8½ months, 725,917 bales; deficiency, 1,782,755 bales. The average prices of New Orleans cotton, September, 1861, and September, 1862, were:—In 1861, from 7½d. to 10½d. per lb.; in 1862, from 24d. to 30d. per lb.; increase, 16½d. to 20d. per lb., or more than 200 per cent. In ordinary times the price of yarn, 40's, has been from 4d. to 5d. per lb. more than the price of the raw cotton, and a proportionate additional price for weaving. In 1862, it has been no unusual thing for the spinner and manufacturer to take orders for the yarn and the cloth, at the market price on the day of sale of the raw cotton from which it was made. These facts may be taken as sufficient to indicate the unparalleled extent of the present cotton crisis.

be threadbare, as all cotton materials will be, long before relief can be afforded. The American war is one of those which is not soon to be ended. Long as a stern chase, which maritime proverbs describe as a long chase, civil wars have ever been ; and the American civil war, with such power upon one side, and such skill, and dauntlessness, and determination upon the other, will be a very long war indeed. Even when it is over, however it may end, the peaceful avocations that once were carried on in the south will be a considerable time before they can be practised in the same vigour and to the same extent as previous to the eruption of this contest. This is a fact which demonstrates that a substitute, more or less competent for supplying the general uses of cotton will be required. What is that substitute to be ? Recently the public mind was filled with the details of a discovery which was to be a perfect substitute for the material wanting. Alba marina, prepared by a certain process was to supersede cotton fibre, it was to be woven into a fabric whose texture was to be as available for general use as cotton was. Under the stimulus of the first brush of excitement thus created, jute, an article before selling in the market at a low price, went up to £38 per ton. A reaction set in, and it dropped down to £24, and finally seemed to be settling for a further reduction. Nothing more amply demonstrates that the zostera marina, or jute, will not afford a substitute for cotton, than this fact, that the zostera marina, and jute, is a failure, and that in some other material must be found a substitute for cotton. Of a material which has afforded a substitute perfectly like in tissue, colour, and strength we shall say something.

Now there is one stuff which cotton has very much substituted, and that is linen, and there is a certainty that in those uses in which cotton has substituted it, we must revert to the use of linen again. That conclusion cannot be avoided. The linen trade of Ireland must thus receive a very great impetus, and it is no exaggerated estimate to make that within one year the consumption of linen must be double of its present proportions. Now, one Irish province, Ulster, has thriven wonderfully on this last remnant of our native manufacture. The richest men in Ireland are in Belfast. The most thriving community in Ireland is to be found in the towns of the north. What a meaning then is there not in the fact, that the trade which has made the people so prosperous, so thriving, and so hopeful, affords every immediate prospect of an increase, to double the amount of its present extent ? Material to afford two Ulsters to Ireland ought to be news of good omen, and above all, ought to be endeavoured to be realised !

Here, of course, arises the question how is the realization to be made ? That must be done by the united effort of the people, and the united effort of the people will result when the market is created, and when they become aware of its existence amongst them. There is much speculation now entered into of making a compromise between linen and calico fabrics, or rather between cotton and flaxen tissues. It is believed that a very useful web could be woven from the combination of both materials, but in England it would require very radical changes to be made in the machinery used for cotton milling to turn it to advantage for this purpose. The expense would

be very great indeed, and English manufacturers will think long before they venture on the change. In Ireland at a small expense, a modification in the machinery for linen manufacture could be undertaken, which would be sufficient for the purpose of weaving the mixed fabric, and in Ireland, therefore, it is most likely to be carried out.

Now, there is little doubt, from all those circumstances, that flax will be largely required in this country—there is little doubt that there will be a great home market for its consumption, and from the great advance in price it has already reached, there can be no doubt whatsoever, that flax, wherever grown, will be the most paying crop in Ireland. In times when cotton was at its cheapest, and linen consequently depreciated in the market, a farmer in Ulster, who held his land from the Dean of Dromore, in the Barony of Corcelany, near Waringstown, by name William Blakely, cultivated one acre three rods and sixteen perches of his land according to the directions of the representative of the "Society for the Encouragement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland." An exact account was kept of the returns of the crop, which was found to consist of one hundred and twenty stone of flax when rippled and scutched. This having been carefully managed, and being of the finest sample, sold at the rate of fifteen shillings per stone, and the whole produce of the piece of land realised the sum of ninety pounds, sterling, or paid beyond £45 per acre! Of course, this was an instance in which the best mode of cultivation was adopted, the greatest care taken in the management of the crop, and the most accurate system adopted in regard to it. As flax is selling at present, the result would be far greater, and the farmer much more richly remunerated.

It has been found, however, by other statistical returns, that the average production of flax in the province of Ulster, is at the uniform rate of 42 stones fit for the market. Samples of Irish in this state, have sold as high as the very best production of Holland and Belgium. The best descriptions of this have frequently sold as high as £150 per ton, whilst some have reached the figure of £180. However, not taking an average so high, but calculating the flax at what was a low price in former years, that is, fifty pounds per ton, or six shillings and three pence per stone, we find that this average produce of a province, gives a return of thirteen pounds two shillings and six pence per acre, which is by no means an unprofitable rate for the farmer. If the cotton crisis had never occurred, if no enhancement in the value of flax had ever taken place, there was a field here for initiating prosperity for many a home in Ireland. The consumption of flax in those countries ranged, before any new stimulus it may have lately received, from 80,000 to 105,000 tons per annum. Of this amount only 35,000 tons were produced by the United Kingdom. Ireland contributing as her quota 30,000 tons. Of this some is entirely manufactured, and more is exported to Germany, France, and Spain, in the form of yarn. The imports of flax are very large in seed, fibre, and oil-cake. In the year 1844, they were valued at no less a sum than six millions of money. It has been calculated that, if the whole home supply of flax were afforded by these countries, the quantity required would be four hundred thousand acres for

the flax for manufacture, and for that grown for cattle feeding one hundred thousand acres more. This cultivation would more than all other tend to make us a manufacturing people, and give large employment. By way of illustration, let us refer again to the report of the Society for the Encouragement of Flax, in the instance of Mr. Blakely's plot of less than two acres, and we find that the produce of that single plot, when manufactured at the rate of 30 hanks of yarn to the pound, would employ during twelve months, 158 women to spin it, 18 weavers to weave it, and when woven, 40 women to hem-stitch it. Thus the agricultural labour of one acre three rods and sixteen perches would yield employment afterwards from its crop for 210 persons. It is as interesting to mark its monetary productiveness. The yarn would give, when woven, 210 webs of stuff, each containing five dozen cambric handkerchiefs, and every dozen selling at fifty shillings, the whole yielding a produce in money of £2,600. Could our soil be rendered so fertile of manufacture, not the golden Indies nor Golconda's diamonded soil were half so wealthy, and no people could be more prosperous.

This valuable produce is no exotic, requiring great care, or a soil not ours to plant it in. It will grow almost anywhere. Bog reclaimed from the desolation of the morass, during so short a space as three years, has produced it luxuriantly, and it has grown on the hills of Wicklow, 1,160 feet above the level of the sea. It is produced in almost every land of the earth. It is indigenous to many of the eastern countries, but its growth is most favoured by temperate climes. It is cultivated in all the northern countries of Europe. In the south it springs in Sicily, Italy, and the coasts of the Mediterranean. India grows it, and in Egypt it has lately increased to a great extent. Into Britain it was introduced by the Romans. Those earlier merchants the Phœnicians brought it long before into Ireland. A slow, steady growth produces the fibre in the best perfection. The rapid stimulus of warmer climes affords the finest description of seed. In the northern limits of the temperate zone, the short summers are found to induce too rapid a growth. The quantity of the fibre is good, but the quality is deteriorated. Russia, for instance, exports from 40 to 50,000 tons per annum, but the flax sells no higher than £48 per ton, whilst a very usual price for that of Holland and Belgium is £150, and sometimes £180 per ton. Nothing hinders the Irish flax of being in every respect equal to this. Neither the clime, the soil, nor the opportunities of preparation for the crop, and of the crop after it is gathered. 1841, the Belgian Government published some documents in relation to this crop, which took special notice to this fact. The officials appointed to investigate the subject in their report, stated, "that the Irish flax, when first pulled, is as good as ours, but the Irish are negligent; whilst our flax is immediately put into water, theirs is left to get heated in the air. Our peasants are watchful. After immersing the flax, they take it out at the end of six or eight days according as they find it in condition for removal. The Irish do it just when they please. Our flax, when covered with mud, is spread out on a meadow in that state, the first shower cleanses it. In Ireland, it is thrown down almost anywhere. The women with us often take the preparation of flax upon

themselves. In Ireland the flax is prepared in mills. We have sent some families to England, who have since returned, and they inform us that very good flax could be reared in that country. During the war, when neither we nor Holland exported flax, the English contrived to produce equally good linen with that which they manufacture at the present time. They then cultivated good flax in Yorkshire and in Ireland, but since that time they have neglected its cultivation."

Now, this is the testimony of a Belgian commission to the quality of flax produced in Ireland, and it goes to demonstrate that there is no advantage possessed by the Belgians or Dutch over the Irish farmer, as far as natural advantages are concerned. We cannot doubt the accuracy of the decision at which the report reaches, in asserting that any superiority possessed by the Belgian flax over the Irish is to be accounted for in the difference of the treatment adopted by each country when the flax is pulled. Indeed, the general adaptation of any soil or climate in producing flax of equally valuable description to those of any other, is to be found instanced in the case of France. So much dependent for their supply of this material upon other countries were the French, that in 1841, we find that 20,832,875 lbs. linen yarn were exported from those countries to France, being a very close approximation in weight to twenty-one millions of pounds. In 1850, the total exports of flax to the same country were only 690,602 pounds; in nine years thus we find that the flax imported into France had dwindled down to less than the twenty-fifth part of its old proportions, a fact indicating that its production in France had increased by beyond twenty millions of pounds in nine years. Valuing this increase in home production at the very moderate sum of sixpence per pound, it represents a gain by home labour of £480,000. This sum, devoted to the profit of the agriculture of a country, represents a great progress in so short a space of time. But its great value is in the fact that besides, it represents a manufacturing increase proportionately profitable, and is a sign at once of diffused wealth as of diffused labour amongst a larger community, a portion of which was before unemployed.

We possess advantages beyond France or Belgium, and yet no increase has taken place in our growth of flax during nearly twenty years. We still produce an average of thirty thousand tons annually. Our climate, which has been blamed for its uncertainty in other agricultural produce, is the most suitable for this crop of almost any in the world. The long droughts of Belgium cause a failure in the growth of flax in that country once in every three years. The warm summers of France render the fibre tough and coarse. But in Ireland there are no such drawbacks. The soft rains that water the seeds after planting with a genial moisture, aid their growth, the more cloudy summers of our land ripen the tender plants with the due degree of gentle maturity, that suits best their future usefulness for manufacture. Flax occupies the soil just for that period and for those months upon which we can most rely to yield all the facilities required for the proper production of the plant. From March to July is the term required in our country for the process of its growth. This is a period upon which

we can be certain to have just the kind of weather which will give the best crop and the best opportunities for saving it. That it should be the most remunerative crop is only a question of skill, judicious agriculture, and careful preparation.

Whilst there is no doubt that flax will pay the grower in any soil in which it may be produced, there is a necessity that due care should be taken in its sowing and its production for the market, in order that it should be most remunerative. The system here and in Belgium has been to sow it in a soil which is after yielding a crop of potatoes. By this plan frequently a very full crop is produced, but the best system for obtaining a valuable crop is to sow it upon wheaten or oaten stubble. By doing this the fibre is of a finer and more valuable description although the yield is not so large. The situation also deserves some care, the best spots being those unsheltered by trees, which are open and played freely upon by the breezes and sunshine. The best soil in which to grow it is that wherein the subsoil is of clay. The object being to make the soil occupied with flax as valuable as possible, since it occupies the ground only during four months, there is usually sown with it in this country grass or clover seed, which gives a full crop in the following year. In Belgium, which is, *par excellence*, the country of flax cultivation, as the farmers mainly keep their land in a constant state of preparation for it, they sow white carrots with their flax. The pulling of the flax loosens the soil around the roots of the carrot plants, and thus gives the stimulus to a great growth. They then top-dress them with liquid manure, the yield being by this mode of cultivation wonderfully productive.

Irish farmers make one very strong objection to growing flax at all, and that is that it impoverishes the soil. They are right; it does impoverish the soil to the full extent dreaded by them. Science shows us that it abstracts the nitrogen so necessary for fertility, and withdrawing it from the ground, makes an absolute necessity for the addition of manure to add once more the constituents of productiveness to it. Now, science shows us the means to regenerate the soil in which flax is produced, at the least possible expense, and render it as fertile as before. The steep-water in which the flax is immersed, the woody portion of the fibre, and the husks of the seed being saved and restored to the soil, renovate the land and make it as capable of producing a crop as before. These are the waste of the flax; they are easily attainable by the farmer; they involve no extra expense upon the flax-grower, and they render his crop one of the least exhaustive upon his land. This is the effect which can be gained by some little care, and it does not involve any large exertion on the part of the producer. The only other objection raised against flax is, that its production involves a great deal of labour. No doubt it does. But with the labour the value is increased; every hand employed is an additional guinea in the grower's pocket; every shilling laid out by him is an additional value added to his crop, and all outlay in this manner becomes his profit eventually.

Having disposed of those grave objections to growing flax, always

urged in Ireland, and having very great weight, there is one very important point to be considered, which is, that it is found that the value of the crop depends greatly on the quality of the seed. The Riga seed is the best, but there is a plan adopted in Belgium which is found to produce the best plants. The Belgian farmers having sown Riga seed in their ground, devote a portion of it to the purpose of yielding seed for their crop of the next year. They saved the seed thus produced in their own land, and with it crop the ground in the next spring. The fibre grown thus is the finest and most valuable. They always, however, sow a small plot with the Riga seed, and thus keep up the supply. To this mode of proceeding they owe in a measure the great superiority in price which, in the cheapest times, Belgian flax has produced—sometimes being sold for £1 2s. 6d. per stone, or at the rate of £180 each ton weight. Without attempting to hold this forth as an ordinary price which Irish growers may gain, we may advert to the fact that the Society for the Encouragement of the Growth of Flax, many years ago, desirous to ascertain statistics for the purpose of fixing the value of the fibre to the grower, made a report on the subject. The flax crops of fifty-one farmers were investigated, and it was found that the average profit upon them was £7 1s. 4½d. per acre, from the produce of the fibre only. One grower, more thrifty than his neighbours, saved seed and fibre, and his gains exceeded those from a wheat crop by six pounds sterling per acre. Now, this was made when good flax sold in the market at six shillings and six and sixpence per stone. The same material now produces eleven shillings, or almost double the profit of other times. Twelve pounds per acre profit would be a range of remuneration for Irish farmers which would render them independent; and yet it is not unreasonable rates to look for during many years to come.

In order that flax growing should become general in Ireland, there is something else to be done beside what lies in the hands of the tiller of the soil. Vainly will he cultivate this valuable plant, vainly will he expend his care and labour on it, if he is not afforded a ready market. Some years ago, the Earl of Devon and Lord Monteagle induced their tenantry to sow flax largely. Encouraged by their landlords they did so, and the produce, by its abundance and quality, repaid their industry. But their flax they could not sell, there was no market near them, there were no buyers for the fibre, and all the abundance with which they had been blessed was only a dead loss. In this state of things those two noblemen were compelled, out of compassion, to buy the flax whose growth they had encouraged, and thus save their tenantry from bankruptcy. This is the kind of example people remember, and it is one which clearly shows that it is unjust to ask of those who are distant from the market, to proceed with the cultivation of this plant. To obviate this discouragement, must be the work of manufacturers. If they desire to obtain flax and forward their trade, they must encourage the production of the staple of it, by establishing agencies for the purchase of flax in the various districts of Ireland. They must do this before there is a pound of flax to be sold in them, and

it will be found that, once assured of a market, production will not lag, nor the native industry of Irishmen be wanting to this great work.

There is a great opportunity for Ireland in all this. We have shown that, were there no stimulant like the cotton crisis afforded to flax growing, there is a sum of six millions annually to be gained by our countrymen, which is now paid away to foreign importers. There is vastly more to be gained ; there is the home industry, besides the employment in preparation of fabrics, or food, resulting from a native production like this. There is the commerce resulting from it, there is the enterprise growing out of it, there is the wealth acquired from it all redounding to Ireland's fortune. This surely is a great prospect for prosperity, and it is one that Irishmen are bound to, by charity, by patriotism, and by honour. Our people have been described by a commission of the Imperial Parliament, as the poorest in the United Kingdom. Philosophers like Professor Kay of Cambridge, travellers like J. G. Kohl, and statesmen like the late Lord George Bentinck, have born testimony, that they are the most miserable and wretched in Europe, and yet they are a glorious people, a people whose very faults are exaggerations of virtue. This matter of flax production, would give them employment, keep them from the ravages of constant famine, and make them happy and prosperous. *The flax districts of Belgium have no poor.* What a condition to realise in Ireland ! Belgium, at a distance from the market, competes with us in triumph, by having a large sale in England. We have all the profit of being at its very doors, and yet are not so forward in the race as we could be. In the district of Flanders, one acre out of twenty, is devoted to the cultivation of flax, and in Ireland there is not one acre in one hundred put to the same purpose !

NOT AS BLACK AS PAINTED.

Of all the different families which have furnished kings to England, the Plantagenets reigned the longest, and with the greatest glory. The founder of their line was that wise and politic prince, Henry II. His son, who succeeded him, still keeps his undiminished fame as the proudest knight of the chivalry of the middle ages, and among his later descendants is numbered the first Edward, illustrious alike as a warrior, a legislator, and a statesman ; Edward III., the conqueror of France ; and Henry V., who, exceeding even Edward's success, extorted from that country the recognition of himself as its sovereign. It came to an end as a reigning house on the death of Richard III., who, at the distance of nearly four centuries from his death, has but recently, for the first time, found a regular biographer. For many generations no name in English history was held in such unvarying abhorrence. Shakspeare's most consummate skill gave substance and vitality to the stories of his atrocities, which the grandfather of the sovereign

under whom he wrote had devised and spread abroad to veil the defects in his own title to the crown; and more than one great actor has, since that time, stereotyped his delineation on the minds of the nation at large, by the painful fidelity of his representation. Sharon Turner suspects him of having been the wicked uncle whose misdeeds furnished the subject for the ballad of the "Babes in the Wood." Mr. Samuel Weller points one of his happiest quotations of ancient saws, by reference to his example, as one who preferred business to pleasure, in that he stabbed the other king in the Tower before he smothered the babies. Horace Walpole, in the latter part of the last century, was the first writer who ventured to say a word in justification of one who had previously been represented as a monster equally deformed in mind and body. He examined the charges against him with the most laborious research, with the greatest skill and ingenuity; and, though he did not convince Hume, he certainly proved to the satisfaction of the greater part of those who gave themselves the trouble to examine the question, that some of the accusations brought against him were wholly false; that others were greatly distorted and exaggerated; and if he failed in exculpating him from the gravest of all the imputations—that of the murder of his nephews—it was more because, as advocates are sometimes apt to do, he overdid his case; and, as he would probably never himself have been led to doubt the truth of the charge, had it not been for the manifest falsehoods contained in the different documents by which Henry VII. strove to fix it on him; so the shifts to which he himself is reduced, in order to throw doubt on the fact of the murder of the young princes, furnish perhaps the greatest proof that that crime was really committed by Richard.

Mr. John Heneage Jesse, whose name will, doubtless, be familiar to our readers as the author of a most interesting and authentic "History of the Court of England Under the Stuarts," has recently supplied us with some very elaborately compiled memoirs of the "Life and Times of King Richard III.," whose whole career he examines with the judicial calmness that becomes a historian. He attributes, perhaps, more weight than we ourselves should be inclined to assign to the account of Sir Thomas More and others, who manifestly wrote under the influence of Henry, and takes upon himself what appears to us to be a wholly superfluous labour, when he applies himself gravely to controvert the view asserted or implied in different scenes of Shakspeare's immortal drama. We did not know that, since the Duke of Marlborough's time, anyone had ever looked on that greatest of poets as a historian, and with reference to the period which we are considering, we had fancied that people generally agreed with Die Vernon, that, "with his Lancastrian partialities, he had turned history upside down, or, rather, inside out." But, in his general delineation of Richard's character, Mr. Jesse proceeds on the most trustworthy authorities; and he displays an intimate acquaintance with the state and position of the different factions which, after the death of Edward IV., and even before that epoch, distracted the kingdom; and also a worthy appreciation of the great capacity for both war and government which

Richard, from an early age, exhibited. He explains, briefly, but clearly, the jealousies of the contending nobles; the general hatred in which Edward's widow and the whole faction of the Woodvilles was held; and the equally general feeling that Richard was the one master-spirit of the age. The dying Edward had, indeed, sought, in his last moments, to reconcile the chiefs of the rival parties in the State; but the friendship which was pledged at the side of his death-bed was blown away like a cobweb by the events which followed upon his death, and by the circumstances in which that occurrence left the kingdom. His heir was a minor. Since the Conquest there had been but four precedents for a minor occupying the throne, and each of those instances had brought with it disorder and tumult at home, defeat and disgrace abroad. The last minority was still within the recollection of living men, and the sad and shameful records of the early years of the reign of Henry VI. were well calculated to dispose those who could remember that period, to acquiesce in any arrangement which would diminish the probability of the recurrence of so calamitous an era.

It would seem at first that Richard had no idea of usurping the crown, but was solely bent on preserving it for his nephew. Sharon Turner, a historian whose unwearied research, experienced acuteness, and unswerving partiality, render him, perhaps, our safest guide through these perplexed times, points out that, at the opening of the youthful king's first parliament, Richard himself attended on his nephew, and that the speech with which the parliament was opened spoke of the royal boy in terms of the highest eulogy, praising his "gentyl wytte" and ripe understanding, far surpassing the nature of his youth—a source of popularity which his uncle never would have suffered if he had then intended to depose him." The argument is most convincing, and Mr. Jeese adopts the conclusion to which it leads, expressing his own doubt "whether, at this time, or even later, Richard entertained any serious thoughts of deposing his brother's son, much less of procuring his assassination." But all writers who would exculpate Richard from any of the imputations cast upon him take upon themselves an arduous task, from the difficulty of contending against the unrivalled fascinations of Hume's style, which makes them forget his general neglect of antiquarian research, and of the duty of examining both sides of the question. Hume's deference to More's authority is so implicit that he actually prefers his statements as evidence to public documents which are still in existence. And, in the same spirit of carelessness, for it can hardly have been anything else, he unreservedly adopts the narrative of Lord Bacon, resting his belief on a theory which he would appear to have invented himself, that "Bacon plainly composed his elaborate and exact history from many records and papers which are now lost, and that, consequently, he is always to be cited as an original historian."

Richard's supposed crimes have been enumerated by Horace Walpole in the following order:—His murder of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI.; his murder of that sovereign himself; the murder of his brother, the Duke of Clarence; the execution of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan; the execution of Hastings; the murder of the princes, and of his own queen. Of the first

crime Mr. Jesse acquits him, as Walpole had done before, producing an additional evidence which had escaped the notice of his predecessor, that De Commines expressly states the young prince to have been "slain on the field of battle," at Tewksbury. His share in the death of Henry he equally discredits, though he believes that he was murdered by some one, namely, by Edward IV. himself. There is really no evidence whatever to show us how Henry died; those who attributed his death to the hand of Richard all admitted that in so doing they were trusting to mere report; and it appears to us far more reasonable to adopt Sharon Turner's version of the occurrence, that "Henry was so shocked at the tidings of the death of his son, the irretrievable defeats and loss of his friends, and the captivity of his queen, that his frame sank under the effect of this sudden communication." Again, of the death of Clarence, our biographer agrees with Walpole and Sharon Turner in absolving the Duke of Gloucester; though he differs from the last-mentioned writer in imputing the deed solely to King Edward. Mr. Turner, looking for the instigators of the duke's execution among those who had derived the greatest benefit from it, had pointed out that there had been quarrels "between Clarence and the queen's brother, Lord Rivers; that his confiscated estates were chiefly given to Rivers; and the wardships and marriage of his heir to the queen's son, the Marquis of Dorset;" while "the act of attainder charges Clarence with proposing treason against the queen and his son." In support of his view Mr. Jesse reminds us that, "in the first place, Clarence had openly disputed his brother's legitimacy on the ground of their mother's incontinency; and, in the next place, that the act of parliament which had declared Edward to be an usurper, and had settled the crown on Clarence and his descendants after the death of Edward, son of Henry VI., was still unrepealed." Either of these causes, the king's jealousy, or the queen's enmity, were sufficient to lead to Clarence's destruction; and it is probable that both of them did, in fact, contribute to it. But it is plain that neither of them could have influenced Richard; and, in spite of Hume and Shakspeare, we may join with a safe conscience in pronouncing him wholly innocent of all share in what, after all, was a not very inexcusable transaction.

Our biographer justifies the execution of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, showing not only that it was, in all probability, fully deserved by their participation in a plot against the Protector; but also that Rivers himself, by the language of his will, dated only a few hours before his execution, seems to admit the justice of his fate. The death of Hastings raises a more intricate question, and the circumstances which led to it will probably never be unravelled. He had been one of Edward's most trusted counsellors, but had also been one of the leaders of that haughty and powerful party among the nobles, who despised the family of the queen as upstarts, and envied and hated them for the power which they had engrossed since her marriage. His energetic remonstrances had prevented the queen from collecting a force sufficient to overcome all possible opposition, and to preserve the entire power of the kingdom to her relations; yet it seems probable, indeed, almost certain that he was subsequently gained over by her, and induced

to concur in schemes to abridge Richard's Protectorate, if not, as Richard himself averred, to deprive him of his life. It must be especially remembered, that the Protectorate with which Richard was invested was very inferior, both in power and duration, to a Regency. It, in fact, conferred only the Presidency of the Council of Regency; and, according to the latest precedent, that of Henry VI., even that dignity would cease as soon as Edward was crowned. Henry VI., as Mr. Turner points out, "was crowned at eight years old, for the express purpose of terminating the Protectorial office." And there were other precedents still more full of danger to anyone who should be placed in the position in which Richard would have found himself after he had ceased to be Protector. He had likewise to recollect that the Duke of Gloucester, in the reign of Richard II., had been destroyed by that king, from political oppositions, although his uncle; and that the last Duke of Gloucester, notwithstanding that he also was uncle to the reigning sovereign and his presumptive heir, had, by the use or abuse of the royal authority, been arrested, and that his imprisonment had been followed by an immediate mysterious death. That Richard really did believe himself in danger, is proved by a letter which he wrote to the Mayor of York only three days before the death of Hastings, and, therefore, we cannot wonder at, and are hardly entitled to blame, his resolution of ensuring his own safety by the destruction of the ablest of his foes, which should be a lesson also to those who remained behind. If this view of Richard's reasons for putting Hastings to death be correct, it also shows us the motives which suddenly influenced him in his decision to seize the crown, to the exclusion of his nephew. He saw no other safety for his own life. Young Edward's coronation, by terminating his Protectorate, would place the chief power in the hands of the queen and her friends, between whom and himself there was now open war; and, if we may trust Mr. Turner's inferences, "Richard now proceeded to the usurpation of the crown with the approbation of most of the great men, both of the Church and State, in London. Not that the assent of the whole country could be any justification of the treasonable and immoral action, but the facts prove that the Protector, however bad or blameable, was no worse than the most distinguished men of rank of that day. All who hoped to profit by it supported him; and the same motive would have made them as readily put him down by the same means if his competitors had anticipated him. This is probably the real truth of the case. Both parties were playing the same game of unprincipled violence; and Richard was the most prompt, determined, and unshaking."

There was but a short step from the deposition to the murder of his nephews. Horace Walpole, as we have already said, laboured to discredit this fact; but we agree with Mr. Jesse and Mr. Turner, that there can be no reasonable doubt of it. That if the princes died they were murdered, there can be no controversy whatever. We may not feel quite certain *how* the crime was perpetrated. We may feel bound, with Walpole, to reject Tyrrell's confession as at *rue account*, and admit that we rest our judgment that Richard caused them to be murdered, mainly on the common belief of that time that they were dead. Common belief, it is true, is generally

perilous to trust to, but circumstances in this case give it a solidity which takes it out of the general rule; for the belief in the fact of their death was entertained by those who were most interested in disbelieving it. The Queen Dowager, Lord Dorset, Sir Edward Woodville, Sir Thomas St. Leger, who was married to Richard's sister, the Courtnays, the Chenys, the Talbots, the Stanleys, and, in a word, all the partisans of the house of York, were so assured of the murder of the two princes that they applied to the Earl of Richmond, the mortal enemy of their party and family, proposing to set him on the throne, which must have been utter ruin to them if the princes were alive; and they stipulated further to marry him to the Princess Elizabeth, as heir to the crown, who, unless they were dead, was no heir at all. But, besides them, we have Richard himself to bear testimony to their death: for he proposed to marry his niece, a very unusual, if not unprecedented, alliance in England, in order to unite her title to his own. Yet, if he knew the princes to be alive (and he certainly knew whether they were living or not) he also knew that she had no title whatever. If Richard did murder his nephews, and the evidence on this point certainly seems irresistible, his action, as has been said of another royal murder in the present century, was worse than a crime—it was a blunder. His accession had, at first, been almost universally popular, and all his measures and all his conduct had been such as were well calculated to establish and extend his reputation. He had in a most eminent degree displayed the kingly virtues of mercy and justice—examining in person into the just administration of the laws, and proclaiming an amnesty (which was faithfully observed) for all offences committed, by word or deed, against himself. He had obtained a recognition of his authority from foreign Sovereigns, and from the most illustrious of all at that time, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, he had received proposals for an intimate alliance. He had secured the tranquillity of his northern frontier by a peace which he had made with James III. of Scotland. But the nation had been too long torn by civil wars to settle down at once into a state of peacefulness and order under any sovereign, however prudent, or however peaceful. Rumours of conspiracies gained ground, and these conspiracies the statement that the young princes were dead—a word which every one interpreted “murdered”—not only furnished with a reason but also with a leader. While the princes were alive they could not have been very formidable, in the first place, as being children; and, secondly, as being in his power. But their death set all their adherents at liberty to transfer their allegiance; and, as he himself was the representative of the Yorkists, they had no resource but to pass over to the Lancastrian camp, and to range themselves under the leadership of Henry of Richmond.

The last charge against Richard, that he caused the death of his queen, may be dismissed as one as little requiring refutation, as it may be thought that of his murdering his nephews required proof. Richard was certainly not a man to commit wholly needless crimes; and there seems to be no reason to doubt that, so far from wishing his wife's death, he was sincerely attached to her. To the energy and wisdom of his rule during his

brief reign Mr. Jesse does ample justice, though he seems to us rather hard upon him when he looks upon his princely charities and endowments of learned bodies, as proofs not so much of a liberal and humane disposition as of an uneasy conscience, which he sought in vain to appease. Whatever his motives may have been, he certainly showed himself, in many respects, eminently qualified for the government of a mighty kingdom. It seems wonderful how, in the short period of tranquillity which he was permitted to enjoy, he could find time for the consideration of the different matters to which he devoted his attention. He passed many laws—some having the ease and comfort of the common people for their direct object, others leading indirectly to the same end, by abridging the power of the nobles, alike inclined in those days to oppress the poor and to resist the Sovereign. He bestowed liberal and discerning patronage on literature and art, encouraged commerce and navigation ; and gave, in short, many proofs of a mind not only originally just and generous, had not ambition warped it, but enlightened beyond his age. And, however criminal some of his actions may have been, we must not judge of even the worst of them by the standard of our own age, when right is better understood and human life more correctly valued. The religious character of an action is, indeed, unchangeable ; but its moral aspect must be determined, in some degree, by the habits and feelings of the age and nation in which it is done. The fifteenth century was truly an age of blood, in which scarcely any one scrupled at sweeping from their path, by any means in their power, all who were, or who seemed likely to be, an obstacle to their views. Henry IV. undoubtedly first deposed and then murdered his cousin ; and, except in the fact that Richard was the protector of his nephews, it is impossible to conceive cases more exactly parallel, but the history of Henry was not written by enemies who had no character of their own but such as they could derive from reviling his. To “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,” should for the future be the rule with those who desire to enter into a consideration of the life and character of King Richard the Third.

AN IRISH EXCUSE.

If an Irishman were to be possessed of no other talent besides the one of making an excuse, he would deserve immortality even on that single score. No woman ever got through it with such a face ; and, up to the taking of Ireland by the Phoenicians, womankind was generally allotted the first place in the capability-line of going boldly, unblushingly, and naturally, through a complicated excuse of any number of minutes' duration. When the above-mentioned adventurers, however, came over here (we quote some annals which were supposed to have been lost in the fifth century, but which, unlike most of Mr. Micawber's prospects, have actually turned up lately, in a library belonging to my grandpapa.) they found the

country inhabited by gentlemen who lived on red herrings and potatoes ; were particularly addicted to the use of drink called *whiskey-boys* (supposed to be cognate with modern *usquebaugh*) ; and—what was the most extraordinary feature of their civilization—who amused themselves in a curious game called *skull-lay-las*, the last syllable of the word signifying, in the original Danaan, open, or *translucent*. After this recreation, it was usual to have a dance, a song, and another game ; which terminated, all the gentlemen shook hands amicably, kissed the ladies, and retired to rest, to arise next morning in improved good health, and with heads sounder, and, of course, harder than before.

The Phoenicians had been induced, by the mis-statements of previous navigators, to believe that the natives were a worthless, sluggish race, ignorant of the use of warlike implements, and gifted, for the most part, with interesting appendages, called in natural history *caudas*, an appendage which Lord Monboddo has attributed to all the prime begetters of the human race in that delightful and ingenious theory which has made his name noticeable enough for our especial mention and commendation. Upon discovering their mistake, both with regard to the unmilitary spirit of the people and the *caudas*, there was nothing left to the strangers but to turn home again, unless, indeed, they chose to fight their way—a course which, as it could only end in their discomfiture, was never once thought of. They landed, however, and, after being hospitably entertained by the natives, returned to their ships at curfew-time, with intention to next day offer some presents to their entertainers, whose taste for *whiskey-boys* they had observed with various nods, winks, and significant congratulations to one another. They brought their present accordingly—a keg of liquor, well known in the land of the sun by the name of “the native,”—an appellative it enjoys still in various Asiatic climes. To do honour to the leader of the expedition, whose name was Patcheen, the interesting beverage was christened after him, and “the native,” which had put poetry into Dido and *Aeneas*, rose, like the Phoenix from its ashes, far off in a western latitude, with new sparkle, strength, and glory.

Patcheen, since corrupted into *potcheen*, or poteen, became a favourite with the Danaans first, then with the Milesians, who came after, and ultimately with the inhabitants of various races by whom Ireland was successively occupied. The name became incorporated with their literature, and formed a large portion of its inspiration.

We make mention of these curious facts, first, to give the history of an Irish excuse ; and, secondly, to point out the analogy existing between our manners of the present day and those of some thousand years ago.

The Danaans got drunk over the *patcheen*, and, after beating each other on the heads soundly, shook hands in right good will, and went to bed in high complacency ; but what was their surprise next morning to find themselves prisoners on their own sod—their skull-openers in the hands of the Phoenicians, and the hands—without which even skull-openers prove ineffective—the hands in bondage ? The Phoenicians had handcuffed them during their temporary intoxication—at least such was the excuse

promulgated by Irish historians until the eleventh century, when, the annals (*uno excepto*) being lost, it became impossible to throw light upon some difficult eras, amongst which the first invasion had the felicity of being enumerated.

This is unquestionably the first Irish excuse on record, and as it is said by antiquarians to divide the empire of invention with the *altera pars* of human kind, we have judged it worthy of a new coat of type, and a new nether garment, namely, of paper.

A modern, of the Danaan school, Jemmy Casey, yelept, possesses this beautiful faculty in the full rosiness of perfection. It is not alone from what he says, but the manner in which he says it, that the humour flows; the nap of his hat,—when he has a hat, not always,—shaking gently, as if discomposed by the entrance into his cranium of some Hibernian Apollo: his eyes sparkling with the ecstasy of internal mirth, and his voluptuous Celtic lip trembling in all the eagerness of conscious wit. Not long ago, Casey broke the pledge, and, as is usual in such cases, proceeded forthwith to the police-barrack, for the purpose of inviting all the peace-preservers to a friendly exhibition of their pugilistic capabilities. Poor Jemmy was, however, marched off to Bridewell, and there, as the first edition ran, smashed all the windows, and killed the keeper. The first part of the story turned out true, the custodian being only placed in the way of wanting a new hat.

I have a particular interest in Casey—why? let no one ask. I am a Captain Dowler in action, not words, and this last affair was quite worth hearing from his own lips. No man tells a tale like Jemmy Casey; no man has such wit, humour, pathos, and expression: besides which I love Jemmy Casey for the exceeding ease with which all his stories may be obtained, for in no need stands he of pressing, coaxing, or cajolery. Besides, he is an old man of white hairs and wrinkles; and when the heart of youth warms the veins of experience, how odd a thing that men should not love it as I do, only smile sincerely, and call it unbecoming!

"Well, Jemmy," said I, "what induced you to break the pledge? I thought you began to like the soda-water, and you drinking it for thirteen years, too."

"Throth I got over it by manes of a dhrame, sir," replied Jemmy, with his peculiar smile, "and av it's not too long I'd be keepin' you, I'd bid ye sit down on the green sod here, and I'd tell all about it."

It was in the corn field where Jemmy was reaping that I met him. Two o'clock in the afternoon had been announced by a neighbouring farm-bell, and the hero was enjoying the consolation which is usually, in my part of the country, administered to the labourers at that hour. His countenance was at the moment largely indicative of good nature; and, as I took my seat, with my back comfortably shaded with a corn rigg, I could not help observing how very much he had improved since our last meeting, notwithstanding that one of his eyes was not quite open, and that he wore his caubeen with a jaunty, rakish expression, not quite becoming the gray hairs it shrouded.

"One night," he resumed immediately, "ov last week, mysel' and

Pether Hegarty remained up to watch our two plots o' praties, that lies beside one another, as you may be aware, on the summit o' Gurt-na-Rabbn. We had a watch-hut well purvided with turf and other ateables ; besides which I brought a thimble-full o' poteen to Hegarty, who never was, nor one belonging to him, a strict follower o' Father Mathew. Though the night was fine and the moon and stars shone beautiful, there was a cowld north wind springin' up, which, in spite of my warm frieze, pinitrated into my bones, makin' me shiver all over like a tinker's donkey. Hegarty, like a lazy spaldeen, that he is, hadn't come yit, so afther makin' the fire look decent, drawing my bredheen closer round me, and whistlin' to let the thieves know I was there, down I lay comfortable for a sleep, lavin' the praties to mind themselves until Hegarty ud come and waken me.

" Now, sir, the knoll, at the base of which the hut was built, was a famous spot intirely for the gintry ; a beautiful little valley, with poseys, and four-lave shamrocks, on which they could dance at night without hurtin' their purty feet, or takin' in a sharp thorn. I often hard them there, singin' and daucin', till the early morn, and many's the time I hard their pleasant laugh as I stood up to take a sthep to the sweet music o' their wee bagpipes.

" ' It's very cowld, Jim,' siz I to mysel', as the shleep began to come over me, ' an' Jimmy, avic,' siz I, ' av you had a ddrop o' the crathur, how it would help to pass the night for you, agra, specially as that blind rogue, Hegarty, won't be here to-night.'

" ' Perhaps it would,' siz I, in a dhramy sort o' way, not quite understandin' the dhrift o' my reflections.

" ' It's in your pocket at this moment, Jimmy,' siz I again, ' and—

" ' Yis, Jemmy Casey,' I replied, ' but bad luck to your unlucky sconce, you gomeril, don't you know what the pledge manes, eh, you goose, you ?'

" I don't remember anything else until I fell asleep, and no sooner did this happen than the whole scene wheres I was changed like magic ; instead o' the little watch but, it was a nate, smart room, with a glorious fire on the hearth, by the light of which you could pick a pin from the flire, or put a silk thread through a cambric needle. Near the fire was a table covered over with green baize, on which were lashins o' glasses, tumblers, and smokin' jugs o' punch ; with limons here and there, a quantity o' tall, blue, black, and yallow bottles, lump sugar, as a matter of coarse, and everything else the heart o' man could wish for. I was wondherin' what it was all for, or where I was, whin a vision sthood before me, a curious vision. I thought o' the little elves and fairies, head over heels in the deep tumblers, while some pointed with a roguish expression to the stheaming jug, and some jumped wildly over the fat jars. Others came agin near me with sweet-smelling jorums o' whiskey punch, and laughed and jeered, with their mouths dhrawn back to their very ears, while some of them wint kickin' the lump sugar about the table, rowlin' the limons half a dozen to every one, and knockin' down ache other with shouts of fun and merriment.

" At last, when they had enough o' recreation this way, they began to approach me laughin' and humbuggin', some of them with their fingers on

their noses, and a few of them havin' the owdacity to climb up my leg, chest, and whiskers, just to pluck at my nose, or sthick their fingers in my eye. At last they got tired o' provokin' me this way, more especially as I bore it all with the greatest good humour, only cursin' one little vagabond who wint nearly deprivin' me o' the use o' my left optic.

" 'Jimmy,' siz one shount little gentleman at last, 'that's fine poteen.'

" 'I don't doubt it, sir,' siz I, 'for you look like a good judge of its qualifibilities.'

" The little gentleman rubbed his nose complacently, and thin siz he :

" 'It's a long time since you tasted the like av it, p'raps you've no objection to a late thrial?'

" 'Well, sir,' siz I, with a deep groan, 'it's mysel' that niver refused a kind invitation, and comin' from a quarther so respectable ; but thin, sir, you see it's not my own maaster I am, or I'd be after becomin' your humble servant in a jiffy.'

" 'Casey,' siz the little gentleman, afther a few moments' silence, 'you come of a daacent ahtock ; your mother was a Mulcaby, or I'm mistaken?'

" 'Your honour isn't far out,' siz I.

" 'No, I'm not,' siz he, 'and it's a sad day for ould Ireland whin the rale ould ginerations o' the countrry are takin' to Scotch malt,' siz he, 'and Frinch wines,' siz he, indignantly, 'and the pure poteen, that never gave a headache, pitched aside for any dog to snuff at.'

" The poor little gentleman said this so warmy, that I knew immedately his dandber was up ; his eyes flashed with rage, at the same time, that two scaldin' tears rowled down his cheeks. I pitied the poor little fellow with all my heart, and siz I to mysel, 'That chap loves his country in airnest ; and you, Casey,' siz I, 'you mane spaldeen, if you had half his sperit, isn't it the Repailler you might be, and you havin' all your family to back you, the Caseys, the Mulcahyas, let alone the Finnegans, and the O'Tooles !'

" As I finished thinkin' this way, a door at the ind of the room opened, and a purty young lady walked in first, takin' the lade of several nate, clae, smart-lookin' ladies and gentlemen, all dhressed in green, and wearin' a St. Patrick's cross sthuck soncily on their shoulders. The first lady passed by me, with a genteel bow, and takin' her sate at the head o' the table, with her back to the fire, motioned the others to their chairs, smilin' and dimplin' like a ripe pache ; and as soon as this was done, she turned her face towards myself, and comminced bobbin' at me until I began to feel quite ashamed, and all my face covered over with blushes.

" 'Jimmy Casey,' siz she.

" 'Ma'am,' siz I.

" 'How are you?' siz she.

" 'Purty well, thank you, middlin' ; I can give you a ball o' thanks, and how do you feel yourself?' ma'am,' siz I.

" 'Oh, gaily,' siz she, bowing politely, and with a pleasant smile ; 'but Jimmy,' siz she, 'I think you don't know me,' siz she.

" 'Well, ma'am,' siz I, scratchin' my head, 'I'd be sorry to say I could

forget such a purty face as your ladyship's, if ever I saw it afore, but sthill and nevertheless notwithstanding, ma'am,' siz I, 'I think, with great respect to you, your physiogomy isn't quite at home in my familiar recollection.'

"So, Jimmy," siz she, smilin' purtily, "it isn't, for I'm your grandmother, Jimmy," siz she, "that you can't remimber, long ago, givin' you lump sugar, darlin'," siz she, "and a ddrop o' poteen to set you asleep in your cradle," siz she.

"Now, by cripes," siz I, "if you *are* Judy Casey, and its little thanks I owe you, for you were the first that ever spiled the name o' a Casey."

"Arrah, how's that, Jimmy, asthore?" siz she.

"Are you so impudent," siz I, "as to purtind," siz I, "to be ignorant o' what every one in the three parishes has at their fingers' ends; and do you know, Mrs. Casey," siz I, growin' warmer and warmer, "it would be betther for you and more becomin' your gray hairs, to be lyin' ashleep in your comfortable grave, than to be night-walkin' this way, and bringin' your innocent grandson into bad company."

"Well, Jimmy," siz she, puttin' one little finger over the other, "by that cross av I know what you are alludin' to!"

"You don't?" siz I, "and how did you die, I'd like to know?"

"It was the fairies took me, and, 'pon my soul and conscience, that's the thruth."

"Well," siz I, gettin' softened, "and p'raps that explains how young you're lookin', for when you died, its not less than sixty you could be, and I'm towld you were ould-lookin' for your years."

"It's thtrue for you," siz she, "I didn't get on as dacently as I ought; but," siz she, "I'd like to know what they said whin I came away."

"Och musha," siz I, gettin' cross again, "and what could they say, but that you were always a dhrunken owld devil, and that it served you right."

"And the crowner?" siz she.

"That you were dead and done for," siz I, "p'raps that's agreeable to you?"

"The ould rascal," siz she, indignantly, "and is that the way he thrates me, afther many's the good bottle we dhrunk together; but wait yet, an' if I don't play him a thrick for that yet, it's not me that's Judy Casey o' the glen."

"She looked so wild at this, that I began to get sorry for puttin' her in such a passion; 'p'raps afther all,' siz I to mysel', 'she wasn't so bad as people said; and av she war itsel', Jimmy Casey, how do you know what sort av a boy you may be *yoursel'* in the heel o' your days; and sure, Jimmy, acushla, av it's for *our own* we have the cowld word, and the sthingin' tongue, where is it in this wide world that they'll meet the warm heart, and the frind kind enough to make them forget their sorrows?'

"Mrs. Casey," siz I to her, "I'm sorry for all I said to you, though it's well you know how staunch and high was the pride o' the Caseys; sthill, ould girl, as ye seem in betther quarters than I ever hoped to find you in, maybe we might as well let by-gones be by-gones, as the sayin' is, whilst the present may be betther spint than in rippin' up ould sores."

"' You're right, avic,' siz she, with a deep sigh, 'and as you say, agrahoo, what's the use in spindin' the night rakin' up fires that's out long ago ; time and tide, Jimmy,' siz she, her ould smile comin' back agin, 'time and tide, Jimmy, waits for no man.'

"' And while the man waits ma'am,' siz I, 'the sthrame runs.'

"' Does it, sir ?' siz she, laughin' heartily, 'well and av it does, it's a curous sthrame, sure enough ; but now, as regards the friends, how are they all above, for we've been thravellin' through the country lately, and we arn't particularly acquainted with the news hereabouts.'

"' They're purty well, middlin, ma'am thank you,' siz I.

"' And your father, Jimmy, how does he wear it out ?'

"' Well enough for the weather,' I replied, 'only the *asma* is gettin' every day worse and worse with the poor ould crathure.'

"' Did he thry the poteen, Jimmy ?'

"' Troth I'm afeerd it's too mnch o' that same medicine he's used already,' siz I, 'and av I'm not disrespectful to you ma'am,' siz I, 'I think it's not over well it agreed with your own sthout constitootion,' siz mysel' to her.

" She only laughed at this, and after winkin' roguishly at the company, and tastin' her cup purty deeply, she began again.

"' Jimmy, the night is cowld, and I'm towld you're a teetotaller ?' siz she.

"' An how could you larn that ma'am, av you hadn't all the other news ?'

"' Oh ! I was listenin' to you talkin' to yourself', there a while ago, and I think you said so.'

"' I am an humble sinner in that way,' siz I.

"' Ah ! Jimmy, Jimmy,' siz she, shakin' her head gloomily, 'it's that same sort o' sins, and no other, that's bringin' the blight on the praties ; av ye sthuck to the customs o' your ancesthors, its dyin' dacently o' too much ye'd be, and not o' too little, as ye are now, poor crathures, and may the sorrow pity ye.'

" Whin my grandmother said this, she took a good dhrink to dhrown her grief, and durin' the pause occasioned by her silence, I had time to look about me at the rest o' the company. I hard it often said that the fatures o' families re-appear in different ginerations, but even av I didn't know this for years and years, this blissid moment o' my dhrame would ha' made it clear as daylight to my comprihension. For there, sure enough, were my father and mother, sister and brother, sportin' the rale chins o' the Caseys, and the long sthraight noses that never was mistaken in fair or pattern.

"' And how are you, Jimmy Casey ?' siz one o' them, a fine, fat little woman at the bottom o' the table ; 'I'm a thirty-first cousin o' yours,' siz she, 'on the Casey side.'

"' And I'm Molly Mulcahy,' siz another, 'that ye heard on maybe for a rale sojer in the time o' the Frinch rebellion.'

" To all o' them I answered politely, 'that I was pretty well, thank you, middlin', only for a cholic that I began to feel about the stomach.'

"' Arrah, why didn't we think o' that before ?' siz my grandmother.

and the poor boy one o' our blood relations. Here, Mr. Hopkins,' siz she, callin' the little gentleman who made so free with me in the beginnin', ' hand him that,' siz Judy Casey.

" It was a fine bowl o' punch, it was, into which she was after squeezin' a limon with her own fair hands, and then gave it to Mr. Hopkins, motioning him in my direction. I was goin' to refuse it, but Judy Casey looked so coaxin', and the punch itsel'smelt so enticin', that I could not, for the life o' me, have vexed either the one or the other. ' I can smell it at any rate,' siz I to mysel', and sorra a fault could Father Mathew himself have to find on that qualification. So I took it in my hand, but without the laste intention o' tastin' it, whin up stands Judy Casey, and all the company, and siz she, liftin' up the glass, ' Here's to your health, Jimmy Casey.'

" 'Jimmy Casey, Jimmy Casey,' siz my grandmother, ' what are you shoppin' about? Is it goin' to disgrace the family you'd be?'

" 'Bad luck to you!' siz I, ' but you've got me into a purty hobble now in airnest. Here goes, at any rate.'

" 'In for a shillin' in for a pound,' 'good to be hanged for onesheep as for two,' I called for another glass, and before I felt it, was humming a dhrinkin' song for which I was famous in the days o' the Molly Maguires. Many a one I sang among the hills, on the moonlight nights, to keep our hearts warm, and it was always the sign o' my bein' ' half seas over,' for it was thin only that I could do it justice, and let out my voice.

" 'Jimmy,' siz my grandmother, ' would you like to hear a song o' mine,' siz she.

" 'I'd be obliged to you, ma'am,' siz I, ' for I've been tould you were a rale linnet in your day.'

" 'So I was, Jimmy, and, as you're anxious to hear me, ov coorse I'll favor you, and you can tell the people at home what a fine note I can put out o' me yet,' siz she.

" She then sung this song," said Jemmy, handing me (Mr. O'Culkin), a paper, on which were written some verses in a lady's handwriting. " I found this copy on the grass the very day asther my dhrame, and though Miss O'Flaherty (Mrs. O'Culkin that is to be), swore it was her's that she lost there, I'm sartain sure they were the identical same Judy Casey sang the night afore. Will you read them av you plaze, sir?"

The paper was very much worn by constant friction with Jemmy's pocket, so that the first and last stanzas were destroyed; the few that remained, however, were legible enough, and, as well as I could make out, ran this way :—

" Here the days pass in mirth, and the nights pass in gladness,
To the dance and the revel the hours obey ;
We banish all sorrow, and fly from all sadness,
And laugh at Old Time as he threatens decay.

We roam through the stars, and we ride on the billow,
With sunbeams for chariots through empires we sweep ;
The rose is our couch, and the dew-drop our pillow.
Or the feather that floats on the face of the deep.

We live in the dells where the streamlet is flowing :
 By the eve of some heath-bell our palaces spring ;
 We bathe in the fount when the hot sun is glowing,
 Or dance in the shade where the foresters' aing.

When the moon is on high, and the pale stars are beaming,
 We fly through the world on wings of the air ;
 We light on the lips of the lover that's dreaming,
 And he smiles, for he thinks that his darling is there.

And betimes by the green banks of some glassy fountain,
 When the pale moon is beaming, we join in the maze,
 Till the thrushes awaken the tongues of the mountain,
 When we rush to the East on the sunrise to game."

"Put the paper in your pocket," said Jemmy, as soon as I had finished reading, "the poethry, no doubt, is very good, but the words is too big for me ; besides, I suppose you can return it to the lady, av it appears to you she has a right to it. In the manetime, let me get along.

"Whin the song was over, the next thing, as a matter av coarse, was a dance. I led Judy Casey through the floor, and though I thought at first her fingers would be insensible to touch, I found that they were rale mate, and no mistake ; fine, fat, plumpy fingers no girl in the countrhy might be ashamed of.

"'Arrah ! Jimmy,' siz she, 'but the poteen agrees with you famously ; it's not the shlinkin look of a teetotal man you have now at all at all, but the threue ginteel finish of a Casey.' Up with the music, louder still and louder, and round through the room with us until I had woru holes in the flure, but no mark o' Judy givin' in yet ; round she wint with her apron nately tucked up at the corners, her head smilin' purtily on one side, and now and thin callin' on the piper for a roar up o' the spare wind, and on me for another kick for ould Ireland.

"'Well ma'am,' siz I, 'it's ashamed I'd be to confess myself put down by another than a Casey, but in the present sthate o' politice, nevertheless,' siz I, 'I'm afraid my pedestals won't bould out much longer.'

"Judy Casey sthopped, and after throwin' her arms round my neck, began cryin' over and kissin' me for a quarther of an hour ; 'it's not bad you are at all, Jimmy, avic,' siz she, 'and now Jimmy,' siz she, 'promise and swear niver, niver again to taste a dhrap a cowld wather whin poteen could be got instead.'

"I was so melted by her kissin' and huggin', that I almost began to cry myself, and siz I, 'I do swear, dear Mrs. Casey,' siz I, 'I do.'

"I had no sooner given the oath than the distant crow of a cock came clearly over the lea, the vision disappeared at the moment, and I was alone. The gray dawn of the mornin' appeared in the east, and the could north wind was playin' on my half-frozen cheek. I thried to sthand up, but my feet, benumbed with cowld and sleep, prevented me for some minutes. I began to think it was all a dhrame, whin lookin' at the floor, I found that it was actually filled with holes ; and, what was still more surprisin', a glass and a bottle were lyin' on the table, and my own head ringin' with the

tunes brought on by a night of squallin'. I niver could make out what it all meant; and though my colleen said I must have dhrunk Hegarty's poteen, upon my soul and conscience, I think it's belyin' me she is, in sayin' so."

PETER O'CULKIN.

MODERN EDUCATION*.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is well known in intellectual circles as belonging to the most speculative school of our advanced thinkers. Many practical readers may, therefore, expect to find his work on "Education" a very bulky, transcendental, and unintelligible effusion. They will be surprised to learn, on the contrary, that the book in question is a very modest and thin octavo, in fine, large print, written in a masculine and lucid style, certainly unprejudiced in discussion, and, for a wonder, exceedingly practical and sensible in very many respects. We are not by any means prepared to go all lengths with him in his opinion upon the existing methods of teaching, but it would be impossible, we think, for any sensible man to read the essays before us, and not to derive considerable benefit and interest from their perusal.

After adverting to the well-known fact that, in order of time, decoration precedes dress, Mr. Spencer observes that a similar relation holds with the mind. "Men," he says, "dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. As the Orinoco Indian puts on paint, not with a view to any direct benefit, but because he would be ashamed to be seen without it, so a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may have the badge marking a certain position."

This is partly true, partly not. Decoration has preceded dress in body and in mind. But, in course of time, when the controversy arose whether Latin or Greek were merely ornamental, it was finally decided that they were not, since they furnished an almost indispensable key to every other branch of learning, and, on the score of discipline, provided a most admirably subtle practice of logic, while they train the memory to the utmost. It is rather inconceivable how a man of large and refined education, like Mr. Spencer, can overlook the fact, that a proper system of translation from Latin or Greek into English with a dictionary, necessitates the most complicated exercise of the *judgment*, no less than of the memory. He observes very truly that "Men who would blush if caught saying Iphigénia instead of Iphigenia, or would resent as an insult any imputation of ignorance respecting the fabled labours of a fabled demi-god, show not the slightest shame in confessing that they do not know where the Eustachian tubes are, what are the actions of the spinal cord, and what is the normal rate of pulsation, or how the

* *Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.* By HERBERT SPENCER.

lungs are inflated." And he elsewhere distinguishes between that knowledge, preparing us for direct self-preparation, which nature undertakes to teach us, as it were, herself: that fire burns, for instance; and the knowledge, also ministering to direct self-preservation, which is contained in the laws of physiology; contending, most justly, that for "complete living," (a phrase of his,) it is necessary, not only that *sudden annihilations* of life shall be warded off, but also that we should neglect nothing which can help us to escape from the *slow annihilation* entailed upon us by unwise habits. Most true and just. But this does not prove that Latin and Greek are not, for many reasons, the best early disciplinal instrument. It only proves that there is a large body of facts and principles of modern discovery, which it is folly on the part of parents to omit teaching to their children.

We are not at all prepared to quarrel with Mr. Spencer for his earnest advocacy of science as the polar star, the all in all, of education, more especially when he defines education to be the science of complete living—the right ruling of conduct in all directions, under all circumstances; but we do very much doubt, whether the infant mind is adapted to a method exclusively scientific. Beef and mutton are not food for babies. Upon his own principle, adopted from the physiologist Isidore de St. Hilaire, that growth and development are in the inverse ratio—in other words, that *increase of size* and *increase of structure* are mutually antagonistic, it must follow, we think, that methods too exclusively scientific, which, in fact, are the result of the highest "structural" organization, are not fitted for the age in life, when "growth," not structure, is the legitimate requirement. It is, therefore, one of the advantages, not a "disadvantage," of that kind of training due to the acquisition of languages, that the connections of ideas involved are in a great measure accidental. It is the presence of some sort of connection, and the absence of entire rigour, which makes the learning of languages the best food for the young. Nevertheless, we must own to all conviction, that we are only, if yet, on the true threshold of a true system of education. We grope in the dark, empirically, as best we may, and we trust that Mr. Spencer's thoughts may go far to quicken the already pertinent and earnest inquiries of the best friends of their country—the friends of education. We recommend Mr. Spencer's volume to our readers as one in every respect worthy of their most careful study, not as a guide so much as an admirable text-book of suggestion.

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CONTENTS.

No. 12

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- THE CLOTHES-LAW;
- AND TRANSLATIONS—
TAXES
- OF THE FORTY SEVEN;
AND A COUNTING;
- THE TAXES LAW;
- IRISH;
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CONTENTS.

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PHORY.
HIMSELF OF GHOST-LAND,
TRANSLATORS AND TRANSLATIONS,
AUTUMN GRAVES,
TRADITIONS OF THE FOURTH ESTATE,
HOW I MARRIED A COUNTESS,
A VISIT TO THE LAND'S-END,
A CHRISTMAS DREAM,
CONCERNING A LITTLE BOY IN THE
BOLES,
HAPPY CHRISTMAS!,
FINNISH MYTHOLOGY,
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OR
TRIALS OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

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T H E S M U G G L E R ' S R E V E N G E ; O R T H E L O S T C H I L D O F
LANEMARKEN. A Tale designed chiefly for the amusement and instruction of youth. Translated from the German.

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THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

SOME days after the farewell meeting on the sea-shore, the worthy proprietor of Tregonna was confined to his room by indisposition. His devoted daughter Alice was on this, as on all such like occasions, his chief attendant; anticipating his wishes, and enlivening his drooping spirits with her artless conversation. Early on the morning of the Sabbath-day; her presence in the sick chamber was for a time dispensed with, to make way for that of Mr. Justice Sandford, whose unexpected arrival denoted business of some importance, and such proved to be the case. He had come expressly to secure Mr. Marsdale's immediately co-operation in an affair of great urgency, and was most solicitous to convey him away with him. This, however, he was unable to do, owing to Mr. Marsdale's indisposition, and, therefore, took his departure somewhat disappointed. No sooner had Alice heard Mr. Sandford's footsteps die away in the outer hall than she hastened back to her father's apartment. She found him a good deal disturbed in consequence of this unexpected interview, and he requested his daughter to leave him alone for a couple of hours, that he might compose his mind, and endeavour to obtain rest, for which he felt much in need, bidding her not to fail to return at the time appointed, as he had something of importance to impart to her. Alice obeyed, wondering within herself what it could possibly be that her father wished to communicate, it being contrary to his usual habit to make her acquainted with the slightest circumstance connected with any judicial business in which he might be engaged. It was, therefore, with no little impatience and some curiosity that she watched the hand of the gilded time-piece, which Gerald had brought her from a French land, till it should point at the hour fixed for her return. This having at length arrived, Alice hastily retraced her steps to her father's room.

"Sit down on that stool, dear child," said Mr. Marsdale, "and pay at-
VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

tention to what I have to say to you." Alice did as she was desired, though not without remarking a seriousness in her father's tone and manner which began to give her some uneasiness.

"Alice," said Mr. Marsdale, "I have hitherto refrained from disturbing your young mind with the vexations that, as a justice of the peace, not unfrequently beset my path, and which I am ever unwilling to impart unnecessarily to others. In the present instance, however, I have judged it proper that you should not be the last to remain in ignorance of that which ere long must be known to all." Mr. Marsdale then adverted to the family at the Priory, and their continued obstinacy in not conforming to the enlightened views of the day, and of the unpleasant necessity he had been under, some months aince, of which she was no doubt aware, of enforcing the penal statutes against Sir Algernon Trevillers. "I had hoped," continued he, "that the restrictions laid upon him at that time had been sufficiently stringent to have deterred him from further misdemeanours, but I was mistaken. This pertinacious individual has again outraged the law in a still more flagrant and unpardonable manner, by artfully concealing under his roof a member of that society called 'Jesuits,' which, from its mysterious unanimity and determined love of power, is held in much terror in the land. It is said that the culprit in question is Sir Algernon's own brother; be this as it may, it is no plea for his being harboured and encouraged in direct violation of the law. It fell, therefore, to my duty, as a justice of the peace, to enforce his apprehension. This was attempted some days since, but failed."

Here Mr. Marsdale paused, and Alice being well acquainted already with all that her father had been relating to her, made some vague reply, in the hopes he had come to a conclusion; but she was wrong in her supposition, for in a few moments he resumed the thread of his observations by enlarging upon the skill which Humphrey ever displayed when consulted in cases of difficulty, more particularly on the present occasion when his foresight and ingenuity had proved of the greatest value.

"How so?" said Alice, alarmed.

"Why," replied Mr. Marsdale, "it occurred to Humphrey, that as Sir Algernon and his family were to leave the Priory on the second day of the week, it was not improbable that this guilty ecclesiastic might be induced to officiate for the last time on the Sunday, and by so doing afford an easy means of apprehending him, as well as all those of his kinsmen who were participating in his unlawful act. The suggestion was acted upon: Humphrey and the young man Geoffrey, who had first made known the Jesuit's existence and concealment, placed themselves on the watch, and, true enough, the first streak of dawn had scarcely marked the horizon when a muffled figure alighted from his horse at the gate of the Priory, and quickly disappeared within the building. No time was lost: the sheriff's men were at hand, a sudden rush made, and the Jesuit seized in the very act of commencing the forbidden service, called the '*Mass*.' Sir Algernon was also made prisoner, with the rest of his family and household, all being more or less guilty in the eye of the law. They were immediately conveyed before

a justice of the peace : my indisposition prevented me from being present, which otherwise it would have been my duty to have been, having signed the warrant for their apprehension. Their commitment was, however, easily made out, and they are, no doubt, at this moment on the road to Bodmin jail. There they will not have long to remain, as the assizes are on the point of commencing, and the business will be disposed of at once."

"Ah, Alice!" resumed Mr. Marsdale, fixing his eyes suddenly upon her, "what ails you, dear child, why so pale? Is it owing to what I have been saying? Surely you know not these people—they are strangers to you. Speak, Alice, speak."

The poor girl was, however, so overcome with what she had just learned that she could not speak. Her endeavours to master her emotion did but add to the sense of suffocation that seemed to oppress her. She covered her face with her hands, and remained silent, till a second remonstrance from her astonished father forced her to do violence to her feelings, and affect a demeanour her sickened heart denied. She owned she was distressed, distressed that a whole family should be brought to destruction for doing what they thought it right to do.

"I am not less grieved," said Mr. Marsdale, touched at the effect he had wrought upon his daughter's sensibility, "to have been obliged to have recourse to such harsh measures, but it is duty, not inclination, that must guide my proceedings in such matters as these."

"You know best what is right," replied Alice, in a low voice, "but I do not pity the less these unfortunate people."

"I find no fault with your feelings of compassion, Alice; they are natural, perfectly so: but at your age you see not beyond the surface. In such grave matters as these I have imparted to you, it is necessary to steel the feelings, and have nought in view but the general good of one's country."

At this moment the hurried foot of Humphrey was heard to approach, and Alice, profiting by the circumstance, made her exit without delay. She hastened to her own apartment, where, much overcome with the efforts she had made to disguise her agitation, she sought relief in a flood of tears.

"What will poor Urcella think of me?" said she to herself. "Will she believe I was ignorant of the doom that awaited her and her family? I, who was congratulating her upon the happy prospects before her, and, perhaps, by so doing, deterring her from taking those precautions which she otherwise might have done. I will write immediately to my brother Gerald. He is also a justice of the peace, and might be of some service in this unhappy business. As for my dear father, he has no conception of the extent of undeserved misery he has entailed on the family of Sir Algernon since his arrival in the district. Oh! that I had the courage to try and convince him of their real worth. But it is too late now. All that lies in my power is to obtain the presence of one who might be induced to say a good word in their favour. This is, however, but a poor reed to rest upon; I will not lose sight of it nevertheless."

Having thus made up her mind as to what was best to be done, she sat down, and penned an endearing and imploring letter to Gerald, telling

him to return home without a moment's delay. This accomplished, she made her way back to her father's room, there to resume her affectionate pose : whilst Mr. Marsdale, recollecting the effect his communication had produced upon his daughter, abstained from making any further allusion to the subject.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SUSPENSE.

DAY after day Alice looked out for the expected arrival of Gerald, but he came not. The distance was, indeed, great, and the difficulties of travelling in the days of our narrative often insurmountable. In the meantime, the assizes were close at hand, and Mr. Marsdale, though scarcely recovered from his indisposition, began making preparations for attending them. The Preceptor Merria, Humphrey, and Mr. Treverbys, put themselves also in readiness to accompany him. The day having arrived for their departure, Mr. Marsdale took leave of his daughter, and commenced a journey which his cheerless demeanour clearly indicated was not one of pleasure to him.

Left to herself, Alice wandered about the deserted mansion, endeavouring to shake off the many anxieties that beset her. Sometimes she wondered why she felt an interest for persons she had never even seen ; and though Urcelia had drawn their characters in glowing colours, might this not have been owing to her near kinship, or her natural attachment to those she was upholding ? What, if they were unworthy of her good opinion, and merited the opprobrium cast upon them by their enemies. . . . No ! she would not entertain such unworthy surmises : how could she do so when she recalled the earnest countenance of her beloved friend, beseeching her, with all the eloquence of truth, not to give credence to the aspersions thrown out against her unhappy relatives.

Three days had now passed by, and Alice Marsdale had received no tidings of her brother. She feared her letter had not reached him, or that the contents were distasteful to his feelings, or considered useless. In this state of suspense she passed another two days, when, on the morning of the third, the baying of the dogs announced an arrival. It was Gerald. Alice hastened down to meet him, and in her eager welcome she speedily forgot the annoyance his seeming indifference had occasioned her. "Not an hour sooner could I have reached you," exclaimed Gerald ; "endless difficulties have I had to encounter—vile roads, lack of horses," &c. Alice easily gave credit to his statements, strengthened as they were by the sight of his besmeared habiliments, and his determination of not staying a moment longer than was absolutely necessary to take some refreshment.

"Were they *all* committed to prison?" inquired Gerald, making a stress on the word *all*.

"Yes, *all*," replied his sister, entering into the drift of his meaning, "not even Sir Algernon's daughter was spared. I saw the latter some six days since ; she was then full of joy at her uncle's escape, and the prospects

of immediately returning to the continent. I never saw her bright countenance so expressive of complete happiness."

"Your letter was written in haste," said Gerald. "Tell me all you know of this concealed Jesuit—when and where was he discovered?"

These details having before been related, it is unnecessary to repeat them here. We will only say that Alice informed her brother of all that had been communicated to her by her father, and concluded by entreating him to render what assistance he could in favour of this hapless family, if it were only to record the numerous charities they gave to the poor, and their readiness to lend a friendly hand to whomsoever needed it.

"My testimony," replied Gerald, after a moment's reflection, "however sincere on my part, would, I fear, be of very little avail. The fact that one of those ecclesiastics, called Jesuits, had been exercising his religious functions in this country, and that a second person had enabled him to do so by harbouring and concealing him, are offences of such deep magnitude as to call down the severest penalties of the law; the former under the head of *high treason*, and the latter that of *felony*. It is, therefore, a matter of the utmost improbability that anything I could say in their behalf should have any weight in staying the effects of such cruel statutes. These fears on my part shall not, however, deter me from straining every nerve to be of service to them, should any unexpected occasion present itself for my doing so."

"From my heart I thank you, dear brother. I felt certain you would view their misfortunes in the same light as I did."

"Has this Jesuit been long at the Priory?" inquired Gerald.

"A short time only, I believe; but his family, from what I hear, are greatly attached to him. Whilst in foreign parts, he was a constant inmate of Sir Algernon's house, occasionally acting as instructor to a nephew, who has since left them in displeasure."

"A nephew brought up in the family? This is the first time," said Gerald, interrupting his sister, "that I have heard of this young man. What more have you heard concerning him?"

"Scarcely anything, for Urcella has always shown so much reluctance to speak of him that I did not like to press the subject; all I could make out was, that having reached manhood he got into much disfavour with his family, and, in fact, had been banished from their presence. But to return to the Jesuit. I heard, through the means of Urcella, that his object in returning to this country was solely to benefit those of his own faith, who, in their anomalous position, were without ministers to afford them religious consolation, and not for the purpose of entering into combination with designing men to the detriment of the crown and state. Oh, Gerald," continued Alice, "I wish you could have witnessed the solemn earnestness with which dear Urcella endeavoured to convince me of the truth of this; her indignation at the unjust imputations thrown out against her uncle, and the society to which he belonged, assuring me again and again that their only fault was paying too little regard to the hideous calumnies heaped upon them, and permitting them to pass uncontradicted, the more to humiliate themselves and follow the footsteps of their Divine Master. Do not, there-

him to return home with him; he made her way back to his post: whilst Mr. Marsdale produced upon his daughter a strong aversion to the subject.

Day after day Alice looked out for him, but he came not. The distance was, indeed, great; but in the days of our narrative often distances were close at hand, and from his indisposition, began making him less fit for his Preceptor Merris, Humphrey, and Readiness to accompany him. The Mr. Marsdale took leave of his daughter, and his cheerless demeanour clearly indicated his anxiety.

Left to herself, Alice wandered about the house, trying to shake off the many anxieties which troubled her mind. She considered why she felt an interest for persons whom Urcella had drawn their character from; and whether it was not owing to her near kinship, or whether she was upholding them? What, if they were worthy of the opprobrium cast upon them? But she would not entertain such unworthy surmises; she recalled the earnest countenance of her brother, and with all the eloquence of truth, not to give up the struggle against her unhappy relatives.

Three days had now passed by, and Alice received no tidings of her brother. She feared her letter had been lost, and the contents were distasteful to his feelings, or that he was still in suspense. She passed another two days, and on the third, the baying of the dogs announced an arrival. She hastened down to meet him, and in her eager welcome she forgot the annoyance his seeming indifference had occasioned her. "How glad I have been to see you, Gera! How soon could I have reached you," exclaimed Gertrude, "if I had not had to encounter—vile roads, lack of horses, &c. credit to his statements, strengthened as they were by the statements of his servants, and his determination of not staying longer than was absolutely necessary to take some refreshments."

"Were they *all* committed to prison?" inquired Gertrude, on the word *all*.

"Yes, *all*," replied his sister, entering into the drift, "not even Sir Algernon's daughter was spared. I saw the days since; she was then full of joy at her uncle's escape, &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TRIAL.

ALE remained at the open casement long after Gerald had left, though her eyes still rested upon the spreading landscape; her thoughts were far away. They were endeavouring to Court-house at Bodmin, and imagine what was going on. I often heard her brother talk of the new statutes enacted in "Ecclesiastics," and dared not think of the extent of their consequences that would inevitably follow, should the Reverend father be tried. Her mind recoiled at the bare idea of such a result; I think of it no more, but turn her thoughts to other subjects, to the feelings, and more congenial with her inclinations: to them nearer home, and perhaps upon her own revered father, Rhyn, whose gentle kindness had drawn around him the extensive parish. Selfishness was a stranger to him; life being to promote the welfare of others, and have

Upon Alice Marsdale these estimable qualities were carried them to their utmost extent, and would listen with the greatest interest to any man who in any way in which he ever found a redeeming word for the Dissenters. When commenting upon the passing events of the times refer to the rigorous measures then in force, and to adopt the national creed, a policy he much abominated, and which he traced to the heartless tactics of a few powerful men, who, under a plausible plea of upholding certain religious tenets, and an inconvenient minority, hateful for its unity and assertion was most true it could not be denied, that even a man, who, like his master, would dare put his hand to his heart, and say that he was performing a pleasure of charity, in thus crushing even unto death, his own soul in his own. He could not presume to say that all well that other motives than conscientious scruples, was unjustifiable proceedings. In this love, it was no matter of surprise to see Alice respond with some reluctance to the summons against the unfortunate family; but from this unpleasant duty she well knew, was another proof in her eyes of the goodness of her master.

Mrs. Marsdale left. The anxieties of Alice since the departure of her master, and the time that he had been away, wore on, and she received no news of him until the tenth evening, the promised letter, which the reader may judge from its contents, was a welcome part of Alice Marsdale.

fore, dear brother, look with distrust upon these people ; they may be very different from what you suppose them to be."

"They are, indeed, new clients for you to defend," replied Gerald, with a smile, "but I will not blame your kind heart for wishing to exculpate them, nor will I put you to the trouble of doing so again, as it happens that I know infinitely more about them, both as to their deserts, or otherwise, than you could possibly tell me.

"During my foreign travels, it was my destiny to be taken ill, and, moreover, to find myself housed and tended by several of these formidable sons of Loyola, under whose roof I was accidentally sojourning, through their hospitality to strangers. Here I had ample time and opportunity of becoming acquainted with their habits of life and general sentiments. We had much conversation on different points, and never was I more deeply convinced of the immeasurable folly of condemning men of whom we knew so little, whose opinions and practices were to us unknown, or so distorted and disfigured by the glass through which we beheld them, as to render them no longer the same. In fine, the more I saw of these religious men, the more I felt persuaded that their views (though carried out much further than we deem expedient,) were based upon the very same standard of virtuous perfection which we ourselves make it our study to attain."

"How glad I am to hear you speak thus," said Alice. "I was perfectly assured that Urcella was not deceiving me when she told me as much."

"Where is my friend Treverbyn?" inquired Gerald.

"Gone with my father to the assizes. He was summoned as a witness against the parties, and not a very willing one either."

"That I can easily imagine. I know him too well not to be certain of that."

Time now began to wear on, and Gerald, considering he had sufficiently refreshed himself, commenced making ready for his immediate departure. This being effected, he still lingered on as if he had something more to learn. "May I ask," at length he said carelessly adjusting his cloak, "how I stand in the eyes of this fair friend of yours ? Am I still the heartless dissembler, who says one thing and does another ?"

"Oh ! forgive her, dear brother, forgive her," exclaimed Alice. "Situated as Urcella Trevilliers has been since her arrival at the Priory, living in a state of constant anxiety and apprehension for those about her, is it unnatural that her sensitive heart should fall a prey to every strange impression, true or false, that circumstances might throw in her way. Be assured, however, that when she becomes sensible of the groundlessness of her foolish suspicions, her contrition will far exceed her fault."

"Well," replied Gerald, not displeased with Alice's palliation of her friend's conduct towards him, "it shall not make any difference in my endeavours to assist her unhappy relatives, though I must tell you honestly, that at this moment I see little chance of my being able to afford them any assistance. We must, however, hope for the best. So farewell, dear Alice. I will send you the earliest intelligence, let it be good or bad." Upon saying which he mounted his horse, and was quickly out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TRIAL.

Alice Marsdale remained at the open casement long after Gerald had disappeared, and though her eyes still rested upon the spreading landscape before her, her thoughts were far away. They were endeavouring to penetrate the Court-house at Bodmin, and imagine what was going on there. She had often heard her brother talk of the new statutes enacted against "Romish Ecclesiastics," and dared not think of the extent of their rigour, and the consequences that would inevitably follow, should the Reverend Father be convicted. Her mind recoiled at the bare idea of such a result; she would try and think of it no more, but turn her thoughts to other subjects less harrowing to the feelings, and more congenial with her inclinations. She would turn them nearer home, and perhaps upon her own revered minister, Mr. Treverbyn, whose gentle kindness had drawn around him the grateful hearts of his extensive parish. Selfishness was a stranger to him; the chief aim of his life being to promote the welfare of others, and have no care for his own. Upon Alice Marsdale these estimable qualities were not lost, she appreciated them to their utmost extent, and would listen with pleasure to the artless way in which he ever found a redeeming word for the outcast and the oppressed. When commenting upon the passing events of the day, he would sometimes refer to the rigorous measures then in force against those who refused to adopt the national creed, a policy he much deplored; observing that, in almost all cases of persecution for conscience sake, their origin might be traced to the heartless tactics of a few powerful individuals, who, under the plausible plea of upholding certain religious tenets, sought to keep down an inconvenient minority, hateful for its unity and pertinacity. That such assertion was most true it could not be denied, as who, amongst these oppressors, would dare put his hand to his heart, and solemnly declare that he felt convinced that he was performing a pleasing act in the sight of the God of charity, in thus crushing even unto death, those whose worship differed from his own. He could not presume to say such was his firm belief, knowing full well that other motives than conscientious scruples had actuated him in his unjustifiable proceedings.

With such sentiments as the above, it was no matter of surprise to Alice that Mr. Treverbyn should have responded with some reluctance to the subpoena that summoned him as a witness against the unfortunate family of the Priory. That he could not flinch from this unpleasant duty she well knew, but that he should do it with *regret*, was another proof in her eyes of the generosity of his disposition.

Six days had now passed away since Mr. Marsdale left. The anxieties which had so fully engrossed the mind of Alice since the departure of her father, were painfully increased as the time wore on, and she received no news from Bodmin. At length, on the seventh evening, the promised communication from Gerald arrived, and the reader may judge from its perusal, the effect it produced on the sensitive heart of Alice Marsdale.

LETTER FROM GERALD TO HIS SISTER.

" Bodmin Gaol—midnight.

" Worn out with fatigue and excitement, I scarcely feel courage, dear Alice, to recall events which I would willingly blot out from my memory for ever, but I know the extent of your anxiety to learn the fate of the hapless family of the Priory, and will, therefore, do my utmost to afford you this sad satisfaction, though accompanied, as it must be, with details of the most distressing description. The trial of the Reverend Francis Trevilliers did not come on till towards the end of the assizes, consequently I arrived fully in time to be present at it. The Criminal Court which is small and inconvenient, had been crowded each day, but doubly and trebly so on the morning fixed for the above trial. The name, condition, and nature of the charges against the prisoner, were strong inducements for the public to attend; indeed, the fact that a *Jesuit* was to appear on his trial was alone a sufficient attraction. The popular feeling was against him. Ignorance and prejudice had played their part well, and the Reverend Father had little to expect in the way of commiseration from those present. The court presented an imposing spectacle. The Judge, attired in his robes of office and attended by the High Sheriff, sat elevated above the rest, displaying that solemn deportment which necessarily belonged to his judicial position.

" Towards the left of the Judge were seated several Justices of the Peace, and immediately opposite them the dock, a small enclosure appropriated for the prisoner on trial, having a side outlet through which he is able to enter and depart without disturbing the rest of the court.

" Some preliminaries having been gone through, the small door above-mentioned was opened, and the clanking of fetters announced the approach of the criminal. Every eye now turned towards the dock, each one picturing to himself the unfavourable aspect they expected to trace in him about to stand before them; no little surprise was consequently felt when the turnkey placed at the bar a man of gentle and finished deportment, possessing a countenance of benevolence, such as seemed to deny at once those atrocious deeds which the prejudice of the times frequently laid to the door of the misunderstood men. His mild blue eye looked passively around at the assembled numbers, and making his obeisance to the Judge, he placed himself in that erect position which seemed to bespeak a mind unconscious of crime. There was not a man in court whose attention was not directed at this moment towards the same object, but there was one above all others whom the sight of the accused affected in a most unexpected and appalling manner.

" This individual gazed at the prisoner with a fixed and vacant stare. He seemed to have made some direful discovery, yet scarcely believing in the truth of his own senses. Not a word did he utter, but after some seconds of apparent mental agony, he grasped convulsively the railing which stretched before him, and sank back in a state of unconsciousness. How you will grieve, dear Alice, when I tell you that this suddenly-stricken man was no other than our own dear father, who, at this critical moment, had

recognised, in the person of him at the bar, THE PRESERVER OF HIS CHILD'S LIFE!!!

"Yes, dear sister, the same, the very same who perilled his existence to save her from inevitable destruction, and was so greatly injured in the attempt! He whom we have so often blest and lauded for his noble and disinterested exertions, was now to be seen at the criminal bar of his country, on trial for his life, and this through the means of the very man for whom he had done so much.

"It was indeed a distressing moment.

"My father was removed out of court with some difficulty, and as soon as I could force myself through the pressure of the crowd, I joined him. I found Humphrey and Merris doing their utmost to calm his agitation, but their endeavours seemed only to accelerate his anguish; his natural turn of mind being, as you well know, of that sensitive and grateful cast, that he never thought he had sufficiently acknowledged an ordinary kindness, made him under the present circumstances insensible to all feelings except those of self-reproach, for having been the chief instrument in placing the man, of all others to whom he was the most indebted, in the wretched situation he there saw him.

"The state of debility into which my father had been reduced, by his late indisposition, little fitted him to bear so heavy a shock, and the anxiety I felt about his saddened condition made me unwilling to absent myself from him except at intervals, and consequently I was prevented from being present during the greater part of the Jesuit's trial. I happened, however, to re-enter the court at the moment the principal witness was brought forward against the prisoner. This was Jans Geoffrey, his own nephew, he who had discovered and revealed his concealment at the Priory. This young man entered the witness-box with a flurried step. He threw a hasty glance upon those immediately around him, but made no attempt to turn his eyes towards the prisoner at the bar, and when desired shortly afterwards to do so, in order to identify him, he obeyed with so much reluctance as to attract the notice of those present. Conscious, no doubt, of his own unworthiness, he shrank from meeting the eye of the Reverend Father, whose Christian excellence so strongly contrasted with his own treachery. He dared not look him in the face. The trepidation that seemed to overwhelm him whilst giving his testimony was generally observed, though attributed to that natural reluctance which a man feels who comes publicly forward to impeach a member of his own family. Others thought they perceived something beyond mere regret. The attention of the Preceptor Merris was particularly drawn towards this witness, not only from his strange demeanour, but from a resemblance which forcibly struck him, to an antagonist he had himself encountered under very peculiar circumstances. The similarity increased the more he examined him, whilst the restless eye of the witness, as it lit upon his own, seemed to be aware of the recognition and to turn hastily aside. Merris could no longer remain in his place; he forced his way nearer to the object of his scrutiny, when his suspicions were at once confirmed. All further doubts vanished, and he saw before him

the identical villain who had so savagely attacked him upon the lonely heath a few months previous. He was positive it was the same, and it was with difficulty that he could control his feelings or listen with patience to the testimony he was giving, which being at length concluded, Mr. Menis indignantly demanded the arrest of the principal witness against the prisoner, on a charge of highway robbery.

"Thus, dear Alice, did an unforeseen coincidence break upon us this sad and eventful day, and one which seemed to mark the retribution which Providence in his wisdom permitted this guilty young man to bring down on his own head.

"In the meantime, the trial of the unfortunate Jesuit continued its melancholy progress. The 27th statute of Queen Elizabeth too clearly met his case—

"No Jesuit or Popish Priest shall come, or be in this realm, on pain o' high treason unless he conform. . . . Also they who are in seminaries abroad shall return within six months after proclamation and conform before the bishop or justice of the peace, otherwise, if they return at all without submission, they shall be guilty of HIGH TREASON."

"The return of the prisoner from a foreign college, without making the required submission, was a fact which could not be controverted; there was, therefore, no course left but to bring in a verdict of *guilty*, and to pass the extreme sentence of the law. I was happily not in court at this painful moment, but I heard from those who were, that he heard his doom with calm resignation. Indeed, his demeanour throughout the whole trial was considered remarkable for the forbearance with which he heard the most unfounded insinuations thrown out against the society of which he was a member, and though these unfair charges were not supposed to have any weight with an honest jury, still they had their due effect in augmenting the prejudices against the prisoner, and imperceptibly making that impression which sealed his unhappy fate.

"This sad business is not over, Sir Algernon Trevilliers will be put on his trial to-morrow, for ' *harbouring*' his reverend brother, an act which I understand comes under the head of HIGH TREASON. Farewell, dear sister, may God bless and preserve you.

"GERALD MARSDALE."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GLIMPSES OF GHOST-LAND

A well-known writer has stated, somewhere or other, that the fame of Aristotle rested on a demonstration, that sneezing is a natural provision by means of which all profound thinkers are enabled to expel superfluous ideas through the nose. How far this is warranted by facts we are not in a position at present to determine ; it may or it may not be true ; all we can say on the matter is, that, having a deep interest in everything which concerns our common humanity, the arrangement pleases us ; for the consequences might be serious indeed, if we were not sometimes provided with safety valves of one description or other. "What, in the name of all that is wonderful," we hear some individual exclaim, with the bump of order largely developed, "is the fellow driving at ?" and, curious enough, we also ask ourselves the question, What could have suggested to us such a beginning as this ? We answer, two circumstances which, on analysis, are resolvable into a most satisfactory instance of mental association, to wit, in the first place, our subject, which in itself is of a highly metaphysical character ; and, in the next place, we have literally sneezed three times consecutively. We are relieved by this latter operation. There is no danger now for ourselves or anybody else. All apprehensions of our becoming abstruse have completely vanished ; so we go to our work with a conscience perfectly quiescent.

Looking back now over several decades of time, no matter how many, we find our dearest and most pleasing memories associated with ghost-stories and fairy tales. The haunted castle by the river-side, and the green fort in the meadow yonder, were to us, long ago, objects of the most reverential interest ; not in the spirit of an antiquary did we view them ; not as the monuments of a remote epoch in our country's history, but simply as the abodes of a supernatural order of beings. We looked into the dusky chamber, and in our childlike fear shrunk back half terrified. We listened at evening for the aërial music of which we had so often heard, always eager to catch some sound or witness some manifestation of that spiritual existence. We were afraid, yet our youthful mind was fettered by a strange fascination.

Every one of us have experienced feelings of this kind. In every age and clime, we find a superstitious faith in ghosts, goblins, and a variety of other supernatural apparitions. Modern science has greatly tended to shake our credulity in this respect, yet even conviction itself can scarcely banish all traces of the impressions formed in early years.

Our ancestors regarded the appearance of the Northern lights as a host of spiritual beings, who appeared as the harbingers of some approaching strife. They recognised in the varied phenomena presented, the revelation of some future event. The forms of departed heroes were distinctly seen ; the various evolutions of the battle were represented by the movements of the aërial columns, and the crimson tints of the electric lights told of blood-stained fields. Still, limited as science was, the ancients had advanced

sufficiently far to unfold the mysteries of spectral phenomena, but the art was always confined with jealous care to the knowledge of a few, and these used it for the purpose of chaining down their fellow men under the yoke of a degrading form of spiritual despotism. The oracle spoke with its prophetic voice, and the people heard its responses with awe. Every wood and stream was hallowed by the presence of some divinity. Their statues moved, and wept, and exhibited all the emotions of an animated existence. Warriors, long buried, escaped from their charnel prisons, and re-appeared amongst their countrymen in moments of difficulty or peril. Their forms were seen gliding through their camps, and their swords gleamed ruddiest in the van of battle. All these manifestations were received with feelings of awe and reverence. Men could not doubt the evidence of their senses. They saw, and felt, and heard, and no breath of scepticism could possibly shake convictions so naturally induced. But human reason was then young, and what faith regarded as the symbol of a mysterious and supernatural agency, the torch of philosophy had not yet reduced to what, after all, were but simple and natural phenomena. It was only when knowledge spread that the domain of the magician became narrowed, and in the end his influence completely destroyed.

The principal apparitions of former times were of an optical nature. The ancient magicians had an intimate knowledge of the properties of lenses and concave mirrors, and producing in the air images which presented all the characters of an incorporeal existence. In this manner, when they wished to give representations of their gods, or their departed friends, they could easily do so from highly illuminated statues or pictures. The impenetrable secrecy with which all these experiments were formerly attended, has precluded the possibility of anything like accurate description; but later, when they were more exposed to scrutiny, the means by which they were produced became more generally understood. One of the earliest instances occurred in the ninth century. A Roman Emperor had lost a favourite son, and wished to get a glimpse of his spirit after death. Accordingly some person, whose faculty for producing miracles seems to have been carefully cultivated, undertook to gratify the Emperor. The usual appliances for this purpose were brought into requisition, and the form of the departed offspring produced in due course, mounted on a magnificent charger, and arrayed in all the finery which befitted his elevated station. The phantom rider caroled proudly up to where the Emperor sat, but when the bewildered father attempted to clasp the form of his son within his arms it faded into unsubstantial air. A magic lantern would have produced all this, but in those days they had no such instrument; however, the apparatus used must have been constructed on the same principle.

The ancient philosophers attempted to assign a physical cause for the appearance of those again amongst us, who had passed into that land from which we are told no traveller returns. The theory of Lucretius on this subject is interesting, as illustrating the strange vagaries which we sometimes meet with in the writings of the ancient philosophers. He held that the spirits of the departed were nothing more than the outward and superfi-

cial portion of the human body, which, like the slough of reptiles, was thrown off, and had escaped the law incidental to our humanity. This extraordinary theory was taken up, and improved upon by the Alchymists of the seventeenth century, who imagined that by a process called *palingenzy*, they could reproduce plants or flowers from their ashes. The saline particles of the flower or plant which remained after it was burned, were exposed to a gentle heat, and mixed with some compound. After some time from out the ashes the flower rose in all its native beauty. About the truth of the experiment there can, of course, be but one opinion, but certain it is, the credulity of the age found no difficulty in adopting it as an accomplished fact in science, and deduced from this fanciful result, the real origin of apparitions. Numerous instances are on record where those philosophers caused the shade of the defunct individual who had the good or evil fortune of being the subject of their experiment to hover over his decomposed remains, and to assume in the spirit all the lineaments of form and outline which in his carnal existence he possessed. At various periods of the middle ages, epidemics of insanity spread over the whole of Europe. St. Vitus' dance is one of the most striking instances of this, and in our own day revivalism. The metaphysical speculations of Locke and Leibnitz gave the first impulse to the study of psychology, and served to dissipate the erroneous ideas which the false philosophy of an unlettered and superstitious age had engendered.

It is one of the peculiar conditions of our organization that the mental and physical functions are constantly re-acting upon one another. Any derangement of a bodily organ will immediately produce a feeling of unpleasantness. Here the mere consciousness of pain is altogether an operation of the mind. If ycr. plunge a dagger into a man's breast his physical sensibility, if we may use the phrase, becomes at once affected, and this produces a corresponding mental condition. It becomes translated from a physical into a mental fact, and conversely the action of the mind always leaves its impress upon, and regulates the movements of the body. Pain produces contortion of the features ; shame blushing, and various other ordinary movements of the human frame are aided or deranged by influences purely mental. If you think for a short time on such substances as alum, the formation of saliva will be promoted, and on the other hand, a vitiated atmosphere during sleep will first affect the physical organs, and then reflect upon the mind, producing unpleasant and frightful dreams ; in fact the connection between physical and mental action is so close, that some physiologists are of opinion, if we look into the interior of the brain and watch its molecular transformations, we would probably find that some peculiar alteration of the tissue takes place corresponding with every thought and volition which we experience.

Sir Walter Scott, in his interesting book on demonology, gives some curious instances of spectral illusion. One of the most extraordinary is that of Nicolai, a bookseller at Berlin. This man had devoted considerable time to the investigation of mental phenomena, and communicated to the Prussian Academy of Sciences an account of his own case and its attendant symptoms. Some misfortune occurred in his family, which

plunged him into a state of the most intense melancholy. Everything was attempted in alleviation of the anguish under which he suffered, but nothing could penetrate the gloom which hung like a pall over his spirits, and rendered him wholly unsusceptible of any enjoyment. One day his wife entered the apartment in which he was, for the purpose of cheering him; suddenly, at a short distance from where he sat, the figure of a deceased friend rose slowly before him, and gazed upon him with a calm and sorrowful expression; the figure afterwards appeared to him when he was alone, and when he rose to go and inform his wife, the figure accompanied him, vanishing and appearing again alternately. Later in the evening of the same day, several stalking figures appeared, but seemingly had no connexion with the one first seen. He attributed, very correctly, the appearance of so extraordinary a group to the disorganised state of his health, and expected that when his mind would have become more composed, and his bodily indisposition removed by competent medical treatment, that he would be no longer troubled; however, his malady became worse, the spectres increased in numbers, and assumed the most wonderful transformations. When he talked quite philosophically with his wife and physician about the appearance of these phantasms, they still continued to hover round him and passed to and fro in the room, never seeming to have any mutual connexion with one another. After some time, when their visits became more frequent, he could hear them speak. Generally they addressed him, and always in the most agreeable manner, sometimes, too, they conversed with one another; but the most extraordinary feature in the delusion was, that even when friends of his were in the room, those airy acquaintances still filled the place with their incorporeal presence, gliding noiselessly about, and actually taking part in the conversation of those present. These appearances were never attended by any disagreeable emotion on his part, on the contrary, he rather enjoyed it. The surgeon, when his disorder had increased to such an extent that the spectres never for a moment abandoned him, thought it necessary to apply leeches. At this time the room was swarmed with human forms of every imaginable size and description. As the process of leeching went on, the figures began to move about more slowly, gradually they became paler, and lost their intensity without, however, losing any of the distinctness of outline which they usually had. After some time, they became almost perfectly motionless, with an occasional shadowy and wavering movement, they then became less perceptible; and in the end, instead of moving or vanishing, as they had usually done, they melted away into air, whole pieces of some of them lingering for some time, but at length disappearing.

In minds habituated to abstract thought, to the active exercise of the imagination, scenes and incidents can be called up with a degree of vividness and distinct form, almost equal to the reality. Laborious study frequently produces this disorder of phantom-seeing, especially in minds of a highly sensitive organization.

" There are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

This, no doubt, is a great and indisputable truth, but very often we are apt to attribute things which are but the consequences of some physical derangement, to a supernatural origin. The writer of this article "chummed" in his youthful days with a young man of very studious habits, and a keenly sensitive mind. One night he came in and made the startling announcement, that if such things as ghosts ever made their appearance on this earth, he had most certainly seen one but a few minutes ago ; he was perfectly calm, and his hair and voice exhibited none of those symptoms by which people say they are usually characterised under similar circumstances. He said that, at the lower end of a strip of garden, in the rear of the house, he saw a tall figure, which, by the light of the moon, he thought he recognised as that of a friend. Going up he laid his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the supposed individual, but to his great amazement, the form was perfectly impalpable. Still, there it was standing, within a foot of him, and gazing vacantly into his face. The student was a young man, of great personal courage, and a thorough disbeliever in ghosts. He stood and examined minutely the countenance and figure of the apparition, which he afterwards described. The expression of the face was pale and haggard, the eyes dark and brilliant, and the form perfectly erect. After contemplating for some time this remarkable phenomenon, he turned to enter the house, and, as he walked through the garden, the form accompanied him, step by step. When he came to the door, and laid his hand on the latch, the phantom vanished. For several nights after he went to the same spot at the same hour, but the shadowy form of that night never after crossed his path. Shakespeare, who knew so well every secret spring of the human heart, has drawn some instances of ghost-seeing. We can see how, in every case, they are traceable to a diseased imagination, or a conscience troubled by the perpetration of some evil deed. Macbeth says, when the ghost of the murdered Banquo rises before his view :

" The times have been
 That when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end ; but now they rise again
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools. This is more strange
 Than such a murder."

And again :

" Avant and quit my sight ; let the earth hide thee ;
 Thy bones are marrowless ; thy blood is cold :
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with."

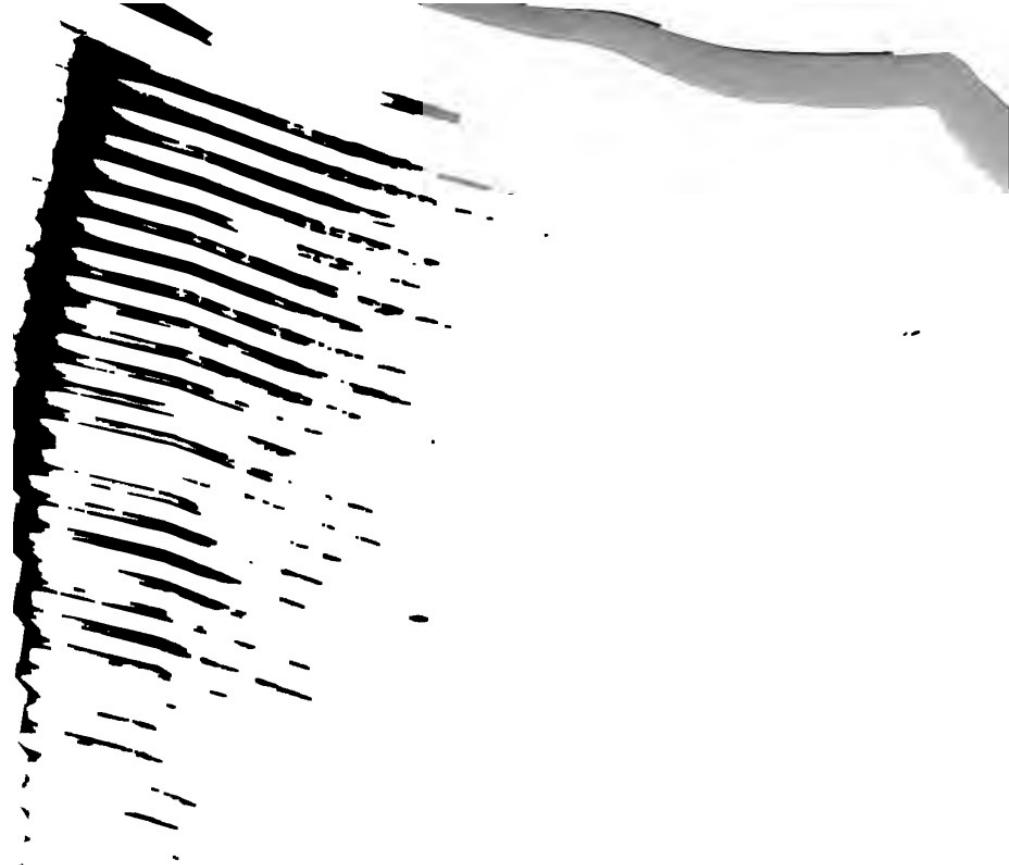
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Those apparitions, seen by two or more persons at the same time, have their origin in certain recondite functions, not generally known or understood. The many ghosts and goblins, which from time immemorial have created universal terror, generally presented themselves during the hours of twilight, when every object was shrouded, and only faintly visible through the glimmer of the moon's rays. The imagination is, at such times,

plunged him into a state of the most intense melancholy. Everything he attempted in alleviation of the anguish under which he suffered, but nothing could penetrate the gloom which hung like a pall over his spirit, and rendered him wholly unsusceptible of any enjoyment. One day his wife entered the apartment in which he was, for the purpose of cheering him ; suddenly, at a short distance from where he sat, the figure of a deceased friend rose slowly before him, and gazed upon him with a calm sorrowful expression ; the figure afterwards appeared to him when he was alone, and when he rose to go and inform his wife, the figure accompanied him, vanishing and appearing again alternately. Later in the evening the same day, several stalking figures appeared, but seemingly had no connexion with the one first seen. He attributed, very correctly, the chance of so extraordinary a group to the disorganised state of his mind, and expected that when his mind would have become more composed his bodily indisposition removed by competent medical treatment, would be no longer troubled ; however, his malady became worse. Spectres increased in numbers, and assumed the most wonderful formations. When he talked quite philosophically with his wife and about the appearance of these phantasmas, they still continued round him and passed to and fro in the room, never seeming to have mutual connexion with one another. After some time, when these appearances became more frequent, he could hear them speak. Generally dressed him, and always in the most agreeable manner, sometimes conversed with one another ; but the most extraordinary feature in this illusion was, that even when friends of his were in the room, acquaintances still filled the place with their incorporeal presence noiselessly about, and actually taking part in the conversation present. These appearances were never attended by any emotion on his part, on the contrary, he rather enjoyed it. When his disorder had increased to such an extent that the spectres for a moment abandoned him, thought it necessary to apply leeches. As the process of leeching went on, the spectres moved about more slowly, gradually they became paler, and finally without, however, losing any of the distinctness of form they usually had. After some time, they became almost perceptible, with an occasional shadowy and wavering movement, became less perceptible ; and in the end, instead of moving off as they had usually done, they melted away into air, whole pieces of them lingering for some time, but at length disappearing.

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auxiliary to physical causes. Under the feeble light all objects are indistinctly seen, and this renders it necessary to fix the eye more steadily on the object; but the more exertion we make to accomplish our purpose, the greater the difficulty becomes; we are in a way defeating our own efforts. The retina of the eye, when acted upon by a highly attenuated light, owing to an inherent property in it, is thrown into a state of the most painful agitation. The object grows large, then contracts, sometimes partially disappears, and again becomes visible, when the eye has recovered from its temporary delirium. These effects are always sure to occur, when a room is but imperfectly lighted by the faint gleams of a fire almost out, but when there is just sufficient light to render white objects visible. There is also another condition of the eye which it necessarily assumes during darkness, which tends greatly to help the deception caused. When there is but partial light, the pupil of the eye, in order to collect the feeble light which remains, extends to almost the full width of the iris. In this state of the eye it cannot accommodate itself to near objects, so that the forms of things become more shadowy and confused. It very generally happens that illusions of this kind are white, because no other colour could be seen during dark, and they are always formed out of inanimate objects, which reflect more light than others around them, or are projected against a more luminous ground. The eye, when it is strained to the utmost degree of tension, falls upon some inanimate object, whose parts reflect different degrees of light; the bright parts may afford to the spectator the power of getting a sustained view, but the fainter parts vanishing and appearing again by turns, as they must be, cause a continual change of outline, and impart to the object the appearance of a living body. The mind will, of course, very easily associate the appearance of this phenomenon with some supernatural cause. In the same way a living form traced in the faint lineaments of an imperfect light, will, from the movements of the different parts, assume constant transformations. It may suddenly disappear and come back again in a different shape, according as it is in a position for receiving and reflecting light, and this sudden disappearance, when the observer thinks it to be under full command of his vision, cannot fail to make a very deep impression.

It is said of Dr. Johnson, that he was a believer in the appearance of spirits on this earth, and that the celebrated Cock-lane ghost had deceived him with a great many others. Boswell, however, repudiates this report, and says that he loved those mysterious disquisitions, because he was opposed to the materialism which was then growing up. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should say, that I saw a form and heard a voice cry, 'Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished,' my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might imagine I thus saw and heard, and, therefore, I should not believe other than an external communication had been made to me. But, if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had

died at a particular place, and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me."

We are an imaginative race. It is no new thing to attribute to ourselves such a faculty. Our convictions, and the power we possess to ascertain the certain existence of fact, is regulated to a great extent, and influenced by, our imaginations, by our hopes, or by our fears. A remarkable instance of the degree of certainty which the imagination is capable of producing, when assisted by collateral circumstances, came under our notice some years ago.

In a village of a southern county there lived, and still lives, a man, who, by some means or other, managed to render himself obnoxious to the squire of the parish. The penal-code was then in full vigour. It was the time of territorial law administrations, and every petty potentate had the power, if he had the will, to hang or transport whomsoever his indignation might light upon. It was a matter of little difficulty to the "magistrate," when once his vengeance was roused, to find the means of gratifying it. The yeomen came one night and dragged him from his family. An indictment was easily framed. A form of trial readily passed through, the majesty of the law was vindicated, and a young man, in the flush of vigorous youth, guilty of no crime beyond that of having wounded the dignity of a village autocrat, stood upon the deck of a convict ship, in a convict's jacket, awaiting his passage outwards. It was in Cork harbour. The morning for sailing had arrived, and all was busy with the bustle of preparation. The convict stood and looked towards the shore. His thoughts went back to his own home—a young wife and two children; and forward to a life of bitter and cheerless toil, unhallowed by any association which could alleviate the wretchedness of his position. The whole world seemed dark and hopeless. Under the influence of this state of feeling, and in an agony of utter despair, he knelt down and prayed that he might see the man who had procured his conviction—the destroyer of his hope and happiness, in some difficulty out of which there could be no possibility of escape. He had scarcely concluded when his pardon, obtained by some influential friends, arrived. They succeeded in establishing his innocence, and showing that all the charges brought against him, and for which he was about to suffer, were invented and concocted by one whose whole conduct in the transaction could be traced to a malicious and purely personal motive. He walked ashore, and in a short time was restored to the light of his home and family. Time wore on. The fetters of a cruel and bigoted system gradually broke, link by link. Almost the last trace of the penal code had been swept from the statute book, and the people rejoiced in the possession of comparative liberty.

One morning a neighbour strolled in from the village. "Did you hear," he inquired, addressing the man who had worn the convict's jacket, "that old D—— died last night." "Did I hear it?" was the reply; "good reason I had to hear it, and in both my ears too." Then followed the recital of an adventure in the land of dreams, which, taking into consideration all the antecedent circumstances, presents to anyone interested

in the investigation of mental phenomena, features of peculiar novelty and interest. All through his whole life, since the event we have related on board the convict-ship, he was impressed with a firm and unalterable conviction that he would be gratified with seeing his former persecutor in some great difficulty. What the precise nature of this dilemma might be he never calculated upon. He only thought that in some way or other he would see the hand of retributive justice fall heavily upon him for the injury he sought to inflict. He told the precise hour at which Mr. D—— died. Shortly after he was roused from his sleep, and told to prepare himself for a journey. He got up, put on his clothes, saddled the "gray mare," and set out on his mysterious way. He describes himself as having been perfectly powerless to resist the slightest mandate of his companion, and also as having a full knowledge that he was no longer a living man. On they went over a wild and desolate strip of country. Although he was born and reared in that very district, still there was nothing in the appearance of the place familiar to his mind. At length they came to a gate, and rode on through a gloomy and vaulted passage. They halted. He was chained to the spot by some influence which he could not account for.

After some time his companion rode on again; then the portals of an inner chamber suddenly burst open; a foul, and sulphureous stench came forth, and in the midst of wild and horrible screaming his companion and former enemy was dragged violently from his horse, and hurled down into a cavern of flame and gloom. His recollection of what occurred after this is altogether indistinct.

This whole story, invested as it is with all the forms and circumstances of reality took its origin and colour from an excited imagination, and a mind deeply imbued with the conviction, that the prayer offered up on board the convict-ship would be heard and granted. Certain it is that this man—now old—is firmly convinced that everything was real, and that he received a perfectly *bona fide* glimpse of the other world. It is also an article of the most implicit faith with every man, woman, and child for miles around, that the story, from beginning to end, is strictly and punctiliously correct, to the very word and letter.

Numerous instances of this kind are on record, proving the extraordinary influence of the imagination, and showing how these apparitions are produced by physical causes. We have examples of where the same object is presented to the minds of different people at the same time. The existence of one idea contemporaneously in their minds, will force them, by a kind of sympathetic action into the same condition, and phenomena, similar and even different in character, will produce upon them the same impression. Still, as Dr. Johnson says, we may succeed in proving, but we cannot succeed in convincing. There is in the human mind some property which clings to belief in a conatant and pervading supernatural agency, despite all philosophy, however subtle or conclusive. And it would be almost a pity if those beautiful spiritual creations—the "Banshee," and the "Good People"—which invariably somebody's grandmother has certainly seen—were allowed to die out, and become extinct under the force of a hardened materialism.

TRANSLATORS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Is it, enquires a modern critic, a sign of discontent with the quality of the great mass of original English verse, which finds its way to a publisher, *en route* to oblivion, that we have recently had offered to us so many translations of great poets, who wrote in foreign tongues? Perhaps it is; and, we confess, the succession of pretentious volumes of words without thoughts, the authors of which appear to believe that mediocrity ceases to be common-place if it is cut into measured lengths—false measures too often—and tagged with rhyme, are likely enough to produce a reaction. How far the recoil from the present may carry us back into the past is hard to say; but we seem to be flying to the most distant mountain tops, in the dire necessity of finding some escape from the unmelodious dwellers in the marsh. For what other reason is a new translation of Horace produced? What other necessity can be urged for giving Catullus a new English dress? Equally welcome seems the introduction to us of poets nearer in point of time, but quite as foreign in speech; for, we believe, a greater number of our readers could construe Horace fluently, or read off a page of Catullus, than could find their way without stumbling through one of the long speeches of Schiller's "Don Carlos," or "Wallenstein."

How willingly we seek conversation with an "intelligent foreigner," even though we have to carry it on through the medium of an interpreter, to be rid of the weariness of being bored in our own language by a fellow-traveller who is loquacious, without having anything to say! Some reason of this kind must be sought to account for the great impulse that, within the last few years, has been given to translations into English. The work is less fragmentary than it used to be; it has been taken up by a higher order of talent; and the translators do not shrink from the enormous labours of recasting the whole, or the greater part, of the writings of a foreign author. We get a cast of the perfect Hercules, instead of a severed foot, from which the judgment of the entire frame must be imperfect. This growth of a distinct department of literature induces us to offer a few observations on the subject of translation generally.

It is recorded of a certain great scholar, that in his daily prayers, he was accustomed to repeat a special form of thanksgiving to Divine Providence for having created certain men with the singular faculties, and the still more singular patience, that fitted them to become compilers of dictionaries! We can quite understand the gratitude of that old student; he was thankful for the result, and admired, but did not envy, the peculiar gifts required to produce it. Good translations also demand special endowments; and we confess we both admire and envy them. Higher than the compiler and classifier of words we must rank the translator of thoughts. He must combine two sets of faculties that seem rather antagonistic to each other. If he sets himself to the task of translating the "entire works" of any great foreign writer, he must have

the patience and the untiring industry of the dictionary-maker ; and to these must be added something of the spirit of his original, or the final product of his labour will be nought. In fact, sympathy with the original is the predisposing motive that impels the whole race of translators to write. They have themselves fed with profit in the "fresh fields and pastures new," that are fenced out from the million by the barriers of a foreign tongue, and, with noble unselfishness, they enable others to partake of what is there to be found, by levelling the hedges and breaking down the walls of exclusion.

However, most translations are specialities ; it is easy to comprehend the reason of those that are professional. Medical and military science are constantly importing contributions from abroad, through media not exclusively literary. But a man must have a strong predilection for metaphysical studies to feel supported through a translation of any single work of a German philosopher. Yet we have Hegel and Kant in garments of English, more or less well-fitting ; tough work must the adaptation have been ! We envy the power of labour such books indicate, and our admiration of it shall restrain us from asking whether that labour may not have been thrown away ? Dramatic translation is another easily comprehended branch of this literary manufacture. Perfect knowledge of the original language is not required for the production of this article ; it suffices to reduce a brilliant dialogue to the literality and lameness of a school exercise, which is easily effected by eliminating all the wit. Nor is a remarkable facility in misunderstanding the meaning of the original any drawback. But this vein having been a little overworked of late years, some of the pens engaged in it appear to have found other employment. From the peculiar style and constant misconceptions of foreign texts to be traced in the electric columns of the daily papers, we are disposed to think that most of Reuter's telegrams must be translated by English dramatists.

While denouncing bad translations as the worst and most worthless kind of literary labour, we must testify to the great merit of a reproduction of a foreign book that gives faithfully the meaning of the author in vigorous and grammatical English. It is not so easy to do as it may seem ; there is a great difference between one man's manner of telling even an anecdote and the mode in which another will repeat it, though both deal with the same facts, in their mother tongue. A. is a good narrator, and gives the story with spirit, putting in nothing superfluous, keeping the accessories subordinate to the main action, and bringing out the point distinctly. But B., destitute of this talent, will spoil the whole thing by his clumsy handling : he will misunderstand some of the facts, and displace the rest ; be prolix in the wrong place, infuse his own dulness into the web of the story, and finish by leaving out the point. The thing misses fire dismally ; and where A. would "set the table in a roar," B. produces a blank silence, rather to his surprise ; for, as one of the unhappy race remarked on a similar occasion, "it was a very good story when he heard it." Perhaps it was ; the difference is in the mode of telling it. There are nearly the same degrees of difference in translations.

This kind of maltreatment does not, however, affect prose so much as to wholly spoil it. It may come out of the process much damaged, but with enough of the original left to be useful. It is where the idea can scarcely, by any skill, be separated from the language and form of expression, as in poetry, that translation is almost a work of despair. The mere meaning can be grasped, but when that alone is rendered, we have only a hard, repulsive skeleton, instead of a form of beauty, full of life, grace, and colour. To supply the charms of expression that must be lost when the idea is separated from its original language, by equal beauties of the tongue into which it is rendered, demands in a translator considerable poetical power of his own. It is this difficulty that makes really good translations so rare, especially of the poets of living languages.

Why so many good English writers have expended so much labour in reproducing the Greek and Latin poets is not to be explained quite rationally. How many translations there are of Virgil besides that of Dryden—some written before his time, some since? Pope's is not the only English Homer, nor even the best; some of his odes have been “done into English” hundreds of times. We possess an English Lucretius; we have all of Catullus and Tibullus that could be given with propriety, and a good deal of Martial that could not; we have Pindar, and Hesiod, and Anacreon, industriously rendered into the vernacular for the benefit of “ordinary English readers,” and held in much contempt by scholars. There has been abundant transfusion of the poetical thought of Greece and Rome into our Saxon speech. And now we are digging in the still older mine of Sanscrit, and smelting the ore to be found therein; we have no doubt that metrical translations of the Egyptian hieroglyphics will soon be among the announcements of some enterprising publisher. The Pharaohs may have had a laureate, and a Coptic Tennyson would be worth recovering; but may darkness keep in its embrace any prize poems of the University of Thebes—if they were no better than our own!

However, this is going very far back indeed; and there is plenty of work for ambitious translators from the literature of immediate neighbours, and within two centuries of our own time. The best writers in living languages have been unduly neglected for the classics—a consequence of the superstitious reverence for them imbibed at our public schools and colleges. It was a misfortune that all modern languages were branded as “vulgar tongues,” and a superior dignity associated with Greek and Latin. The amount of labour some of our best writers bestowed on the classics was disproportionate to the benefit derived from it. Of many of the ancients we have the entire works in an English garb; of some we have small versions, and with some of these versions we could very well dispense. We wish that Dryden had devoted his wonderful power of versification to reproducing the rhymed comedies of Molière, instead of the epic of Virgil. What an English copy of “Tartuffe” would have been given by the hand “that drew Achitophel!” The reader who is limited to English, only knows the arch-hypocrite of the French dramatist, in the poor, vulgarized imitation of him, as Dr. Cantwell; or, more probably, does not know him

at all, for an acting play, the "Hypocrite," vanished from the stage with Liston and Downton, and, as a literary work, is hardly worth perusal.

All that Dryden did for pious *Aeneas* and Queen Dido we would willingly give for the gallery of portraits he could have given us from the plays of Molière. The English dramatists, who were almost the contemporaries of the great Frenchman, only paid him the compliment of stealing from him, for that kind of "conveyance" is an old literary misdemeanour.

In the early days the Latins, who remorselessly pilfered from the Greeks, had one of two effects in view; they either improved upon the author, or they repeated him, as Pope, in the "Dunciad," repeats Addison and mimics Denham—for the fun of the thing. As has been observed, even when Pope himself appropriated the prose apothegms and maxims of a Frenchman—stole, that is, the thoughts of Pascal, (of whom an admirable "study" appeared in our last number,) he, at best, did them good service by converting them into the rhyme of Pope. So with Paley, if he took with both hands from the logic and illustrations of the philosophic Hollander, Nienwentyt, he, at all events, erected an elegant English structure with his Dutch bricks, entitling his edifice "The Evidences of Christianity." Beaumarchais could never recognise any wrong in a "literary misdemeanour"; he did not even allow of its bad taste. His works teem with plagiarism, but he was the first to point them out, and even ready to laughingly proclaim, that whenever he found a good thing, he would certainly appropriate it, if he needed the article in question. Sometimes, no doubt, what may seem plagiarisms are but parallelisms, or unconscious echoes, perhaps unconscious recollections of echoes of old lyrics. Pope and Halifax have both lines (the one in verse, the last in prose), the sentiments of which may be found nearly *verbum pro verbo*—word for word—in Petronius Arbiter. Hood has strange duplicates of Wordsworth, as Wordsworth has of Dryden and Spenser, and Beaumont and Fletcher. While on the subject of plagiarism, a very apposite illustration of literary felonies, or coincidences, (as the reader may please to adopt a title,) may not be inappropriately introduced. Churchill writes:—

" Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse,
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for their own."

Sheridan, in the "Critic," says:—"Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own." Even if the speaker were, like Iago—"nothing if not critical,"—he might, at any rate, have had the decency to acknowledge the source of his profound wisdom.

To the present day we have no complete translation of the works of Molière, and five of our seven or eight Virgils do not compensate for the deficiency. Again, we think that Pope would have felt more at home with the heroes of Racine's courtly tragedies than with the Greeks and Trojans of Homer. Racine's Romans, being essentially courtiers of Versailles, have more affinity with Pope's Sir Plume than with Nero and Germanicus, who

were made of sterner stuff than could be presented to the eyes and ears of the Grand Monarque ! Hippolytus, in a bag-wig and ruffles, would have come out of the mental alembic of Pope with a reality he could not give to Homer's Ajax. Pope, carved beautifully in ivory, but his hand wanted strength to hew a semblance of life out of the rock. If he felt impelled to the work of translation, we wish he had taken to Racine, and left Homer alone ; for we have three or four Homers, while we have no complete version of any one of the great dramatists of France. We have some poor "adaptations" of a few of the plays—nothing more. One perfect translation of a great French writer we do possess—a version of Rabelais ; and that we could spare, for its humour is much less evident than its garbage.

The English authors of an earlier age than that of Pope and Dryden, did far more for the masterpieces of foreign literature ; but they preferred those of the Italian language. The "Jerusalem Delivered" of Sir Thomas Fairfax is one of the best of English translations. Even Portuguese has borne off the palm of epic poetry from the French in the estimation of our countrymen. We have a translation of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, while the "Henriad" of Voltaire has been "most severely let alone." As to the German language, down to a very recent period, our "polite literature" would as soon have accepted a contribution from the Cherokee as from the Teutonic. We took up German when the names of Goëthe and Schiller reached us ; and we still cling to them as if they were the Alpha and Omega of a literature in which they stand as great names certainly, but in which they do not stand alone. Our knowledge wants widening in this direction. We know very little of Herder and Lessing, who were precursors of the two names we so persistently combine as the only representatives of German genius ; and of the host of writers who have succeeded them, we know still less. It is as if Germany ignored every British poet since Burns, and took it for granted we have had no novelists since Walter Scott ! German metaphysics appear to have overridden German poetry ; both in France and England ; at least they have accepted more modern names in the first department of literature than in the second. With the metaphysicians we include the German theologians, of whom, perhaps, we have had something too much. There are some signs, however, of a coming emancipation from the yoke of the Goëthe and Schiller superstition. We have no wish to push the old divinities from their stools ; but it is well we should know that there are more recent writers not unworthy of a place beside them, on the steps of the throne at least, if not upon it. One of the brightest of those signs, indicating the rise of new stars above the horizon, is a recent translation of the complete poems of Heinrich Heine, from the pen of Edgar Bowring. It is in itself a remarkable work. There are no half measures, no slurring over dubious passages, no selection of choice fragments. He has given all his original, often with singular felicity, always faithfully. It may prepare the reader for some startling passages to be told that Heine was himself a rebel in poetry, and not much less in politics ; he assailed the established literary creeds and institutions of Germany with a satire as cutting as Voltaire's ; but he had the poet's

gifts of fancy and imagination in far richer measure. That he did not often misuse his great powers we cannot say; more frequently, perhaps, he wasted and scattered them. No one great work is linked with his name; but it is a name that will live, nevertheless.

We have already observed it demands a translator to possess very considerable poetical power of his own, to compensate for the charms of expression that must of necessity be lost when the idea is separated from its original language. Let us adduce, as an example, Goëthe's exquisite ballad of "The King in Thale," which has been thus "done" into English verse by Mr. Edmondstoun Aytoon:—

"A King there was in Thule,
Kept troth unto the grave;
The maid he loved so truly
A goblet to him gave,
And ever set before him
At banquet was the cup;
And saddening thoughts came o'er him,
Whene'er he took it up.

When Death with him had spoken,
His treasures ranged he there,
And all, save one dear token,
He gifted to his heir.

Once more to royal wassail,
His peers he summon'd all;
Around were knight and vassal,
Throng'd in his father's hall.

Then rose the grand old Rover,
Again the cup drain'd he,
And bravely flung it over
Into the welt'ring sea.

He saw it flashing, falling,
And settling in the main,
Heard Death unto him calling—
He never drank again!"

Now, we do not hesitate to assert that Mr. Aytoon's version is most infelicitous. How far it even has a right to be entitled a translation German scholars may judge, from the fact that *Dem sterbend seine Buhle* is rendered, "The maid he loved so truly;" *Die augen gingen ihm über*, is generalized into the Longfellowish sentiment, "And saddening thoughts came o'er him;" while

"Auf hohem Vitter-saale
Dort auf dem Schloss am Meer"

means something about "knight," and "vassal," and "father's hall." If our readers, however, will turn to the second volume of this Magazine, first series, he will find a version of the same ballad from the pen of "Caviare," which, while instinct with true poetic feeling, preserves that consummate aplicity and stillness, and that Greek distinctness and clearness in

which half the beauty of Goëthe lies. Compare these two verses with Mr. Aytoun's first two—

“ Far in the green primeval time,
Ere heaven grew dark, or earth was old,
A dying queen gave to her lord,
A drinking-cup of gold.

With crimson wine that goblet blushed
Through the blue nights of after years ;
But when the king's lips touched its brim,
His eyes were filled with tears.”

Mr. Aytoun's concluding verses are very impotent and lame, compared with the following :—

“ He pledged a cup to the buried queen ;
They slowly drained it one by one ;
He rose and hurled the charmed vase
Over the turret stone.

The golden thing went glimmering down,
Like a falling star, to the sanded deep ;
They looked into his aged eyes,
But he had sunk to sleep.”

Shelley mastered so magnificently a passage in Goëthe's “ Faust,” as to make us lament he had not taken in hand the entire drama, instead of a few scenes. A translation of the same drama was one of Hartley Coleridge's many objects—abandoned, partly and subjectively, because he doubted whether “ it became his moral character” to translate or lend countenance to language, much of which he thought “ vulgar and blasphemous ;” and, partly and objectively, because, on a comparison of idioms, the bard found that he could, on the same subject, write so much better himself. With a modern writer we secretly suspect that one or other of these causes has deprived the world of a good many translations, which would have been, no doubt, admirable, if they had been only carried into effect ; and, on the other hand, operated so as to make not a few actual translations what no reader of the original can honestly admire. An imperfect affinity with your author ; a desire to mend or improve, or any way to convert him ; to expand or curtail comely or uncomely parts ; reduce him to the level of your own fancy ; make him neat and moral, where he is just the reverse ; forced where he is simple ; submissive where he is deficient ; Christian where he is Pagan ; a tendency to alter his metre, invert his meaning, and render indistinct his form and music, are, in our own opinion, effectual obstacles in the way of any translation. Little Latin, and less Greek, may possibly be unimportant to a poet whose wild genius makes him a law to himself, but no light of a poetical nature will of itself enable a translator to turn into good English the verses of Lucretius or Homer.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

I love the rustle of Autumn leaves
 As they sport through the alleys green,
 Where the spider in secret her gauzework weaves,
 And the thrush's note has been ;
 For they tell me a story engaging and sweet,
 As they play with the zephyrs around my feet.

They softly hint of this time last year,
 Ah ! it seems but a month or two
 Since they circled and frolicked about me here
 Right joyous as now they do ;
 Yet Winter, and Spring, and Summer have past
 Since I met ye, "dear leaves," in this alley last.

That's nothing ! but backward they hurry me
 O'er a score of years and ten,
 To that bright and breezy day when we
 First met in this green-sward glen ;
 A vision starts up of a truant boy,
 And I view it with feelings I would not destroy.

Now, the vision is changed, and the flowing hair
 That play'd with the leaf-laden gale,
 Must I tell it, alas ! is grizzled and spare,
 And the cheeks of vermillion are pale ;
 Oh time ! what a wand of power thou hast,
 How noiseless thy step, and yet how fast !

Well, life much resembles an Autumn day,
 With its sunshine, and showers, and wind,
 And the thoughts of the past, as they're grave or gay,
 Rejoice or sadden the mind ;
 But, whether my spirit rejoices or grieves,
 I love the rustle of Autumn leaves.

MIRRON.

TRADITIONS OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

THE late Sir Francis Palgrave, in his valuable repertory of ancient laws and customs, entitled "A History of the Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth during the Anglo-Saxon Period," makes an observation to the effect that much of that liberty which Englishmen now enjoy is traceable to the seemingly small and simple fact that the people adhered to the ancient practice of having the elections of their representatives in the open

air, instead of permitting them to be carried on in close chambers, or within the narrow walls of any building. The ancient popular courts were all held in the open air. "The four men, the reeve, and the priests of every township," were nominated in the open air; and so were, and so continue to be, nominated, the knights of every shire. The opportunity of knowing how that was done, in which all were interested, was afforded to all. No such matter was ever transacted with closed doors.

The life and soul of the ancient English Commonwealth was publicity; and it was not until the art of printing was invented, that the jealousy of Lords and Commons was evinced towards the new mode of communicating information respecting what was said or done in "the High Court of Parliament." It was admitted that what each man was allowed to hear it was permissible for him to speak about; but a distinction was made between hearing and reporting, speaking and publishing. In reflecting on the distinction thus made, we should bear in mind the great contrast between the ancient Witenagemote and the modern Parliament. Legislation formed only a small portion of the duties of the one; and law-making constitutes the principal occupation of the other. No attempt has ever been made to punish as "an offence," the reporting the proceedings in a court of justice, and the House of Lords is still "the supreme court of judicature"; whence, the reporting of the consultations of the Parliament, as if its members were, in that capacity, the king's privy councillors, has been not only disconcerted, but punished as a species of "high crime and misdemeanour." To the predecessors of those gentlemen who are now known as the "Parliamentary reporters," is the country indebted for a change which, in effect, makes Public Opinion the real monarch in England—guiding its policy, influencing its diplomacy, controlling its expenditure, appointing ministers and displacing them. Most truly then has it been said by Lord Macaulay: "The gallery in which the reporters sit has now become a fourth estate of the realm. The publication of debates, a practice which seemed to the most liberal statesmen of the old school, full of danger to the safeguards of public liberty, is now regarded by many persons as a safeguard tantamount, and more than tantamount, to all the rest together." A brief glance at a few of the traditions of the fourth estate, for the materials of which we are indebted to a paper which appeared some time since in the columns of the "London Review," will, doubtless, prove acceptable to our readers.

In a retrospect of the struggle between the press and the Parliament, we find a conspicuous position occupied by a certain placeman in the reign of George the Second, named Sir William Yonge. On the 13th of April, the Speaker, Onslow, complained that there was "an account of their deliberations in the newspapers," (!) upon which Sir William Yonge declared his determination to have the printers punished, "because," said he, "they deserve to be punished; and if you do not either punish them, or take some effectual method of checking them, *you may soon expect to see your votes, your proceedings, and your speeches, printed and hawked about the streets, while we are sitting in this House!*" Let us now see what was the character among his contemporaries of the person who so strongly de-

nounced as a monstrous iniquity the publication of parliamentary debates. Lord Hervey, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of George II.," thus alludes to Sir William Yonge: "He had no wit in private conversation; but he was remarkably quick in taking hints to harangue upon in Parliament; he had a knack of words there that was surprising, considering how little use they were to him anywhere else. He had a great command of what is called parliamentary language, and a talent of talking eloquently without a meaning, and expatiating agreeably upon nothing beyond any man, I believe, that ever had the gift of speech." The same author adds: "His name was proverbially used to express everything pitiful, corrupt, and contemptible." Although reporters are nightly in Parliament, their presence there is still felt as a great check upon the many modern William Yorges, who resemble him in his "talent of talking with a meaning," though not so much in his elegance, and who are doomed to find their speeches treated with a brevity proportionate to their intrinsic demerits.

The history of Parliamentary reporting may be said to commence with the year 1771—just ninety-one years ago—when the courage of the London Corporation foiled the House of Commons in its attempt to punish printers of newspapers for publishing the debates. The right of the public to know what was said and done in Parliament was sulkily and grudgingly admitted. For a long time no accommodation was afforded to the reporters. On the contrary, they were liable to be arrested if seen taking a note of what was said by the Lords or Commons. The consequence was, that persons were to be found capable of remembering the substance of a debate, such as William Radcliffe, the husband of the celebrated novelist, and William Woodfall, who was known by the name of "Memory Woodfall." Then came another change, the introduction of several reporters for the same paper—a change first effected by Mr. Perry, the proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," to whom, with Mr. Walter of the "Times," the country is indebted beyond all other persons, for embodying that most remarkable class of men. They were followed by Mr. Thwaites, of the "Morning Herald," and then by the "Morning Post." Mr. Perry first established a corps of Parliamentary reporters; but Mr. Walter, in forming a Parliamentary staff, sought to improve its quality, and to have the very best men connected with his journal. Upon that principle the "Times" has invariably acted; and all that the other journals have ever been able to do is to compete with it in attaching to their respective staffs those persons of the most various accomplishments and acquirements who were desirous of entering "the gallery."

It may be necessary here to explain that there are, or should be, connected with the London morning newspapers, three classes of reporters; first, the "Parliamentary," second, "the law," and thirdly, "the casual" reporters. The last give an account of inquests, the proceedings in police-offices, or public meetings of various kinds; the second report the legal proceedings in the House of Lords, the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, &c., and the assizes; the first have as their sole and exclusive duty the reporting the debates in both Houses of Parliament. The inducements to a

gentleman of high qualifications to become a Parliamentary reporter were these : he had a permanent annual engagement, at a certain salary—the lowest being five guineas a week—and this paid whether the parliament was sitting or not. By no possibility (if expected to be in either house the same night) could he be required to do anything during the regular sitting of Parliament before four o'clock in the afternoon ; and as Wednesday was seldom a day of much labour, he had, even whilst Parliament was sitting, the prospect of not more than four days of toil and anxiety. This abundance of time was afforded to him to prepare himself for any profession he chose, or to occupy his leisure hours in every day, and his leisure days in every week, and his leisure months in every year in other literary and profitable occupations, whether writing for weekly or country newspapers, or contributing to the magazines or quarterly reviews, or seeking to establish a name for himself as an author. Such were the inducements to young men to become Parliamentary reporters, and it is not surprising that they proved effective ; for instance, to take the best-known living specimens of their class, they brought into the gallery Mr. W. H. Russell, whom we proudly claim as a countryman, the Crimean, Indian, and (for a time) American correspondent of the "Times," and Charles Dickens, who never was connected with that paper, but left the "Mirror of Parliament," which paid a guinea "a turn," to become a regular Parliamentary reporter on the "Morning Chronicle."

As an evidence of what was effected by newspapers in former times, we may refer to the Edinburgh banquet, in 1834, to Earl Grey, at which speeches were delivered by Lord Brougham and Lord Durham, which proved that division was already rending to pieces the Reform Ministry. To this banquet the "Times" and the "Chronicle" sent their best Parliamentary reporters. The former was represented by John Tyas, James Woods, James Sheridan, and Eugene Nugent ; the latter by Thomas Beard and Charles Dickens. The Jupiter Tonans of Printing-house-square won the race, its report being published in London several hours before the "Chronicle" reporters—although travelling all the way in a post-chaise-and-four—could reach London. The manner in which it was won was this : The "Times," by sending so many reporters to Edinburgh, calculated that on their return they would have finished the account of the banquet before they reached Wetherby ; and all the way from that place, Mr. Delane, the manager of the "Times," and the most marvellous arranger of expresses that ever existed, had posted single horses to carry up with a speed that can now only be surpassed by an express railway train the report, so as to have it printed and circulated all over London at an early hour in the morning ! That trip alone cost the "Chronicle" £400. How much the expenditure of the "Times" was on the same occasion we are not aware, but it may be fairly supposed it was much more. We refer to this fact as an illustration of the energy and power the "Times" has shown on all occasions requiring the manifestation of such qualities ; but we have another purpose in alluding to it, and that is to show the manner in which that journal acts towards those who have devoted them-

selves to its service. All its Parliamentary reporters who were at that banquet are now dead. Two of them—Nugent and Sheridan—died very young. The latter, who caught a cold by going outside a chaise to urge the post-boys to a greater speed, was cared for by the "Times" in his sickness, sent down to Devonshire, and an ample allowance to the day of his death provided for him. Upon Mr. Woods retiring from the gallery, £300 a year was settled on him, and the same sum was bestowed annually upon Mr. Tyas, of whom it may be remarked that he was a distinguished Greek scholar. The munificent treatment which the widow and family of Mr. Bowlby, who was so inhumanly put to death while acting as special correspondent to the "Times" during the last China war, received at the hands of its proprietors will, doubtless, be fresh in the recollection of our readers.

When, however, there was not that organization which seems only to be found in the "Times" office, the energy and talent of individuals employed on other newspapers were often found capable of compensation for it, as, for instance, at the Glasgow Banquet, in January, 1837, to Sir Robert Peel. At an hour's notice, the leading reporter of the "Morning Chronicle," Mr. Beard, had to start for Glasgow, was for sixty hours on the outside of the coach, and for the greater part of the time in a snow storm; had, on his arrival in Glasgow, to seek out tickets to enable him to attend the inauguration and banquet in the evening; then to start at once in a post-chaise for Manchester, writing all the time until he reached that city; and then, with only a few hours' rest, to start the next day for Leeds, where a banquet was given to Lord Morpeth (the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), to write out that report while posting up to London; and, amid all those difficulties, to produce a composition which excited the admiration of all who read it, and so much wonder in the principal speaker, Lord Morpeth, that he called at the "Chronicle" office to express not merely the satisfaction it had afforded, but to express his desire to become acquainted with the reporter. But we must pause here in reference to the "gallery," and the many accomplished gentlemen who have filled, or still occupy a seat in it.

In the new Houses of Parliament there are galleries exclusively appropriated to the use of the reporters, with apartments attached, and to which none but themselves have the right of access; and so the "fourth estate"—the representatives of the absent public—are firmly established at their posts, and thus both branches of the legislature seem to say to the Parliamentary reporters, "Let the people know how we are discharging the task we have undertaken to perform"—"Fac omnem auritum populum." In London the great struggle for publicity was against the Parliament; but out of London a contest of another kind was going on—and that was to secure publicity in every place where the law was nominally administered, and practical injustice done. There have been times when judges have sought to restrain the publication of pending trials—when they have assumed a censorship over the press, and, by fines and imprisonment, endeavoured to compel journalists to obey capricious and despotic ordi-

nances. Presidents of courts-martial sought to act in the same dictatorial spirit towards the press; but they have abandoned the attempt ever since the year 1830, when, in the trial of Cardigan *v.* Reynolds, at Brighton, the London journals treated the prohibition of the president against publication as a nullity—a proceeding which both the Irish and English press has since adopted as a rule. The appearance of reporters in courts of justice was long discountenanced, although their reporting was not prohibited. A curious history could be told of the efforts made by those in office to render reporting a difficulty, and, in some cases, an impossibility. The brave men who, in their several localities, fought, at their own risk, for the rights of the public, remain unknown, because no one has taken the trouble to ascertain how very few years have passed away since “accommodation” was, by order of the judges and high sheriffs, “made for the representatives of the press.” Its rights are now universally acknowledged; the memory of the members of the press by whom they were vindicated in Ireland, England, and Scotland, seems destined to be consigned to a speedy and ever-enduring oblivion.

As reporting is now a scientific profession, the following note may prove of interest to “gentlemen of the fourth estate.” According to O’Halloran’s “History of Ireland,” published in Limerick, in 1788, Bille, a Milesian King who reigned over a portion of Spain in the year of the world 2650, had a son named Gollamh, who “solicited his father’s permission to assist their Phoenician ancestor, then greatly distressed by continental wars,” and having gained his consent, with a well-appointed fleet of thirty ships and a select number of intrepid warriors, he weighed anchor from the harbour of Corunna for Syria. It appears that war was not the sole business of this equipment; for in this fleet were embarked twelve youths of uncommon learning and abilities, who were directed to make remarks on whatever they found new, either in astronomy, navigation, arts, sciences, or manufactures. They were to communicate their remarks and discoveries to each other, and keep an exact account of whatever was worthy of notice. It is quite clear that those “twelve noble youths” were *reporters*, and it is curious enough that when a few of the Dublin or London reporters attend in the country, at meetings or on other business, they—with a few surly exceptions—do what those “noble youths” were commanded to do, namely, “communicate their remarks” and information to each other. Reporting, therefore, according to the above, must be over three thousand two hundred years old as a profession. What will our friends in the “gallery of the house” say to this?

HOW I MARRIED A COUNTESS.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE weary lassitude of my illness had all passed away, and sitting after breakfast in my quarters, looking out on the harbour of Balaklava, I came at last to the resolution of insisting on joining my regiment, the —th Husars. I say insisting, for Charley Somerville, my old college chum, and present physician, had put back my return to the camp for two whole weeks; and as to his skill and kindly attention I owed my recovery from the typhoid fever, known amongst us non-literals as the camp fever, I could not object, although I did grumble considerably, at the stolid, stupid life of inaction I was leading in my pleasant convalescent quarters. There was work in the front. There were skirmishes on one wing or other of our posts. There were foraging adventures, in which one of our fellows or another had, so to say, won his spurs—which means, in modern chivalry, gained a step in promotion—and I had been all those four months of excitement without a share in the chances—the glorious chances and reckless enthusiasm of war. I could stand this kind of thing no longer, and flung away my cigar—for smoking incessantly was my only relief—and rose from my chair to call my servant and bid him get my traps ready for a flight campward, when a hurried step caught my ear, as the well-known foot-fall of Doctor Somerville echoed up the windings of the stony stair leading to my room. In a moment my worthy physician burst into the apartment,—“I congratulate you, Walton,” he said, “you are Captain now, my boy; and Lord Raglan has appointed you *aide* on his staff, and you rejoin when you are ready for duty.”

“Then I rejoin this day, Somerville,” said I, “I have been long enough in this dreary spot. You I will never forgive for having stopped my opportunities—why, I might have been a colonel now.”

“Why, then,” replied Somerville, “you don’t go to-day either, if I can help it. There is apt to be sharp work to-day for the light brigade, and a man just risen from a sick bed is not the kind of officer to do efficient duty. I met De Vere, who was just come down from the camp, and he told me the light cavalry troops were all under orders to go forward to the front—the tantarara of bugles, the gallopping of aides, and the utter confusion of men, horses, officers, and sutlers, being, he told me, quite boisterous at the news.”

I made no reply to my scientific friend, but called with stentorian power for my groom, and giving my directions to him as rapidly as I could utter them, I proceeded to fling off my mufti, and don the long-unworn uniform.

“Come, doctor,” I said to Somerville, “fill me out a glass of wine, and take two yourself; I’ll be at the ‘thatched house’ before you miss me. I thank my stars I release myself from your bondage, and am a soldier, and not a patient, once again.”

“Oh! if it so pleases you, my dear fellow, go!” he retorted; “but you will be a day sooner and a day surer a patient again.”

My only answer was a hearty laugh, and an extra touch to my endue-
ment in regiments. My huzzar uniform was soon girt around me with
my sabre belt. I settled my showily embroidered dolman more nattily ;
looked to my pistols ; swallowed my wine, and catching Somerville by the
hand, thanked him for all his care of me with more feeling than he dreamed
of in my composition. The rattle of my horse's hooves on the causeway
below told me my groom was in waiting, and bidding my friend farewell,
I dashed down the staircase three steps at a time. A moment more I was
in my saddle—my favourite charger under me—his sinewy limbs and glossy
hide gleaming in the morning light, as with a pull upon the bridle he
bounded lightly forward.

If I am at home any where it is on a horse's back—if I pride myself
on anything it is that with the courage of the noble brute—with his skill
and strength I find a confidence in myself which I gain from my mastery
of him. No nobler charger ever carried a soldier to battle than Starlight.
With blood as pure as a prince—the gift of the royal south eastern lineage
from whence he was sprung—with an organization derived from the climate
and soil of Ireland—lengthy and compact—low, but powerful of limb and
deep of girth ; small, but strongly developed head ; compressed lip, and
large eye—mine was a steed in a thousand. The fresh air of the morning,
the unwonted excitement of the moment, the free buoyancy of my horse's
step, as he cantered lightly along the road to the station of my regiment,
made my spirits rise to an elevation to which they had been long unused. I
hardly felt my passage onward, so deeply immersed was I in my own
thoughts, until the dull sound of distant cannonading warned me of my
contiguity to the field of battle. Here and there too the bloody tokens of
a fight met me in the ambulances passing me, rarely certainly, but still
passing me, bearing wounded soldiers to the hospitals. I saw a sergeant
of my own troop escorting a vehicle, and questioned him as to the position
of my regiment.

"Who have you got there, sergeant?" I called to him.

"Major Hamilton, sir," said he, "who has been shot by a rifle ball."

"Where will we find our fellows?" I said to him, relieved to find it
was no friend who had been wounded.

"In front, sir," said he, "the light brigade is drawn up at the foot
of the hill, under the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief. The Russians
are advancing in force. Lord Lucan is in command of the cavalry—Lord
Cardigan musters the brigade. Keep to your right, sir, and you will reach
them in ten minutes or so."

I dashed forward across the rising ground, and soon reaching its sum-
mit, I beheld spread beneath me a glorious panorama of war.

Struck by the grandeur of the sight before me, I reined up my horse on
the crest of the hill and looked downward on the field of battle. Half-a-
mile or so below, and upon my left, were glittering the brilliant uniforms of the
staff of a general officer, amid whose gorgeous crimson tintings the blue
and gold of the French regiments might be despaired. Right below, at
the foot of the height, were ranged in order the light brigade, amidst which

the colours of my own troop of hussars were lifted. The pennons of the lancers—their square and yellow cape, waving horse hair crests, and their deep red uniforms relieving the darker masses of the light dragoons and hussar regiments, amidst which they were mingled. They sat motionless in their saddles, and the sunbeams, glinting on helmet and shako, holster and sabre, alone gave token of the deadly purpose for which they were assembled there. Some distance from them, and rather upon the slope of the hill, were the tartans of the Highland regiments. In their front was the well-known gray horse of Sir Colin Campbell, and the stooped yet rigid figure of the rider proclaimed the presence of the veteran. Far on the left were the masses of our army, taking up ground slowly in advance of its former position. A hundred yards before the light brigade was the staff of the general officer in command—the Earl of Cardigan—from which now and then an aide was seen despatched for orders, whilst every glance was kept steadily bent towards the end of the valley formed by the rising ground stretching upward on each side. The sight which here met the eyes was one redolent of war. At the extreme end, upon the right, masses of gray-coated Russian troops were forming upon the ridge. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery blended together in the distance; but as they came, we could see troop after troop, squadron after squadron, advance with steady order. Now a battery of artillery separated itself from the body of the army, and turned downward into the valley, followed by another and another. The gunners were halted, and at about the distance of a mile and a-half, the guns were unlimbered and put into position. Behind the artillery was now beginning to appear another gray line of soldiery, and we saw that the troops were about to be massed in the valley, under the protection of the guns. With regular and beautiful precision the ground was taken up. Upon the side of our army the movements were now confined to pushing our advance on the left rather more forward; but the Russians were evidently preparing to begin the deadly duel by their own attack, whilst it was clear that we were waiting until it should commence. As I looked on all this splendid parade of military skill, I felt the fervid enthusiasm of the moment, and thought that I, too, was about to be a sharer in a battle for empire. That I might fall in the deadly contest which was about to begin was a consideration that filled me with no terror. War was to me a delight, since I dreamed of "glory at the cannon's mouth," even in my boyish days. I was young; no ties bound me to existence. I might love; but no one was there to love me. In my own green land were my parents' graves, and I thought mournfully, on that battle-field, that with them died all affection for me. Homeless as I was—a soldier of fortune—the risk that might snap the thread of my life was the only one, too, that might weave the golden web of a bright and brilliant future for me. So my thoughts ran on. It was one of those moments of recollection that the consciousness of partaking in great events, or sharing in great opportunities, bring as fully, as vividly, as forcibly, as, it is said, the supreme moment of the death-agony brings to the soul. Rapidly my memory glanced backward in the retrospect. It was mournful enough, but filled with the light of one sunny recollection.

CHAPTER II.—A MOMENT OF MEMORY.

My earliest recollections were tinged with hues of mourning. My father had been killed riding a "Corinthian" steeple chase on his favourite hunter. Though a mere child at the time, I remember the fatal scene but too well. He was leading in the race with his usual fearless horsemanship, and stimulated by the cheers which broke from the crowds of country people, mostly his own tenantry, who gathered to see the "master" carry off the gold cup presented by the Breakneck Hunt Club to the Glenmore race meeting. An English officer was the only rider who contrived to keep near my father, but galloping to the last fence, he was ten lengths in his rear. It was a chance to cover him with ridicule, by beating him a "distance," and to effect this my father urged his horse Lightning to his utmost pace. The fence was a high bank with a wide gripe on the far side. Overtaxed as his energies were, the game brute could not rise at the jump, but never swerving he cleared it with all his speed, toppled over on his back into the gripe, falling on my father. Both were extricated—the horse was uninjured, but my father never breathed more. They raised him on a rude hurdle and carried him to the carriage, where my mother tearless and voiceless held me in her arms. We were driven immediately from the race-course. The shock was too much for her, and in less than a week both my parents were resting in the same grave, and I was an orphan. There are few who will undertake the care of a hopelessly embarrassed estate and an orphan child; and so I was left to my fate, but for our parish priest, who pitied me for the good blood I had in my veins, and the ruin amid which I was involved. The estates went into the care of a receiver under the Court of Chancery, in order to pay the interest on the mortgages and debts with which it was encumbered, and I took up my residence at the humble house of the pastor of Glenmore. My means were very limited indeed, but I wanted for nothing which the good priest did not supply. He taught me all his lore. A foreign education had given him the easy polish of continental manners, and an ardent mind had grasped at more intellectual acquirement than under his modest exterior it could be easily believed was concealed. He sent me for a few years to a French university, where I graduated, and then I returned to his happy roof. Thus, at twenty years old I was, thanks to him, endowed with a large range of reading, rude health, and a fair stock of trained capacity, and then occurred the event that changed the current of my life. One day the good pastor sent for me to a field where I was trying a young horse, and on my arrival at his door bade me prepare to go with him to Dublin. A few brief words informed me of the purport of our visit to the metropolis. All my landed property was to be sold under the authority of a new act of Parliament, to satisfy the encumbrancers. We set out immediately, and in a few days I was the possessor of one thousand pounds, the remnant left me from the huge demands on a property the finest in Ireland.

It was then I became aware of my position. Then I first understood that I was little more than a pauper, with the meagre resources afforded by

a thousand pounds to a man without a purpose in life. I went home with the good pastor; but content no longer reigned for me under his quiet roof. I became restless; I needed more excitement; I went off on long excursions into the mountains that surrounded Glenmore. My books gave me no more pleasure. I tried all my sports by turn, and found them insipid and displeasing. I wandered off for whole days, without ever thinking of retracing my steps homeward until the shadows of night found me dreaming by some mountain tarn, or alone in some sequestered valley. This conduct at last drew the attention of my guardian upon me. He told me it was better I should make a venture in the world. That, with care, my resources would give me the possession of some honourable profession, where, with prudence, I might be able again to win back the home of my fathers. If I failed, he told me I had that home always to come to, and whatever might be the contents of his scanty purse, they were always mine.

I need not recapitulate the details of our parting. The moistened eyes of my tutor, my pastor, and my friend, as he murmured his fervent "God bless you!" told the feelings that moved him. My choked voice and silent farewell glance in his pale and thoughtful face were the only response I could make, and with an order for a hundred pounds on Coutt's bank, a few letters of introduction from him to old class-fellows on the London Mission, and one to the Hon. Melbourne Percival, the member for Glenmore, and a Cabinet Minister, I found myself in the modern Babylon. The clergymen I found easily, and their good offices and sage advice were freely rendered to me. But the Cabinet Minister was not so easy of access. I cooled my heels many a time in his ante-chamber, and at last I became so known by the porter at the door, that a gruff, "not at home," sent me despairing from the gate of the great man. The road to a profession was long. For medicine I had a distaste. The law offered honours as high as I could hope for, but already I was experienced in Westminster Hall, to that tribe, numerous "as leaves in Valombrosa," distinguished as smart barristers, with briefless bags and feeless pockets. I had no desire to dance the days in an eternal round of legal leisure. The army was the only resource I saw congenial to my tastes. My means, it is true, would hardly purchase my commission and give me an outfit; but if I were on foreign service this would make little matter, as my pay would be "riches fineless" in a tropic station. This was what made me so persistent in my siege on the minister's residence, and I had learned to look upon the possibility of obtaining a commission through his interest as one which would afford me my only chance in life. Disappointed in obtaining an interview, as a forlorn hope, I ventured to write to Mr. Percival, and stating my name and detailing the introduction of which I was the bearer, despatched my missive and waited for an answer.

After all my failures it was a surprise to me when, in due course, I received a letter in reply, from Mr. Percival, requesting me to call upon him at his residence, in the afternoon of the following day. With anxious mind and exultant forebodings from the angury of such a fact I watched for the morning, and nearly an hour before the time fixed, I wended my way,

with the precious letter in my pocket, toward the house of the minister. My spirits rose as I treaded through the maze of gorgeous equipages and well-dressed throngs that crowded the streets as I passed toward the fashionable neighbourhood where Mr. Percival dwelt. I built my chateau in fancy's world as high as ever a Frenchman constructed his in Spain, and upon the smallest of possible bases raised an edifice gorgeous as that of Aladdin. With my eyes open to all seeming, but blind to the whirl around me, I passed onward half conscious only of the scene. I had reached the square where the residence of Mr. Percival was located, still more a denizen of a world of dreams than a breathing sharer in the hard realities of that world around me, when a loud cry aroused me from my reverie. I looked up, and saw the foot passengers dashing scared and terrified toward the shelter of the doors around, from a phaeton drawn by a horse at full speed, which came rushing upward towards me. A glance showed me that there was but a single occupant in the carriage, and that occupant a lady. She had sank from her seat, and holding by the dashboard of the vehicle, seemed half lifeless with terror. Loud warnings reached me calling me out of the danger which any one standing near the course of the affrighted horse must run. I heard, but I heeded not; and, determining at once how to act, stood in shelter of a lamp-post placed at the edge of the path, determined to spring upon the reins of the frantic animal as he came up to where I stood. At once I executed my determination, knowing I ran the risk of death if I should miss my grasp, and that the wheels of the phaeton would crush me if I fell. The horse's head was on a level with my hand, the wheels of the carriage grated along the flagway, it came so near, when, with a bound, I held the flying brute fast. Startled by my grasp, he tore along, whilst I ran with him, keeping wide of his hooves. I got my hand gradually toward the haft of the bit, which was a strong one bearing a heavy curb. I tightened the pressure of this gradually, until the animal felt it, and relaxed his pace under the pain. He still tossed his head with fierce impulse, and as I held it turned downward, struck me in the temple with the side of his face twice. The blows were strong enough to render me partially insensible, but I held him still with unconquerable tenacity. He redoubled his struggles and I grasped him stoutly, knowing that two lives were now dependent upon my firmness—my own and that of another. I found the strength of my arm gradually bringing him to a stand, when he struck me again and again. I saw or knew no more. A noise as of a rushing tide in my ears shut out the consciousness of every other sound. A gloom darker than night hid everything from my sight, and just as the horse came to a stand-still, I sank upon the ground without consciousness or motion.

An hour afterwards I found myself in the luxurious apartments of Mr. Percival—several gentlemen standing beside me as I lay upon a couch, and a lady dressed in deep mourning, young and beautiful, with the greatest anxiety depicted in her face—the prominent figure in the group. The light fell upon my sight with pain; I closed my eyes again.

"Do you think, Sir Charles, he will recover? You are sure he has sustained no fracture." It was the lady who spoke.

"Certain of it, your ladyship!" fell upon my ear in the bland tones of Sir Charles Compton, the most fashionable physician in London, "he has sustained merely concussion of the brain. There is danger, of course, in such an accident; but with care, Lady Castleton, the gentleman will recover. He is nearly conscious already; reaction is all we have to guard against now."

"Curious and fortunate it was for the Countess," interposed another voice. "that the poor fellow was coming here by appointment with me, and when he became insensible, the letter I wrote him for that purpose was found in his pocket. The police, of course, brought him here at once."

"He saved my life," said the lady, with a touch of feeling in her tones, "saved it perhaps at the loss of his own."

"Young Amherst saw it all, it seem'd. He told me," replied the last male speaker, who was Mr. Percival, "He told me it was the most plucky, resolute, and daring thing he ever beheld in his life. However, I should expect nothing else from the boy. I knew his father well. He is one of the first Anglo-Irish families, and like his countrymen of the same descent, has little left him but his name. He wrote to me about a nomination for a commission, which he must have for saving my niece's life if for no other cause.

I opened my eyes again, looked at the speaker, and a smile of pleasure crossed my lips as I murmured my thanks in rapid words.

"There, there," said Dr. Compton, "if you will not undo all the good his constitution has done him, you will all leave the room. Silence and watchfulness must now be his guardians."

The group withdrew from the apartment.

A week saw me restored me to health. Before it was over I was in love. The lady whom I had rescued was Sophia, Countess of Castleton, a peeress in her own right, and the wealthiest heiress in England. I had never seen so much grace and noble beauty before in a human being. I had listened to her fervid and eloquent thankfulness for my courage in saving her from certain death. I had heard her protestation that she had no means to exhibit her gratitude, which did not seem infinitely less than her measure of my merit, and I was hopelessly enthralled before I knew it.

With my recovery came my commission in a crack hussar regiment, a magnificent charger—Starlight—as the present of the Countess, and felicitations from my venerable guardian from "home." Through the intervention of Mr. Percival, I had leave of absence for some months, and an invitation from the mother of Lady Castleton to one of her country seats in Yorkshire. I accepted them all, and amid the calm retreat of Findon Castle, spent a moon of enjoyment, the like of which I never dreamed of before. In the wide expanse of its domain, through its groves, and amid the undulations of its scenery, many a day went by as we walked or rode together, and the hours went past in the heavens marked by me by some new

trait to admire in the fair girl, so often my companion. I often determined to withdraw from associations so dangerous to my peace, and yet so entralling, but in vain. At last came the news of war in the East, and I knew my departure could not be long procrastinated. It came sooner than I could accomplish it, however. One evening we were about to walk in the grounds as usual, when the servant always despatched to the post came up to the door, where I stood waiting for the Countess, he placed a large and ominous-looking letter in my hand, marked "On Her Majesty's Service." As he did so the Countess joined me. I broke the seal as we went out in the pleasure ground. It contained my immediate recall to London. My regiment was ordered to the Crimea. "Lady Castleton," said I, "I must depart at once, the army is about to be sent to the East, and the —th hussars set out to-morrow evening. We must part at last."

I thought I felt her hand tremble as it rested upon my arm—I thought I saw her cheek grow paler than its wont—I thought I noticed a more liquid radiance in her large and lustrous eyes than was usual with her, and my voice faltered as I went on—"Those have been very happy days with me—friendless and poor I have met so great kindness—that I owe to you, Countess, the only hours of felicity in a brief but joyless existence. Through you I have gained an opportunity, which I never dared to hope would be so bright, of making my way in the world—if I live—and if I fall in some battle-field far away—why one whose years have found no ties, nor made any, will not be missed. I dare not trust myself to say more now. Come back to the castle!"

We retraced our steps. Not a word said the Countess as we returned along the path. She walked closer by me as we went—she leaned more familiarly upon my arm. As we stood at the door she paused, and placing her hand in mine, looked up with a face adown which tears were falling amid the burning flush of maiden modesty.

"Farewell," said she, "I shall not see you again—but—but—I have a right to feel an interest in your fortunes—I shall hear from you sometimes, and you will not forget that the life you saved will be made happier by the success and safety of yours. Wherever you are, do not altogether forget"—she paused, attempted to speak, turned from me, and was gone!

Thus over past and distant scenes my thoughts ran back in swift career. A voice woke me from my reverie. It was that of Power, my groom, who rode up beside me. "They're goin' to move, Masther Reginald. We wont be in time for the fun." I was recalled from fairy land, and shaking my horse into a canter, rode down the hill to my regiment, now forming into line.

CHAPTER III.—THE CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

"Welcome, Walton!" said our gray-headed Lieutenant-Colonel, as I rode to my place at the head of my troop. "We were sadly in want of a Captain, poor De Vere died of cholera lastnight, and Beaumont is down to-day with it, and little hope of him. I fear, my boy, you will be senior captain before your dignity sits well on you."

I was about replying when an aide-de-camp came galloping towards us. The engagement had begun, and the musketry was ringing along the heights with a rolling fire. The battery at the end of the valley was lazily throwing shells in our direction. I knew there was an order about to be given. Our Colonel rode forward to where Lord Cardigan was with his staff; and after some conversation, in a moment he cantered back, as did the little knot of officers around the Brigadier-General.

"God send us safe out of this, Walton! he exclaimed, as he rejoined me. We are to do the most daring and the most deadly thing ever I heard of. We are to charge that battery and take it."

"Oh, it must be a mistake," I exclaimed. "We have no support, and that force on the hill can catch us like mice in a trap, by cutting off our retreat." "No matter, my boy, it must be done. Captain Nolan is positive as to the orders, and he rides the charge himself. He is not an officer to make a mistake. Look to your swords, my lads," he shouted.

The Brigadier-General now came towards us, and forming in line, the word was given—"Forward." The bugles rang clearly out, as we advanced increasing our pace. Nolan leading in front far before us all. A lull came in the roar of combat as we dashed onward, and the sound of our horses' feet, as they strode in regular measure, was the only token of the rush of war which met our ears. The battery upon which we were approaching, even grew silent. As we got over the ground the excitement of danger gained fast upon me, and I let Starlight forward at his best pace. I was soon on a level with Nolan, whose white plumes hitherto had led us all.

"The best man," said he gaily, "is first at those Russian guns."

"I accept your challenge" said I; "come along!"

Half the ground was now gone over which separated us from the Russian artillery. Nolan stood up in his saddle, as his charger made a burst of speed to keep pace with mine. Exultingly the gallant fellow waved his sword toward the Russians, and cheered at the top of his voice, whilst along the line thundered a shout in response, ringing wild and high above the battle field, and echoed back by the French and British troops, which had hitherto kept a breathless silence. It was a grand spectacle to look along that extended front of the most daring men who ever drew sword in war before, engaged as they were in an enterprise which was as reckless a feat of battle as a forlorn hope, and as desperate a ride as that of the Roman Curtius. We could see the Russian gunners with lighted fuse standing beside the cannon, whose gaping mouths were towards us. Ten arms were raised as we looked—ten lights touched the priming of those ten deadly tubes levelled upon our line, and with a terrific roar like a crash of all the thunder of heaven—their contents, grape and canister mostly, with some shells, came shrieking on their deadly mission amongst us. Nolan, the brave and reckless Nolan, flung his arms high in the air with a cry of anguish that fell like horror even amid the confusion there around. I looked at him, and saw the fragments of a shell burst through his breast. His plumed hat was whirled from his head, which bowed as his horse turned round with a wondrous instinct, and

galloped toward the rear, the dead rider still keeping his seat. Our gallant Colonel fell at the same discharge, mortally wounded ; three of the officers of our regiment were killed instantaneously, the Major being amongst them. The Cornet was badly hit ; the Colour-Sergeants were down, and our whole line was awfully gapped by our loss. The old flag was falling from the hands of its bearer, as I pulled back my horse, seized it, and carrying it to the front, ordered my men to close up. In an instant the command was executed, and another discharge tore amongst us from the deadly guns, creating a terrible havoc, but as the men fell, others filled their places, and with a cheer we were upon the Russian gunners. There was no mercy given—there was none asked. We tore through the spaces at the guns like a whirlwind of death, and where there were men a moment before, there was a heap of ghastly corses bleeding and gashed with terrible wounds. But what avail was it. A mile and a half in our rear were our friends. Before, behind, and upon each side of us were masses of enemies.

" You have handled your men well, Walton," said a voice beside me. It was Lord Cardigan.

" I have few to handle, now," said I.

" Get back," he said, " get back, or we are all lost !"

Amidst all the confusion we reformed, for between us and the main body of our army, in the valley, masses of cavalry had poured down to cut us off. Half our men were cut away. So great was the loss of officers in my own regiment, that I was in command ; and it was with a feeling of pride I surveyed the short line that marked the followers of the colours I still held uplifted, though torn by shot into shreds. None of us could hope to pierce that dense column of heavy cavalry which intercepted our retreat, but in the faces of those grim soldiers, whose uniform was in rags, whose swords were dripping with blood, and whose splendid horses were as much under the influence of excitement as themselves, there was read only a fierce determination to sell their lives as dearly as they could. We were formed in three lines as before, and a mere handful, as we were, dashed at the Russians with a cheer, and at a pace that shook the ground. There was a terrible shock of horses and men, and their first line went down like leaves before us. One Russian, an officer with a face like a young Antinous, and a figure fit for Hercules, seized the eagles of the second line, and cheered his men at us. It was in vain. We burst through them with a terrible shock, and our diminished line, like a wedge, had penetrated to their rear rank, when the most horrible event in recorded war took place. The Russian artillerists fired from the heights on their own men as they struggled with us, and their shot, designed to leave us no escape, even at the loss of their own troops, tore through the warring crowd of friends and foes alike. With wild despair, a cry broke from my lips, as I saw my gallant fellows fall in scores around me. The Russian officer, whom I before noticed, was at some distance, encouraging the havoc of his swordsmen amongst us, and waving the eagle exultingly.

" Save yourselves," I shouted to my troops, " as best you can ; for me, I die here."

I rode at the Russian, whose breast was covered with orders, and in an instant we had crossed swords with dreadful determination. Perfectly isolated, we fought in the height of the cruel confusion, the thunder of artillery and the din and shock of combatants around. I soon found my weakened frame tell against me. The blows of the strong-armed Northern were paralyzing my muscles to guard myself from them, and I gave myself up for lost, when a loud cheer in the rear of the Russians roused me from my momentary despondency, and I saw the gleaming helmets and scarlet uniforms of our heavy brigade shivering the ranks that prisoned us, as if they were glass. A trooper of the Royals, as he dashed by, hewing desperately, struck my enemy on the sword-arm and cut him to the bone, when, dragging the eagle from him, I seized his horse by the bridle, and through the open space, cleared by the brigade of General Bentinck, urged him forward through the smoke towards our lines; half stupefied, my prisoner offered no resistance. A cheer received me as I reached a group of officers surrounding the Commander-in-Chief, still holding the colours of my regiment and the captured eagle. My prisoner was a relative of the emperor, and a colonel. I left him and my trophy with a staff-officer, and rode down with my colours to muster my men as they reached our lines. One by one they came in—some bleeding—some grimed with the smoke and stained with the blood of others. Three officers of my regiment beside myself were living, and twenty troopers rode with me to take up our ground near the staff. The Commander-in-Chief rode down, as the light cavalry had all come up again and was formed in line. Ninety of us were drawn up—the survivors of the light brigade—ninety soldiers who had ridden a charge unexampled in history, and passed through a trial by battle, the like of which may never be again. Five men had fallen for one who came back, but ten times five of their enemies had fallen to their comrade's vengeance. With the Commander-in-Chief came many a military leader whose name was renowned in war. The French Marshal rode with his English *confrere*, and veterans from Indian, Peninsular, and African campaigns, came down to do us honour. With the courtesy of his nation, and the admiration of valour, in whose quest France stands first in the world, the gray head of the French warrior was uncovered and bent as he came abreast of our line, and his example was followed by all his companions. As each of us looked at the other, we thought of the gallant fellows who deserved this tribute more than we, and who lay mangled and lifeless on the plain before us. The voice of the Commander-in-Chief roused me from thoughts that grew sad.

"Who is in command of this regiment?" he said.

"I, my lord," I answered, coming to the front.

"Colonel Walton, I believe," said he.

"Captain is my rank," I replied.

"Colonel, sir," said the General, "Colonel from this moment, sir. You have won your grade. You will prepare to go to England on to-morrow with despatches. The brigade to which you belong has rendered itself memorable by an act which, though not war," (here he looked at the French

Commander) "is the most memorable and magnificent in history, and for morale, is worth a thousand victories."

* * * * *

Travel-stained, I stood amid a glittering throng on the staircase of the French ambassador's residence at London. My orders were urgent to deliver my despatches to the minister-at-war, on my arrival. I delayed not a moment in hurrying to his residence as soon as I reached the metropolis, but found him absent at a ball given at the French Embassy. I went at once to the place, and explaining my business to a footman, one of the *attachés* came forward.

"This way, Colonel Walton," said he.

As I strode up the staircase, many a glance was turned on me with disdain from the exquisites assembled there. I followed my conductor to the door of a magnificent saloon radiant with light and beauty.

"What name?" said the usher at the landing.

"Colonel Walton," I replied.

"Colonel Walton," said he, as I stepped in. In an instant the dancing ceased, the conversation was hushed, and, as I walked forward, a burst of applause rose from the gorgeous assembly, again and again repeated.

"Colonel Walton," said a gray-headed stately old gentleman, approaching me, "why, you are a mere boy, and yet the most gallant incident of the war is set down to your credit. See, we heard of you before you came, and this is our homage to the gallantry of one of the survivors of the Light Brigade."

I bowed, and was about replying, when a face caught mine that made me bound forward; it was that of Lady Castleton. I murmured my excuses to the minister, for he it was who had addressed me, and stood by Sophia in a moment. She came forward, her face beaming with pleasure, to meet me. "Amid all the honours that surround you," she said, "my congratulations are too poor and too much a duty to be of any value."

I gazed at her, and sunk my voice to a whisper. "And yet without them I should rather rest, among the dead of the Light Brigade."

"Can I believe you?" she said.

"For ever. Ah! Sophia, let it be for ever."

Her cheeks flushed redly—her hand clasped mine.

"For ever," she murmured, "if you will," and this was my wooing.

* * * * *

On the 27th of December in that year we were married. Rich, noble, beautiful, stood my bride by me at the altar. Our life began with promise of a happy ending—even in the blessing we asked from heaven as we knelt in the temple of God—and that promise has never become clouded since. There are glad homes in humbler spheres than that to which I was elevated—homes where the sorrow and trials of a lowly lot only make the love that lights them more warm to dissolve the coldnesses that straitened means or painful crosses would bring, but no home in all the land is happier than that where I never regret How I Married a Countess.

A VISIT TO THE LAND'S-END.

THE arrangements of cheap trains by the railway companies now-a-days carry a good proportion of the crowd of summer and autumnal excursionists to places which had, in time back, not rejoiced in many visitors. A few years ago, to have visited the Land's-End in Cornwall was an event to be remembered in a man's life, but now the road between Penzance and that celebrated headland is frequented daily by numbers of travellers in carriage, on horseback, and on foot, who are thus introduced to scenery and to objects with which they have not been familiar in other parts of the country. Perhaps many of them may be glad to hear what modern science has to say on the most striking of these objects—the numerous artificial arrangements of stones, single uprights, circles, chambers, etc., which have been usually called Druidical monuments.

It was in the latter part of the month of August that we proceeded to Penzance to visit an old friend who was passing the summer there. Penzance is an oddly built town, made up of bits and corners, and blind alleys, in the midst of which you can rarely find a short or direct way between one point and another. It is, nevertheless, not an unpleasant town, and it has a tolerably good beach, and is remarkable for the salubrity of its climate, and for the extreme fertility of the country immediately surrounding it, which supplies London with its earliest potatoes and other vegetable productions. This fertility arises, no doubt, partly from the richness of the soil, and chiefly from the mixture of mildness and moisture in its atmosphere. The drives and walks in the vicinity of the town are also agreeable; and it was by a road under a pleasant avenue of trees, and crossing a pretty little trout-stream, that, on the day following that of our arrival, we left Penzance to walk over the hills to the Land's-End. We gradually mount the hill, and for a time we have on each side good hedges and fields. Under the hedge on the left, at the top of the hill, where there are branch roads, stands the granite stump of an ancient cross. These crosses, usually made of granite, are very common objects in western Cornwall. We now descend the hill, cross a small stream at the bottom, pass along the ledge of another hill of as great elevation, and descend to another small stream, which we cross by the bridge of Buryas. We are now quitting the richly-cultivated country, are leaving the trees behind us, and are entering upon a succession of wild downs, separated by hollows, which, where untouched, present a scrubby surface of furze-bushes and ferns, and which must formerly have formed a very desolate scene. But even here, where a small depth of soil has been able to collect on the rock, it still partakes of the fertility of the plain, and much land has been cultivated and divided into fields, with inclosures built of masses of the granite of the district instead of hedges. Even with these improvements, the prospect is desolate enough. Our way runs at the bottom of a hollow for some distance after leaving Buryas-bridge, till we pass over another hill at a place called Drift, and descend again to a small stream, at a spot where there is another separation of

the road, and we take the turning to the right, along the side of which the stream runs for a short distance. We again mount a hill, and, as we approach its summit, a large mass of granite, some ten or twelve feet high above ground, placed in an upright position, in a corner of the field to the right, strikes our attention, and tempts us to climb over the fence of stones mixed with rather luxuriant plants and bushes, which have taken root in the earth which has accumulated between their crevices. It is an excellent example of that class of monuments which the Celtic archaeologists call a *mén-hir*, or stone pillar, but which in Cornwall is called simply a *mén*, or stone. It is locally known as the "Tregonebris Stone," from the name of the farmhouse under the hill on the northern side of the field.

Resuming our journey, at a short distance beyond the object we have been examining, the road leads us down into another hollow, or valley, across a stream at its bottom, and up another hill. When we gain the brow of this latter eminence, let us turn off from our road along a lane to the left, which leads first to a small hamlet or farm called Boscawen-ûn, and then, a little farther, ends in a large enclosed field, covered with abundance of furze and bracken, and not far from where we enter it we come almost unawares upon one of the most celebrated of the so-called "Druidical" circles in Cornwall. When the enclosures were made, the farmer on whose land it was very stupidly ran one of the hedges—in this instance a real good bushy hedge—through the circle, so that now we can only see and examine it in detail. To judge from the destruction of such monuments, which has taken place since the days of Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, we may be thankful that the circle itself escaped. The whole consists (or consisted) of nineteen upright stones, the tallest of which is about four feet and a-half high above the ground, and placed in the circumference of a circle, the diameter of which is about twenty-five yards, with one taller stone in a leaning position in the centre. Another similar circle at Bolleit, in the parish of St. Burian, about four miles to the south-east of Boscawen-ûn, has the same number of stones, and is of about the same dimensions; and several other such circles are still met with in the Land's-End district.

The question which continually presents itself to the modern excursionists to the Land's-End is—What are those singular monuments, and what was their object? and we will interrupt our journey for a moment to endeavour to give a clear as well as a brief account of them. Borlase, and indeed, most of the old antiquaries, called this class of remains indiscriminately Druidical, and had strange stories of the purposes to which they served. The circles, they decided, were temples of the Druids; when a cromlech, that is, a large flat stone, placed upon three or more upright stones—occupied the centre of the circle (which is not unusually the case, they pronounced it to be the altar on which the Druids sacrificed human victims; and when there was only an upright stone in the centre, as at Boscawen-ûn, it was the rude pillar to which the unwilling victim of Druidic religious ferocity was tied for the slaughter. Various other ingenious speculations were hazarded, all equally worthless; and the modern system of careful and patient research, instead of hasty conjecture, has dispelled much mist, and

thrown a considerable amount of light upon them. In the first place, it was a mere groundless assumption that any of these monuments had any connection whatever with the Druids. The first satisfactory discoveries were made in the cromlechs. We did not meet with a cromlech in our walk to the Land's-End, but there are one or two fine examples in the parish of Sennan, not very far from the western promontory. In one or two instances, on the removal of large sepulchral mounds, a cromlech was found in the centre, containing the interment—the ashes or skeleton of the dead ; and, when acting on this hint, excavations were made about the cromlechs which had long remained exposed, traces of burial have always been found. Since these first discoveries, many concealed cromlechs, in different parts of the country, and especially in the Channel Islands, have been opened, and uniformly with the same results. More than this—on clearing away a large mound, there has been found—we believe we are right in saying not unfrequently—a circle of stones just within its limits, which appeared to be intended to define the extent of the mound and support the earth. It thus seemed quite clear that the cromlechs were not Druids' altars, but simple tombs, and that the circles were, for some purpose or other, made round the tombs. Even where there is only an upright stone in the middle, this is believed to be intended to mark the place of interment. The hero Fingal, in one of the poems of Ossian, observes :—" Place me by some stone of remembrance, that future ages may know my fame." This explanation of the cromlech and circle is the one now universally accepted by antiquaries. These tombs, no doubt, belonged to a very early period ; but discoveries have been made which seem to show that these cromlech tombs continued in use, at least in some part of Britain, down to the latter period of the Roman occupation.

That the circles may sometimes have been erected for other purposes is not impossible, and we have a suggestion to offer which may, perhaps, have some ground in truth, we may at the same time show that " Druidical" circles may sometimes belong to a much more recent date, when Druids and their worship had been long forgotten. It is not improbable that one chief use of the circle of stones, as also of the ditch which sometimes surrounds an ancient sepulchral mound, whether it was within or without the earth or stones of the mound, was to mark and enclose the ground which was consecrated to the dead, and a similar contrivance might be employed to enclose any consecrated spot. In one of the Anglo-Saxon collections of ecclesiastical laws, belonging probably to the ninth or tenth century, and relating, of course, to the north of England, we find the following enactment :—" If there be a frith-geard on any one's land, round a stone, or a tree, or a well, or any folly of this kind, then let him who made it pay the fine for a breach of law, half to Christ and half to the landlord ; and if the landlord will not aid in levying the fine, then let Christ and the King have the fine." The primary meaning of the word *frith*, in Anglo-Saxon, is *peace* ; but it means, in its application here, the freedom or sanctity of a place into which nobody is allowed to intrude or trespass, and *frith-geard* signifies simply a consecrated yard or inclosure. We cannot but think it

probable that this consecrated inclosure was the circle of stones round the object of reverence, which thus we find the Anglo-Saxons raising at a comparatively late period, and the Cornish Welsh may have continued to erect such objects at an equally late date. The tree would, of course, have disappeared, and left a circle with nothing in the middle ; the central stone would often remain in its spot, and was probably of much earlier date. A popular worship was anciently paid to such monuments, and we find an edict of the Council of Nantes, in the seventh century, and at a later period, a clause in the "Capitulaires de Charlemagne," stringently prohibiting this reverence, an example likewise followed in Spain, by the Council of Toledo. It is probably that the Anglo-Saxons would call the circle of stones round an early grave the *frith-gaerd* ; and it is curious that the Germans, in whose language the Anglo-Saxon word takes the form *fried*, and *hof* is equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon *geard*, or yard, still use the word *fried-hof* for a church-yard. Many of our readers are probably familiar with the lines which Wordsworth wrote on seeing the celebrated stone circle near Penrith, in England, known as "Long Meg and her Daughters :"

" A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit—cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak thou whose massy strength and stature scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart to overlook the circle vast—
Speak, giant mother ! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night.
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That sisterhood in hieroglyphic round ?"

The traces of early legends relating to cromlechs and circles are very slight, but all imply places of interment ; there are modern legends, however, of a very fanciful description. According to these, circles or groups of stones are supposed to represent men or women who have been miraculously changed into stone for some transgression against the commands of the church, especially for working or playing at improper games on holidays or Sundays. There was a very common legend in the later middle ages, how a party of maidens danced on a saint's day, during church service, and underwent, in different forms of the legend, various punishments. Throughout Cornwall, this legend has been universally attached to these stone circles, which are said to be maidens, who, for transgressing in this way, were transformed into stones, and the ordinary Cornish name for them is *dawns-mén*, the stone-dance. It must be remembered that the popular dance in the middle ages, called the carole, was danced by people taking hands in a circle. Such is the legend told of the well-known *Dawns-mén*, in the parish of St. Burian, which sometimes goes by the name of the Merry Maidens ; and the circle at Boscowen-ûn is also popularly known as the Nineteen Maidens. In the former instance, two upright stones, at a

short distance from the circle, are called the pipers, and are supposed to be the two men who played the music to the dance. The cromlech, or, rather, the large slab forming its cap-stone, is popularly called the quoit, and sometimes the giant's quoit, on the supposition that the primeval giants, who inhabited this district, amused themselves with playing at quoits with them. One of the finest rock monuments of this kind in the county of Dublin may be seen upon the Hill of Howth, in the vicinity of the castle, and is known as "Finn's Quoit," from a tradition that the redoubtable Fionn-mac-'Umbhail was accustomed to amuse himself with it, somewhat after the manner of the Cornish giants. In Cornwall there are also circular enclosures, surrounded by a sort of low stone wall instead of a circle of stones, which are evidently of great antiquity, though it would be useless to attempt to conjecture to what date they belong, or for what purpose they were erected. The peasantry call them *Plän-an-guare*, the place of sport, apparently under the idea that they were amphitheatres; perhaps, indeed, they were in later times adopted as places for games and sports. In the same way it would, with our present knowledge, be quite in vain to attempt any explanation of the object of the great upright stones, such as that at Tregonebris. In a field adjoining that containing the northern part of the circle of Boscawen-un, a little distance to the north-west, there is a large circular pile of immense blocks of granite, which may, perhaps, be partly the natural rock cropping out of the ground, but which presents a degree of regularity which seems to indicate the interference of the hand of man. It is of considerable extent, and offers from its summit a very extensive view over the surrounding country; but it is impossible to say for what purpose it has served, if it served for any purpose. While on the subject of stone circles, etc., we may remark that we have seen it asserted in a work aiming to establish the identity of the Druidical and Hebrew religions, published in the year 1829, as not improbable that the Cities of Refuge, referred to in the Scriptures, were simply circular temples of unhewn stones. There is a strange tradition, also, in connection with such erections, regarding the origin of Stonehenge, in England. That quaint old chronicler, Stowe, relates that after the massacre of the British nobility, by Hengist, Aurelius Ambrosius, at that period King of Britain, erected that massive temple as a memorial of the deed, and that it was then called the Circle of the Giants. The stones, he gravely adds, were miraculously transported from Ireland, by the wizard Merlin, expressly for the purpose, and, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, not any two were from the same place! We may add, as a remarkable fact, that Stonehenge consists of exactly such dispositions of upright and cross-stones, as at this day compose the great ruins of Egypt.

Leaving the circle of Boscawen-un, we can regain our road to the Land's-End, either by walking direct across the top of the hill through high fern and furze, which is equivalent to walking through a turnip-field in autumn, or perhaps rather worse, especially when wet; or we may descend the hill to the west, cross a little stream, which is done by leaping, and walk across a field to a farm-house, called Leha, from whence a short lane takes us into

the road just where this stream crosses it. It is the last stream of water we shall meet on our journey. Water is rare in this Land's-End district, and after we have quitted Penzance, we meet with only six very diminutive streams in the whole distance of full ten miles to the Land's-End, and this last is little more than half way. The scenery, too, is far from interesting, for it consists of a succession of not very lofty swelling hills, the outlines of which present bare curved lines intersecting each other, and a house, and especially a tree, is only met with at rare intervals in the valleys. The remainder of our walk to Sennan, which lies along lower ground, is equally uninteresting, and we quicken our pace that we may reach the end of our journey in time to witness what promises to be a beautiful sunset. Another ascent is surmounted, and we enter the village of Sennan, which occupies the top of the hill, which gradually sloping towards the west, terminates in the cliffs which form the Land's-End. We have crossed from sea to sea the last peninsula of England, and a variety of circumstances remind us that we are approaching the western extremity of the island. Penzance was the westernmost town in England; and Trevescan, to the south a little westwardly of Sennan, is the most westerly village. Sennan, though it cannot boast of being the most westerly town or village, has long had the reputation of possessing the last inn in England; but rivalry in trade has reached even the Land's-End, and some miserable speculator has deprived Sennan of its glory, and at the same time desecrated what ought to be one of the most solemn spots in the country, by raising on the summit of the hill, just above the Land's-End, a most unsightly building, in the form of a new public-house. This sacrilegious intrusion seems to have been encouraged by the increasing flow of visitors to the old inn in the village, which was formerly a very unassuming building by the road-side, with a sign ingeniously contrived to tell a double story; as on the side towards the land, it was described as the "Last Inn in England," while to those coming from the sea, it proclaimed itself the "First Inn in England." Prosperity, it may be supposed, caused the proprietor to add a new larger house to the old smaller one, without destroying the latter, or displacing the old sign; but a new inscription, on a large scale, placed on the western face of the new building, describes it as the "First and Last Inn in England." This we determine on patronising in preference to its new rival, enter for a moment to secure beds, order our supper, and ascertain the shortest way to the object of our pilgrimage, and then hurry onwards. Whoever expects to find some object of striking grandeur and beauty in the Land's-End will be disappointed, for this elevated promontory consists only of a very undulating line of rather low cliffs, broken into the hill of granite by the incessant beating of the waves of the Atlantic during countless ages, but far inferior in pictorial effect to many a coast scene which is much less talked of. But there is something picturesque in the manner in which its broken masses of granite rise up like vast half-overthrown columns, or lie wildly piled upon one another, and it is the last point of England, and looks bravely on the wide ocean, although ocean often visits it in none of his gentlest humours. When this does happen, the battle

and roar of waves over the rocks which lie scattered in the sea around, like so many outposts, and in the caverns with which the granite fortress is undermined, are said to be sublime far beyond description. We had not the fortune to see old Ocean out of temper, for he was as gentle and smooth as Ocean possibly could be ; nor did we miss the setting sun, though an unfriendly cloud interfered and marred in some degree the beauty of the scene. The Atlantic lay spread before us like a smooth surface of dark marble, with the Scilly Islands dotted on its horizon, and its uniformity broken under our feet by the masses of sharp rocks, which rose here and there above the water, and by the lines of the white foam which skirted them. As the sun disappeared and dusk became thicker, the horizon was no longer marked, except by the light-house of St. Agnes, among the Scilly Islands, which sparkled like a distant star ; and the nearer light-house on the rocks called the Long-ships, threw a beam upon the water which we should otherwise only have recognised by the lines of foam which seemed to become longer and whiter, while everything else was obscured in darkness.

Returning to Sennan, we ensconced ourselves in the "First and Last Inn in England," may it be the last of its sort ! for we found wretched accommodation—stewed upon eggs and rancid bacon, which we were informed were the only provisions in addition to bread, in the house, slept very uncomfortably in a two-bedded room, had our supper repeated by way of breakfast next morning, and were made to pay extravagantly dear. After breakfast we returned to Penzance, and as we only literally retraced our steps, we have little more to add. We should remark, before leaving Sennan, that in its precincts there is a very large stone, which is called the "King's Table," on which it is affirmed that three kings, who, "once upon a time," made a journey together to see the Land's-End, took their dinner, which, we may suppose, they carried in their wallets ; whereby we understand that kings, in those primeval days, paid less attention to ceremony than during our known historical periods.

In contemplating the stone circles and monoliths which we met with in our ramble from Penzance to the Land's-End, we could not avoid reflecting in how many and distant parts of the world similar monuments are to be found. The pillar stones of the British Isles are identical with those which encircle the Topes and Buddhist cave-temples of Central India, as well as the ruins at Ak Diyarin, in North Syria, while a uniform resemblance to our cromlechs is traceable in the "Hünengräber" of Germany, the "Jastesstuer," or Giant's Chambers of Scandinavia, and the ancient sepulchral monuments of America and China. In Brittany, however, it is that we find a veritable mine of these grim and silent records of the far, far past. Like Wales, Brittany still possesses some of these rare characteristics which are, in many respects, interesting to us. Many of its ancient legends bear a close resemblance to old traditions which still hang about remote parts of our country. It is, indeed, a province full of interest. Many old customs have doubtless disappeared, but sufficient traces still exist to delight the heart of the antiquarian. As a clever French writer

has observed, the centre of Brittany is neither Rennes, nor Nantes, nor even Quimper. It is the little village of Morbihan, the shores of whose gulf are thickly sprinkled with relics of the long ago, such as those we meet with in Ireland and Cornwall. There is that ancient town, Vannes, which once sent out great fleets to defend the independence of Gaul from the Roman. On the peninsula of Rhuis stands the castle of Sucinio, a ruin, but still solid, and all but complete. At the extreme end is a lofty hill on a level plain, the tumulus of Tumiac, an immense heap of earth and stones, the relic of the ancient kingdom of Armorica, in the interior of which are the chambers of sepulture in which the chiefs of the people were deposited. On the other shore of the gulf are other tumuli, some higher than that of Tumiac; whilst so-called "Druidical" stones, dolmans, and grottoes, supply still further evidence of the by-gone presence of the ancient customs of the province. On one of the *landes* in this neighbourhood stands "Caesar's Table," a mighty one in truth, standing where it has stood for two thousand years. Speaking of the cyclopean remains in the Department of Morbihan, the Chevalier de Freminville says: "The great number of these stones, their fantastic shapes, the height of their gray summits, elongated and covered with moss, and standing out boldly from the black heather with which the plain abounds, and, lastly, the silent solitude around them, all combine to strike and to astound the imagination; all fill the soul with melancholy veneration for the ancient witnesses of events which marked such far-distant ages." It is a significant indication of the old affinity between Great Britain and Little Brittany, that wrestling is among the most popular of Breton games, the favourite sport of Devonshire and Cornwall being held in high repute on the opposite coast of the Straits, and there only in all France. Brittany, we may add, while on the subject, is also famous for its "Pardons," or religious fêtes. The word "pardon" has come to be somewhat familiarly known here, from the fact that a great composer has written an opera to a story supposed to be founded upon some incidents which took place at the Pardon of a little Breton town called Ploërmel. Unfortunately, however, for the groundwork of M. Meyerbeer's "Pardon de Ploërmel," the village in question has had no such institution for many a long day, and is a dreary little town, without animation, such as one may meet with anywhere.

But we must pause here, and although it may strike our readers as rather an anomaly that we should ramble from the Land's-End to Brittany, we are able to find an excuse in the fact that that most interesting of French provinces is as inexhaustible a field for the labours of the Celtic philologist and archæologist, as the locality towards which we originally bent our wandering footsteps, or our own dear green isle.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

It was one of those blank days before Christmas in which the dull, silent sky, covered with an universal gray, seemed as if it had not made up its mind as to the sort of weather it purposed preparing for the winter festival, and as not yet decided as to whether it would commence with a hard frost or a heavy fall of snow. Along the country roads, which, dry and hard, sparkled with a thin sprinkling of the frost of the past night, like pulverised glass, scarcely a sound was heard except the occasional low of the cattle in the yellow seering fields, or the movement and piteous chirp of the birds, as they hopped and rustled through the dry, brown hedges. Low down along the northern horizon a line of clouds, crisp with frost, which appeared to have been stationary from the hour the dull dawn woke over the desolate landscape, relieved the ashy monotony of the sky, and in their form, which resembled that of a series of bastions, realized the impression of their being the advanced outworks of winter, shortly about to open on the world their cold batteries of hail and snow. At times, indeed, the sun cast a transitory gleam over the distant meadows, but almost immediately withdrew among his clouds with an air of huffed reserve and sullen indifference, as though convinced that any efforts on his part to brighten the lower regions at this particular period was useless ; and that, in short, for the time being, his occupation was gone. Sometimes, indeed, he flung a dim and misty ray on the roofs and steeples of a neighbouring town, merely, however, to remind its inhabitants that he was still above the ground, and had no right or wish to interfere in any prominent way with the preparations which the more potent spirits of the year were then making for producing their icy panorama in the Christmas sky.

It was about noon that one of those occasional beams having coursed partially over the sad surrounding district, now kindling up for an instant the yellow thatch of some silent farm-house, or rendering some hedge or line of paling distinct in the remote meadows, paused for an instant on its way upon the gray slated roof of Doctor Delectus' seminary, which stood by itself on the road-side, about a mile from the town. This was a large, correct, and dull-looking building, covered with faded stucco, whose architecture, you would say, belonged to what might be called the grammatical order. Its long, dull, narrow windows were as rigid in their form as the declensions themselves ; tall poplars, standing at either gable, looked down on the play-ground like arborial ushers—nay, the very trees and shrubs which lined the garden walls, now bare and leafless, had a correctional aspect ; and, as they bent and wavered above a group of noisy youngsters who were careering up and down the walks, appeared eminently calculated to impress the juvenile mind with the idea that even nature, in this scholastic region, in alliance with the Principal, took an invidious delight in perpetually holding the rod over their heads. Cold as it was, there was not the slightest symptom—looking at the exterior of the seminary—of the cheerful presence of a fire in any of its chambers ; while its tall chimneys,

gaunt and idle, appeared as standing exemplifications of a rigid law, which forbid smoking of any description on the premises.

It was a few days before Christmas, the examinations were over, day by day the school group was decreasing, and the few who remained, and who were joyously rioting in the dim winter gardens of the seminary, existed in hourly expectation of the arrival of their friends, to convey them to their cheerful Christmas homes. As for Delectus, from the moment the school had closed, he seemed to have become a myth; his awful sway had terminated with his valedictory address a couple of days back, when administering the prizes to the victorious competitors in the hard-fought field in which the heroes of syntax and prosody had signalized themselves. Like the sun at this season, he was seldom seen, and when, like the sun, he made his appearance, which was seldom, he was still indeed regarded as a fact, but of little more account than one of their discarded Virgils—a potentate whose sway was for the time over—a whole number, in short, which had become a cypher, and which could have no relation to the Christmas calculations until the end of the holidays. On the morning referred to, it was said he had been heard chatting to one of the youngsters in relation to the exact distinction between a species of marbles in familiar use, and with an air of such interested simplicity and candid communion as to impress the mind of the lad with the idea that he—D—had become a boy again. Nay, as the former proudly boasted, he had flatly contradicted him, finding him in a contemptuous state of ignorance with reference to the topic in question.

Among the group of boys who were enjoying a foretaste of the saturnalia already commenced in the playgrounds, and whose conversations ranged over a variety of subjects, from the anticipated but fictitious delights of the pantomime, to the solid pleasures of the Christmas pudding, was one whom we shall name Arnold—a fine little stripling of some thirteen summers, who seemed to await with a still more eager expectation than that evinced by his more thoughtless comrades, the heart-stirring rumble of the vehicle destined to waft him from the seminary to the distant roof where his affections centred, and where freedom and happiness were for a space to be his. His pulse beat quicker with every sound which came drifting on the dead gray air over the hard roads; and during the day he seemed to find a pleasure in hanging about the gate of the school, it being at least the point nearest home, and to cast ever and anon an earnest gaze across the dull district of country from which his expectant friends were about to arrive. But hour after hour passed without realizing his hopes; and the short winter day, which appeared the longest in his experience, finally sunk upon him in dull and dissatisfactory darkness. It was, however, something when at length he ascended to the dormitory of the school to observe the preparations made for his journey. Looking at his trunks strongly and inexorably corded, and under no circumstance to be opened until home was reached—sleep, even on a night at once so dull and exciting, became a possibility.

How long he slept we cannot precisely say, but there is reason to be-

lieve it was not far from the mysterious hour of midnight, when Arnold felt himself suddenly awakened. His first distinct impression was that caused by the snow beating against the panes of the casement, through which the pale winter's moon appeared wavering up and down amid the dark branches of the trees, which shook and shuddered ceaselessly in the gusts of a wind which had meanwhile risen. It was not until after some moments that the boy became conscious of the presence of a Figure which stood beside him—a Figure who seemed surrounded by a halo of light, which contrasted warmly and cheerfully with that of the pale orb, and whose countenance, beautiful and soft, bent over him with an expression of kindness and protection. Arnold was not in the least frightened; indeed, there was something in the air and aspect of the figure which—though conscious he had never seen it before—clicited his immediate confidence, awaking, as it did, a series of happy feelings with which he was familiar.

"Arise, Arnold," it said, quietly, "and fear not. At this happy Christmas time it is permitted the spirits who are ordained as the kindly guardians of the earth, to make themselves visible to some few of its inhabitants, for objects connected with their happiness. Arise—to-night it is destined that we two shall visit together the scenes in which you chiefly delight, and that I shall reveal to you the future of those whom you best love in the world."

In an instant Arnold had arisen; the spirit waved its wand, a cloud of light surrounded them, and, shrouded in its warm presence, they passed together from the chamber into the outer air.

Swiftly they hurried across the wide cold night, through which, now rounding toward the west, the moon looked out, dim and pale at intervals, among banks of clouds and slanting drifts of snow. At first their course lay over the broad country, whose chill and silent landscape, with its towns, villages, rivers, and roads, swept beneath them, hardly distinguishable, so rapid was their movement; but after a little Arnold became conscious that the land had been left far behind, and that they were speeding over the level space of the sea, on whose remote rim, the disc of the moon still hovered. At first the atmosphere was tranquil and breathless, and they floated in a profound stillness; but by slow degrees the boy became aware, after they had traversed many leagues of ocean, that a great storm was raging over the wild and tumultuous desert of billows beneath. It already seemed that they were at a great distance out at sea; and as the wind roared, and the lightnings, red and jagged, broke ever and anon through the black canopy of clouds, lo! driving dimly against a dark rack of tempestuous vapour on the horizon, a forlorn vessel appeared, with sails rent and masts tossing to and fro, as it rolled helplessly, abandoned to the rage of the wild waters. Awful was the scene of desolation presented as they approached the vessel, which was already a wreck, and evidently fast sinking; two of its masts, its bulwarks and spars, had been swept away, while the seas, washing fiercely over its decks, threatened each instant to engulf it for ever in the deeps. At first, when they came sufficiently near to observe its condition, it seemed as if this vessel had been abandoned by

its crew, as no human form was visible on its desolate decks, and as no voice reached them amid the roar and hum of the storm. Presently, however, as Arnold and the spirit hovered over it, the former perceived that one survivor at least remained—a lad some years older than himself, who clung with the energy of despair to a fragment of bulwark which still withstood the shock of the waves, through whose tempests of spray his slight clinging form and pale praying face, became at intervals apparent. For some moments he had regarded this figure with infinite pity, when the clouds cleared from the moon, which, like the ship, was then half sunk in the sea, and as its last ray fell on the countenance of the shipwrecked boy, a wild pang shot through Arnold's heart, as he cried :

“ My brother, my dear brother ! oh, save him, good Spirit, save him ! ”

The genial guardian, who held the boy's hand, turned toward him with a light and hallowing smile.

“ Fear not,” he said, “ it is the happy province of the order of beings to which I belong to exercise at this season a beneficent and protecting influence over those whose natal guardians we are ; and though the storm rages and the billows seem hopelessly to threaten death, yet be of good cheer, for a rescue is at hand ! ”

As he spoke, he pointed with his wand to a great, dark, looming form which appeared advancing towards them over the midnight sea. At the same instant, the boy who clung to the fragment of the now sinking vessel, was seen to raise himself, gesticulating wildly, and heard uttering loud cries to attract the attention of the approaching barque, and it was with an ineffable feeling of transport and thankfulness that Arnold, after a few moments, found that his signal was recognised. A man at the prow had quickly discovered his position ; the word was given to the sailors, rapidly they brought the great ship to the wind, a boat was instantly lowered ; after a little, a couple of stalwart figures were seen helping the lad down the side ; again the rowers bent to the oars, and in a very brief space Arnold had the delight of observing his brother safely landed on the vessel's deck, and surrounded by the kindly crew offering him assistance.

“ To what country was your vessel bound, my lad ? ” said a bluff, jovial figure, advancing.

“ To Ireland,” the boy answered.

“ We are bound there,” said the captain, and these were the last words that Arnold heard ; for the great ship suddenly turned to the wind again, and bore away gallantly amid the haze and darkness. Arnold was still straining his gaze after it, when suddenly his attention was diverted by a strange and awesome sound upon the sea beneath—it was that of the wrecked vessel which, after a wild plunge or two, as though struggling for life, had gone down with a regurgitating roar amid the gloomy waters.

Silently once again the Spirit clasped Arnold's hand, and once again he felt himself borne swiftly over the sea and over the dark land, until at length the glare of a great City dawned before them against the dull horizon of the night. Floating over a portion of its lamp-lit streets, which rung

with the clatter of swarms of vehicles, and was alive with the bustle of a multitude of people, who hurried gaily hither and thither, they arrived at a house which Arnold was not long recognising as his father's. As they entered the boy's hopes and expectations were sadly disappointed by the air of gloom and silence which pervaded the mansion. Passing into one of the parlours, they found it occupied by the solitary figure of an elderly man, who sat before a dying fire, on which he was gazing with a blank and hopeless expression of countenance. A file of documents and letters lay on the table beside him, one of which letters he opened and re-read, and having done so, held it in a quivering hand, as he sunk once more into a melancholy reverie. Arnold hung fondly beside him, saddened and heart-struck at the expression of care and gloom which was impressed on his face, of the cause of which he as yet remained ignorant. Presently Mr. Arnold began to mutter broken sentences, from time to time speaking aloud to himself, and it was from such fragmentary exclamations and utterances, that Arnold after a little gathered that his father's business affairs had fallen into hopeless disorder, and that his mercantile concerns were threatened with immediate ruin.

"A dark future is indeed in store for me and mine, if Stamford—as his letter intimates—refuses to make the arrangement I propose. A month is all I require. Yet this he denies. Alas! what a sad Christmas we shall have—bankruptcy staring us in the face—my son Evelyn at sea, possibly in peril during this wild season;" then, after a pause, he added—"even Arnold must remain this Christmas at his school, for however painful to me, I will be acting in a kinder spirit to leave the lad unconscious yet a little of the disaster which threatens us, rather than bring him to a home so full of gloom and sorrow." As the old gentleman uttered these words, he took off his spectacles, brushed away with a moody, mechanical gesture, the moisture with which his eyes had meanwhile become bedewed; and again for a space gazing blankly on the now extinguished fire, finally rose, and, with a faltering step, left the chamber.

The boy would have wished to have followed him in his passionate desire to offer him his simple condolence and consolation, but the Spirit restrained him.

"Affairs are not so bad as they seem, perhaps," he said, "let us see if any means remain of setting them to right—come—Christmas is only two suns away, and there is no time to lose."

Quitting his father's house, Arnold and the Spirit forthwith sped rapidly away toward another city, which they swiftly traversed; and arriving at a great house in one of the principal streets, entered. In one of its opulent chambers a man of grave and somewhat hard aspect sat arranging a buundle of notes and letters, in which latter, as he read, the name of Arnold recurred frequently. Selecting one of those letters, the man laid it aside with a decided gesture, as though the business to which it referred was terminated, and frowned as he did so. As the Spirit waved his wand over this personage's head, however, a more genial expression took possession of his countenance, and this rather increased than otherwise, as one of his children who at that moment

entered the room, and who, running over and laying its rosy cheek on his knee, looked up in his face, babbling a demand for a Christmas present. Indeed, it was evident that his mind was already changing, with respect to some project under his consideration ; and at length, after a little, a look of benignant consideration began to beam on his face, and seizing a pen, he was seen to write a hasty letter, which, having rung for his servant, he directed the latter to dispatch that night. This done, he filled a glass of wine, and, as he sipped it, basking in the red glow of the fire, it was easy to see that he had become a much happier man, and already approximated to the felicitous state of mind represented by the popular phrase to the effect, that "a child might play with him"—a process, indeed, in which one of his own was then engaged.

Seeing him thus occupied, the Spirit and Arnold once more sped away, and, as they floated swiftly, along the former said : "Feel no further care as to your father's fortunes, my child, time was all he required to arrange his business ; this has now been secured him, and we will presently see that, perhaps, Christmas time at home this year, will be as free from solicitude and as full of peace and joy as during any of the past anniversaries.

The boy pressed the kind guardian's hand ; a tear of gratitude sparkled on his cheek as he looked up in his face, and his heart beat gladly and contentedly as they pursued their journey.

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For some time to come their course lay through a thick region of cloud, which, after some time clearing away, disclosed a rural scene spreading under a dusk and twilight sky. Through an old avenue of birch trees, beneath whose dark, interlacing boughs the evening star shone, two figures were pacing silently—one, that of a young man, the other that of a graceful girl ; nor did it require any profound scrutiny to perceive that they were lovers ; or, furthermore, that a quarrel had just occurred between them. The lady's face wore an expression of reserve, pride, and offence, while that of her companion, though full of earnestness, was not untinged with those feelings, and was a little sad to look on. For some time they paced silently, the young man addressing the girl in occasional and broken sentences, to which the latter listened without deigning a reply. At length, when having reached the end of the avenue, they paused to part under a tree, the lady, stretching forth a little hand, coldly exclaimed, in a passionate and imperious treble tone of voice : "You ask me when we shall meet again ?—be assured, then, this is our last interview, and let me warn you to abandon henceforth any attempts to renew attentions, which, grateful as I may be for them, I must, sir, definitely decline." The young lady of course, added, that she would always esteem him as a friend, &c., and then bowing with a serious and remorseless air, coldly waved an adieu, and hurried off with a firm step and face of pitiless pallor homeward.

"My eyes !" exclaimed the boy, "what's up, I wonder that sister Emma and Alfred have quarrelled ?" "I can't think she means it though," he added, "but girls are such a queer lot." "Jove !" continued the boy, "if I was a girl, and was fond of a fellow, and the chap was fond of me, I'm bless'd if

I'd waste time in quarrels. I can't make them out," he concluded, in a puzzled and final manner. "Perhaps they may be reconciled," said the Spirit, "Don't you recollect the line in your Ovid—*Amantium iræ?*"

"Oh! don't I," said Arnold, "why, I once remember being pandered;—it was when I was a little fellow, a great number of years ago,—for saying that *iræ* was a genitive singular. But, good Spirit, can't you reconcile them?" added the boy, imploringly.

"We shall see," said the guardian. The pair then floated after Emma, and as after a little time they kept pace beside her, Arnold had some reason to conclude that his conjecture as to the transitory nature of his sister's demeanour toward Alfred was correct; for, as the young lady, stepping resolutely and rapidly forward, passed a cottage window from which a light shone, Arnold perceived her hastily to dash away some tears which glittered on her cheek, and was, at the same time, conscious of her uttering a low broken sob of restrained emotion. Then as the Spirit touched her, a calmer expression beamed from her face, and as she reached the gate of a rural villa near hand, a smile of consolation and kindness had once more beamed from her face.

"We have but a couple more scenes to witness, Arnold," said the Spirit, after a pause, the while enveloped in darkness, they were once more speeding swiftly through the air, "and with these, the mission of revelation for which destiny has ordained I should visit you, terminates for this year at least."

After a little, they had again entered a day-lit sky. It was a December morning, blue, clear, and cold. Beneath them a snowy landscape lying in the cheerful sun, and spreading for miles, appeared in all the supernatural beauty of its winter garb; and as vale and mountain, woodland and village, passed in succession, uniformly swathed in white, it seemed as if the dark world had for the time become purified by those cold clouds of heaven, which had left such deep yet gentle traces on its surface. At one time their course lay along a coast walled with great cliffs, rugged and stern, at whose base the waters, fringed with undulating ice, swung to and fro monotonously, while far off, on the pale azure horizon, here and there a vessel appeared, with sails glittering in the sun—some outward bound, diminishing to mere specks over the distant ocean—some growing brighter and nearer, voyaging hopefully toward the hospitable land. To one of those—a great three-masted barque—the Spirit silently pointed with his wand; and it was not without a glow of joy that Arnold, gazing, on it as it cleft swiftly through the billows, became impressed with the conviction that it was the identical vessel in which his brother had found safety from the wreck and tempest. The glimpse, however, was but brief, as leaving the sea shore, they floated over an inland country, its towns and hamlets full of lively figures, its roads as well, along which vehicles and numerous carts, with groups of peasants, were gaily pursuing their way to the city to make preparations for the joyous festival approaching. Now and then the voices of the latter, joining in a cheerful song, were heard rising through the air, and the whole scene was one of gaiety and animation.

A very short space elapsed before the pair of voyagers arrived at the city itself, when the Spirit forthwith proceeded to the house of Arnold's father. It was still morning, and the cloudless sun glittered pleasantly over the white roofs and snowy streets through which a great multitude of people passed, all of whom, judging from their looks, one would have said were inspired with some pleasant purpose. Arrived, Arnold soon found himself in the chamber he had so lately visited, and where he found the family group assembled at breakfast. Little change, however, appeared in their aspect; a heavy sense of care brooded on each countenance, and the meal passed in almost unbroken silence. From the air of restraint which Mr. Arnold exhibited, it was evident that he still wished to conceal from his family the misfortune which threatened them; and from time to time Emma and her mother silently exchanged glances of sad and instinctive meaning. Presently Mr. Arnold, who had taken up a morning paper, in which he directed his glance to the shipping intelligence, was observed to drop it suddenly with an aspect of despair, as his eye lit on a paragraph which informed him of the loss of the vessel in which his son was expected home; and though still attempting to control his feelings, a wild moan escaped him, as seizing his hat, he hurried from the house; nor was it long until Emma and her mother acquainted themselves with the sad intelligence. Happily, however, the burst of anguish to which they gave utterance was of short duration—Emma having quickly discovered in another part of the paper an announcement to the effect that her brother, whose name was given, had been fortuitously saved from the wreck by a passing vessel.

Joy as well as sorrow seldom comes alone, or in isolated waves, and happily, the emotions of delight and gratification with which the safety of a son and brother is read, were fated to be still further increased in a brief interval. The mother and daughter had embraced with beating hearts and tears of joy, when Mr. Arnold entered, accompanied by a servant who handed him two letters, one of them from Stamford—with the purport of which we are already acquainted—while the other contained an announcement that, by the death of a distant relative in Jamaica, Mr. Arnold and his family had suddenly become the possessors of a fortune, which was considerable. In a word, before an hour elapsed, a happier group could not be found in that great city, or, though it be a bold word, for twenty miles in any given direction around it.

"Now," said Mr. Arnold, after he had kissed his wife and daughter, and patted the cheek of the latter affectionately, "Now I believe it is time to think of bringing our boy Arnold home for the holidays."

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It is Christmas night as the Spirit and Arnold re-entered his father's house, which this time presented its most cheerful aspect, and which, with its great fires in every room, seemed to bid a jolly defiance to the icy presence of the wintry sky. In a moment they found themselves in one of the chambers, which glowed with a halo of joyance and light. Around the fire, which burned like a Christmas presence, its occupants were grouped, nor did it take a second glance to perceive that every trace of anxiety and

care had disappeared in an universal glow of happiness. There, at the head of the table, sat Mr. Arnold, who had clearly grown twenty years younger since the morning of yesterday, presiding over an extensive apparatus of bacchanal science, in the shape of decanters and glasses, in the midst of which a huge bowl of punch evolved its fragrant and benignant vapours; and performing experiments therewith upon the company, which threw the most famous feats of the most potent wizard into the shade. There was seen Mrs. Arnold, the personification of comfort and affection, amid a descending scale of youngsters; there also, beside her lover, appeared pretty Emma, fair and happy, her soft face beaming with quiet gladness, her eyes, in their amiable lustre, completely eclipsing that of the jewel spark which trembled in her ear, beneath her soft dark tresses. And if any one, judging from appearances would be bold enough to assert that she and her lover ever had, or by any possibility could have, a quarrel, all we can say is that such a party would seriously jeopardise her reputation for intelligence. Bending quietly toward Arnold, the good Spirit, who was delighted with the scene before him, presently remarked: "How pretty sister Emma looked to-night." "Yes, she was always a very good natured girl," answered the boy,—"she was always kind to me—lately especially—ever since the time I began to carry notes from Alfred to her. I remember she always scolded me for bringing them; but, Jove! didn't she get fond of me. I never wanted pocket-money." The guardian waved his hand gently, and glanced at the lad, while an expression which might almost be called jocose, if such a term could have any application to the countenance of an immortal spirit, gleamed for an instant on his. But what surprised Arnold more than all, was to see his own figure occupying a place in this happy company. Yes, there he sat beside his father, at the head of the table, in a new suit of clothes, with a glass of wine before him, joking and laughing, and amusing every one with an incident which occurred at the school—just about the period the top season was commencing, and holding his own in the general conversation, I promise you. And Mr. and Mrs. Arnold interchanged pleasant smiles and glances as they looked around upon their children—especially so when they turned their eyes toward the lovers, whose present happy frame of mind they evidently seemed to consider an exact duplicate of one they themselves had experienced in a by-gone period.

But the happiness of the evening—which was, nevertheless, occasionally crossed by a certain shade of melancholy—was not destined to depend on the usual jovial comforts of Christmas, on the contrary, an event was in store for this fire-side circle, which not one of its members had ventured to anticipate, and which crowned the evening, for, just as Emma's fair fingers were evoking on the piano the final cadences of the refrain of a song she had been singing, every one was startled by a thundering knock at the hall door, and before you could count ten, who should rush into the chamber but Arnold's brother—Evelyn. Language fails to depict the scene which ensued—the congratulations, the tender embraces, the tears and joyous laughter, the prayers and thanksgivings, which saluted the youthful wanderer's return. Suffice to say, that after the excitement had somewhat subsided, a deep and sa-

creed silence gradually fell on the group—a silence eloquent with the deepest feelings which move the human heart, and irradiate the atmosphere of home during the sacred anniversary of Christmas. At length, after affectionate greetings renewed, they retired to their peaceful pillows, to dream of future happiness in store for them, and a holy stillness, brooding in the blue winter sky, breathed from the innumerable stars—each of which, perhaps, had its festival of redemption, immortality, and joy, like that memorialized in the dim season where the radiant presence of the Saviour shines upon the snow, and raises all human hearts to heaven in an universal hymn of thanksgiving and of love.

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As the voices died away, their familiar sounds appeared to Arnold to change into—first, the ringing of bells, and then the rumbling of a vehicle, the noise of which presently became so loud that he awoke—awoke to hear a voice beside him exclaim : “ Up, Master Arnold, the carriage has come to bring you home for the holidays !”

CONCERNING A LITTLE BOY IN THE ROLLS.

IF there is any one spot in our good city of Dublin which, rather than another, affords an exhaustless mine of observation and reflection, that spot is the Four Courts. There mankind is to be seen in every shape and form. Wealth and poverty, success and failure, fame and obscurity, talent and hopeless stupidity, jostle each other at every step. Here we see the leader, who has climbed his way to the topmost rung of the professional ladder, bustling about from court to court, staggering beneath the weight of a plethoric bag—literally worth its weight in gold—persecuted by attorneys, now dashing into the Queen’s Bench to restore the battle on some hotly contested motion, now with a brow wrinkled with thought, and followed by an attendant bearing a whole library of books, wending his way into the Common Pleas, where the court is impatiently awaiting his presence to resume the discussion of some knotty point in the deepest depths of jurisprudence, anon, perhaps, rushing off to the Nisi Prius Court, to demolish some unhappy witness, who, for his sins, has been present at an alleged assault, and is now doing penance in the witness-box, exposed to the gaze of the public, badgered by counsel, reviled and threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties by the judge if he does not speak up, and laughed at by an unfeeling crowd till his existence becomes a burden to him, and he longs almost to change places with the most wretched criminal who ever stood in the dock, for he, at least, is left in peace during his trial, and is spared the infliction of that terrible modern rack which is termed cross-examination. Further on we see the novice who has just, for the first time, put on his wig and gown, and fresh from the bow of the Lord Chancellor, and the long string of oaths which he has taken upon his call, imagines still that he is to leap, at one bound, into a gigantic practice, and

to prove that the race of the Currans, the Bushes, the Plunkets, and the O'Connells is not yet wholly extinct. Poor fellow! Let him with us just look a few paces from him, or rather for his own happiness let him not look, at the old junior hard by. Ten or eleven years ago the old junior was young and full of hope. The world shone all golden before his eyes; he, too, dreamt of a bright future not very far distant. Ten or eleven years ago! And there he is still, just as far advanced on the road to fame and fortune as when his wig was dazzling in its virgin whiteness, and his gown was yet stiff and rustling in its newness. There he is still, all but a briefless junior! He carries a bag, but it is thin and limp, and its contents, if made known, would only move a laugh. He makes the most of the slender brief which he bears in his hand: instructions for some trifling motion, of course, given him, perhaps, by some old school or college friend or distant relative, but his look of assumed importance deceives nobody—least of all, himself. He hoped once, but now he knows too well what his life is always to be—to come down morning after morning, to lounge from court to court, to sit on the back benches pretending to take an interest in the business that is going on, to wander round and round the hall, eating saffron cakes and criticising the men who have outstript him in the race of life—finally, to go home at evening to his lonely rooms, sick at heart, and thinking the lot of even the beggars who accost him as he walks through the streets happy, and thrice happy, when compared with him. All this he knows, and he knows too that, hopeless as he is, he will still persevere in the same life. There is some spell about the scene of his hopelessness that will compel him to remain in it; besides, he feels that it is too late for him to attempt any other mode of existence: he has cast in his lot with the bar, he has failed, and is unfitted for anything else. Ah! my young friend on the steps of the Court of Chancery, bethink thyself while yet in time. It is a fearful lottery in which thou hast taken a ticket; waste not thy best years in a sickening waiting for the turning of the wheel, to find at last that thou hast drawn a blank. Seek some other pursuit while yet thy sinews are firmly knit, and thy brain clear, and thy energies unimpaired. Fly even from thy home and country. There are lands far away in the Southern hemisphere, where life is still young, and the fearful competition for bread, which in this older world wears away the soul, is unknown, and a strong pair of arms, if nothing else, will win for thee the livelihood which thou canst barely hope to earn here. Go thither, drive bullocks, become the master of a cart and a pair of horses, break stones, do anything but waste thy time in dreams in the Hall of the Four Courts.

Whom else do I see in this hall of the lost footsteps? Here comes a prosperous attorney, a man who has won a high and honoured name in the most precarious and dangerous of professions. He walks like one who is master of the entire place. The eager eyes of hungry barristers follow him as he goes, for he is their patron, the dispenser of fortune. He knows little, perhaps, of law—that is not his business; but you see sense and caution and integrity in his face. What a world of secrets there is deposited in his breast. Of what a mass of private misery, family quarrels,

unknown disputes between husbands and wives, and fathers and sons is he not aware! What tales could he tell if he chose of miserable shifts for staving off ruin in quarters where, to the public eye, all seems sound, and well, and happy,—of debts, and all but insolvency, where we all imagine there is boundless wealth,—of utter wretchedness, where we all see an outward happiness. There, near him, but separated by what a gulf, stands another of the same profession. Little is there to be seen of high-mindedness or integrity about him. His every look and motion tell plainly of speculation,—of quarrels fostered, if not fomented, with a view to future litigation and costs,—of suits and actions taken up and promoted upon a bare chance of success, not with any view to the client's benefit, but solely with the hope of levying black mail upon a wealthy adversary. A terrible man this! The curse of any neighbourhood in which he may have chanced to settle, for, in that neighbourhood, peace is unknown, and every man of any substance lives in perpetual fear, and knows not the moment when some imprudent, though trifling act, some unguarded though innocently intended word, may lay him open to an attack in which, whatever the result otherwise may be, he will surely be made to suffer heavily, both in purse and mind. A great benefactor to the bar, too, is he, one who brings unfailing grist to the great mill of litigation, and never suffers it long to be idle.

But let us look into one of the courts. His Lordship is throned on high dispensing justice. Before him is the Bar, aiding him in his great work. Between them is a long green table, covered with books and papers, at which is seated a motley crowd of solicitors and their clerks. But who is that child that we see amongst them? Poor little wretch! he plainly is as yet but little accustomed to the scene about him. From his years and the freshness of his face, we would infer that he was some very, very juvenile school-boy, who, from some vicious taste, had chosen to spend here, instead of in the cricket ground, the hours which, like a truant, he had stolen from his tasks. But the pile of papers, the heavy bag which lies on the table before him, and which he is jealously guarding, tell at once that he is an attorney's clerk. Indeed, it is to get at him at last that I have been moralising with my readers, if any readers I find, up to this. Poor little wretch, again! I have read before now of the sufferings to which, not many years ago, children were exposed in mines and factories; and dismal are my recollections of the accounts given of the way in which poor little creatures, torn from the maternal care which their still tender years required, were sent, untaught in religion or even worldly knowledge, to labour at the shrine of the great English Mammon. Well, I will not say that this is quite so bad, but of a surety it is bad enough. What is the boyhood of the archin before me likely to be? Day after day is to be spent in this great temple of litigation, this devil's bee-hive, as I once heard a carman with grim humour call it. Green fields he will never see fresher than that which may be considered to be represented by the baize on the table at which he is sitting. Instead of the joyous shouting of boys at play, the sounds which will ring in his ears will be the monotonous dron-

ing of counsel reading formal affidavits and notices, enlivened, perchance, occasionally by a sharp contest on some technical point between two learned gentlemen, or, perhaps, now and again by a passage of arms between the bench and the bar. Thus the one idea of religion which he will get will be from seeing a Testament tossed about from the officer of the court to some witness, irreverently kissed, and as irreverently thrown aside. His notions of the sanctity of truth, and of the deep importance of oaths will, no doubt, be most favourably developed by his observation of the admirable affidavit system which prevails in our courts, and of the broad, unflinching, candid, and *entire* mode in which facts are manipulated in those documents. Doubtless, too, he will find an excellent moral training, in being compelled to take oaths upon a dozen trifling occasions, upon the fact of delivery of notices, of comparing documents, upon, in a word, all those various matters upon which the wisdom and piety of our law requires that the name of the Creator should be called to witness. He might have learned to reverence women by being left under the care of a mother ; I fear too much that he will now only learn to scoff at her in the person of those poor lunatics who wander about the Courts of Equity, dreaming of some case in which they imagine that they are interested, and affording food for bad reflection to every thoughtful observer. Things, too, he will hear, cases will be, as they must be, discussed before him, which hardly comport with that reverence which the great Roman satirist declared to be the due of a child. And for all this, what will he gain ? Some three or four shillings a week, perhaps, in money, to be increased as he grows older, but also a gift of inestimable price, not to be valued by any mere preliminary standard—he will acquire sharpness. For a while, the simplicity of childhood will remain with him, but soon he will learn its utter valuelessness. Two or three times he will be made the victim of the greater experience of his seniors, and then he will learn to fight them with their own weapons. He will doubt of everything till he has himself proved its truth. His every hour will be an hour of suspicion : everything that will be proposed to him will have to be weighed and thought on rapidly, sometimes before it is accepted. He will live full of the ennobling thought that every man's hand, however innocent it may seem, is in reality against him, and he will feel that he owes it to himself, that his hand should be against every man. And so he will go on, growing day after day in this spurious wisdom till his name becomes great among his compeers, and he is acknowledged upon all sides as the most knowing of the knowing, as one whom it is vain to seek to deceive by any pretence whatever. And, reader, is not this a mighty gift ; is it not one for the acquirement of which it is well worth while to cast away everything which mere everyday mortals might be disposed to consider good, and great, and holy. I have in my mind's eye a lad whom I saw some seven or eight years ago, like even to the child now before us ; he was then evidently inexperienced, and seemed to be timid and retiring. He sat at that green table plainly sore against his will, and the very humble part which he was called upon to play in the litigious drama then going on, was performed by him awkwardly, and even with

much trepidation, albeit that part consisted of no more than now and then banding some papers to his master, who sat beside him, and who in his turn handed the same papers to one of the officers of the court. Year after year I watched that lad, and again I saw him yesterday. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* He is not yet very old in years, but in experience he is a very patriarch. Every trace of childhood, of boyhood even, has vanished from his face. Brass is plainly written upon his forehead; you see at once that he reverences nothing and fears nothing; he will make any amount of affidavits on any given day, without one idea respecting them, save this, that if he makes any glaring mis-statement in them, he will probably get into some undefined trouble, which may possibly cost him his situation. But that trouble is not at all likely to come on him, for he knows accurately the difference between stating a fact positively, and merely being "informed and verily believing," and he is perfectly aware of the latitude allowed to a deponent in the latter case. He speaks of the judges and of the chiefs of the bar flippantly, by their surnames only; and he is fully persuaded that by far the greatest men in the courts are the taxing officers, and that the neat drawing of a bill of costs is the highest operation of the human intellect, save one, perhaps, namely, the demolition of the bill of costs of an adversary.

Poor little boy that sittest at that green table, still, perhaps, regretting some short gleam of happiness that shone upon thy childhood, it is, I fear, an evil future that is before thee. Mayest thou come unscathed out of the trial, or preserving at least some little of the better and more beautiful parts of thy soul and mind!

Reader, I am moralizing over much, and have grown sad. Let us pass out of this over to the Nisi Prius Court. Briefless, who has just come in, tells me that Boanerges is cross-examining a witness. Something of farce will do us good after so much serious meditation.

HAPPY CHRISTMASES.

PART FIRST.

In the December weather, gray and grim,
In the December twilight, keen and cold,
Stood the farm-house on the green-reached hill,
Piled with thatch roofs, mellowed into gold;
Under the dark eaves trailed the famished vines,
Blood-ribbed skeletons of Autumn days,
And the quaint windows looking to the downs
Flickered and darkened in the ruddy blaze.

Three leagues around, the meadows to the moon
Yearned like a silver dreamland, faint and white,
Below the deep-ploughed road a little pool
Glimmered breezily in the tender light;

The great ash caught the glory as it dropped
 From bough to bough, fantastically fair,
 And the stars looked into its leafless heart,
 Through shifting vapours and translucent air.

Wild looked the gardens round the drowsy house,
 The laurel sparkled in the sifting frost,
 But the white gables, where the roses grew,
 In the dark atmosphere of fog were lost ;
 The wicket swang with a perturbed cry.
 The mighty watch-dog crossed the dial floor ;
 My heart beat as I stroked his shaggy head—
 My heart throbbed as I stood beside the door.

In the sweet Christmas light that filled the porch,
 As with a glory round a saint she stood,
 Welcomes innumerable were on her lips,
 And her cheeks reddened with tumultuous blood.
 My own, my darling one, my life, my love,
 That made the common ways of earth divine ;
 'Twas sweet to stand beneath the balmy roof,
 Three fingers of thy gloveless hand in mine.

But dearer, sweeter, richer still to know
 That thou wast mine—and that thy gentle heart,
 Won by long sufferance—won in hope and doubt,
 For me preserved a sanctuary apart ;
 Some sweet spot in a maiden's nature, where
 Her thoughts flower loveliest with unconscious growth ;
 The Eden of her soul where passion lives,
 As if the guest to go or stay were loth.

In the old chairs before the household fire
 We sat and gossipped ; we had histories,
 Dear nooks beside the winding river banks,
 Dear names carved deep upon the cherry trees.
 Old quarrels that the fresh love consecrates
 As with some richer and diviner charm,
 Old theories we wove as oft we went,
 Through the soft evening pastures, arm-in-arm.

And oft I raised my head, when the tall urn
 Bubbled between us, and I caught your eyes,
 Dear, holy love, fixed sad upon my brows,
 And full of dim, delicious mysteries ;
 Our hands upon the cloth one moment met,
 A rough hand, and five fingers cool and white,
 And the whole chamber vanished in the mist
 Of an unknown and exquisite delight.

Do you remember how your father looked—
 Stared me with pity, stared at me in wrath ;
 Well he was old, and sorrowing shadows lie
 On the thick hedges of a downward path.
 He did not love me ; I was strange to him ;
 His mind had measure of the ancient score,
 He liked a man whom the king's herald knew,
 And nailed his pedigree above his door.

These were poor times (you did not love me less,)
 And weary toil fetched slender recompense ;
 Silent and sad the gray past hung behind,
 Before the future loomed dark and dense.
 I saw the sneer that writhed on his lips,
 And the white pallor of his feudal blood ;
 I rose, and stood, and trembled on the floor,
 Passion, and love, and misery at feud.

And then I went, but when I reached the path,
 Slid straight between the alder trees, I turned,
 The moon looked yellowly across the down,
 The moon upon the broken dial mourned ;
 The moon looked full into your yearning face,
 And touched the raven ripples of your hair ;
 But the old saint-like atmosphere was lost
 To the fierce vision blended with despair.

Forgive me, Liz, forgive me, patient one,
 I blamed you for my sorrow and my shame ;
 Once—thrice I turned and stood to say good-bye,
 But with the message wild reproaches came.
 Out on the night, spast the wicket step,
 Out in the dark, disconsolate and poor,
 Sad as the wind that blown from the low hills,
 Fainted in monodies from moor to moor.

PART SECOND.

The year lay dying in the east,
 The Christmas chimes had swung and coast,
 The Christmas light died at the feast.

Down looked the moon, but looked no more
 Upon the silent river shore,
 Or on the hill tops, faint and hoar.

Down into London's struggling gloom,
 Down on the city of the Doom,
 A scarf of cloud around her bloom.

Below the bridge the black ships lay,
The thin lamps gleamed from quay to quay,
The thin masts trembled in the gray.

At time a voice was heard to cry
Some sudden warning ; by-and-bye
A swift plunge told its mystery.

And deep and grim the river went
Past arch and tower, and monument,
As with a wail of discontent.

The clocks tolled two, and near and far
Rung in a fierce prophetic war,
The chimes roared back with brassen jar.

And as they ceased to clang and stir,
The foggy night grew silenter,
As nearer day the moments were.

Upon the bridge I stood alone,
Listening to the slow waves' moan,
Lapping the weedy buttress stone.

Friendless and homeless, 'twas to me
A sort of Christmas company
To watch the swirls glide to the sea.

To see the starlight glimmer grim,
Across the currents vague and dim.
And wish that I could go with them.

I touched my breast and trembled—there—
'Twas chiller than the morning air—
Close lay a cherished lock of hair.

And then, dear heart, my eyes grew wet;
I saw, in vision desolate,
The hill—the house where first we met.

The sweet old landscapes that we knew,
When nights were fair and skies were blue,
And every wind in odour flew.

I said—"To-night, beside the hearth,
The light of the sweet household mirth ;
Old days to her are little worth.

Or if they come they scarcely raise
A tear to dim her laughing gaze,
And glitter in the Christmas blaze.

Buried and dead am I to her ;
The sighs of some new worshipper,
Make all her selfish pulses stir.

Some neat, new suitor, in disguise,
Of hollow laughs and tempting lies,
And fine sense of proprieties.

Behind her chair I see him sit,
Filling her ear with borrowed wit ;
Which she pronounces exquisite.

And the soft fingers and the palm,
That were to me earth's precious balm,
She gives him with untroubled calm.

And by-and-bye, for his reward,
She rises to the harpsichord,
And crucifies my darling bard.

O, heartless havoc ! when such ears
Suck in the whispers of the spheres,
Nor utter thoughts in silent tears !

O, shameless barter of a faith,
Sworn to exist unto her death :
Trifled away in one short breath !"

I clenched my hands in bitter woe,
I felt my brain in tears could flow,
But my ill-angel answered—No !

The sun came up, the cloud went down,
And the sick day-light, dank and brown,
Struggled across the mighty town.

And I went—whither, ask me not—
Mine own, that morning is forgot ;
Hidden in one blind mercy blot.

PART THIRD.

"Twas Summer time, the radiant world of June,
Fell on the dreamful earth.
Within—'twas coolest shadow ; the red broom
Lay piled upon the hearth.

Through the slim spaces in the lattice breadth
The sun sloped from the eaves ;
The very atmosphere waxed tremulous
With the green stir of leaves—

With airy whispers from the distant woods,
Around the moorland reach—
The whisper of the fainting lilac boughs,
The low voice of the beech.

The subtle melodies the hot gusts sucked
From the quaint woodland bridge,
That shone a perfect circle in the brook,
Beyond the last wold ridge.

And when the birds sang and the echo's blew,
And beat upon the blind
That shook a purple languor in the sun,
And rose with the sweet wind.

Again for me the old world charm revived ;
It seemed as after death
One woke from sleep upon a fairer earth—
The dreamland of our faith.

Beside each other in the porch we sat,
The quaint old-fashioned place,
Built up of knotted boughs and peaked roofs,
And rich in country grace.

Between us and the roadway stretched the lawn ;
The wicket was not seen ;
For the laburnums raised their slender trunks
And branching fires between.

Long on the grass the gable shadows stretched,
And then the chimneys threw
Their grim fantastic phantoms on the sward,
That dim and dimmer grew.

Dark grew the dial, but we little recked
How the sweet minutes ran ;
Or how the dusk was posting up the east,
A faint star caravan.

For we were happy, though my love was sick—
Sick with protracted doubt,
That digs the heart in sepulchres, and blows
The flame of patience out.

I had returned to her, and conquered much—
 Conquered the goods of life ;
 And dragged a conscience and a victor's spoil
 Out of the seething strife.

I had returned to her. In the whole world
 Else whither could I go ?
 I knew the path as if my feet had left
 Their prints within the snow.

And she—the light came back to her sick eyes,
 The light of the rich past—
 She caught my hand in silence and in tears,
 And then she said, “At last.”

“At last, at last,” I dare not see her face,
 I dare not catch her eyes ;
 But my heart yearned with a sudden pain,
 My breath was choked in sighs.

“Can you love me ?” I asked, “Liz., answer me.”
 The purple curtain shook ;
 I heard the ripple of sweet moans that mocked
 The murmur of a brook.

Of a pure brook that glides in summer time,
 Through fields and pleasant air,
 Stealing the beauty of the golden moss
 And lilies white and fair.

So it was all confess; my own was mine,
 And I in peace was blest ;
 A tender hand upon my shoulder lay,
 A face was on my breast.

And ere the holy lights of Christmas threw
 Their glory on our life,
 Under one roof, beside one household fire,
 I sat beside my wife.

Dear love, God's sweetest sweetness comes in woe,
 His balm is given in pain ;
 The Angel of the Promise wakes and smiles
 Above the cloud and rain.

CAVIARE.

FINNISH MYTHOLOGY.

CHIEF upon the roll of the most distinguished scholars of Finland is justly placed the name of Matthias Alexander Castrén. He was born at Tervoia, in the north of Finland, towards the close of the year 1813. From 1830 to 1836 he studied at Helsingfors, principally devoting himself to ethnology and ethnography. All his pursuits had a patriotic inspiration and aspiration. Whatsoever related to Finland, and to the races, languages, literatures, religious customs, traditions, cognate to the Finnish, grew less into a fixed, comprehensive pursuit than, alas! into the devouring fever of his career. Scarcely had he finished his preparatory course when his travels into the Asiatic territories of Russia, and his explorations as a scholar, assumed the same prodigious proportions. After his return from his last great journey, he was appointed professor of the Finnish language and literature in the Helsingfors University. He had just entered on what, after terrible hardships and extraordinary adventures, promised to be rest, when he was called to a rest of a deeper kind. Disease assailed him, and his worn, exhausted frame had not power to resist it. On the 7th of May, 1852, he died, not much over thirty-eight years of age.

One of his most famous literary achievements was the translation into Swedish of the "Kalewala," the national epic of the Finnish people, which Elias Lönnrot, his successor in the professorship, was the first to mould into an organic and harmonious poem, and which has been rendered, we know not with what success, into French and German; but we believe not yet into English, though Longfellow has attempted to imitate some of its forms. Except the translation of the "Kalewala," reports to learned societies, and articles in periodicals, Castrén had given slender sign of his literary vigour. The vast stores which he had so painfully accumulated, he was torn away when about to arrange and fructify; they went down with him to the grave. To the Finnish Society of Literature we are indebted for five volumes of his miscellaneous productions, under the title of "Northern Journeys and Researches." One of these volumes contains Castrén's "Lectures on Finnish Mythology." This was one of the earliest objects to which he turned his thoughts; it was doomed to be the last with which he was occupied. The lectures, begun in the autumn of 1851, were interrupted by Castrén's illness. When confined to bed, and too weak and weary to bear any but a recumbent posture, he continued to write with a lead pencil what he knew he could never deliver. After a while he was too completely prostrated to take the pencil in his hand, and he had to leave imperfect a work which lay so near to his heart. With their unavoidable defects, and though sketchy and popular rather than elaborate and systematic, these lectures have a ripeness and a richness which we are not likely soon to meet in any treatise on the same topic. Hasty writing never does any harm if hasty thinking has not preceded it.

It has been observed that only two branches of what the learned Germans have been pleased to call the Uralo-Finnish race—those whom we

usually understand by the name of Fins, and the Magyars in Hungary—have succeeded in creating a national literature. But an important difference has been remarked between the Magyars and the Fins. Among the former, culture was occidental, chiefly a German influence, and spread from the higher classes downwards. Magyar literature has been a political growth and a political necessity, and has been becoming thoroughly national, only since the people began to dream of that absolute independence which, no doubt, they will finally achieve. The literature of the Fins has sprung entirely from popular phantasy, custom, and tradition. It is maintained by competent critics, that the popular songs of the Fins, which form not so much the basis of their literature as the literature itself, have lived from age to age in a purity far beyond that of the great Indian epics, of Homer, and of the *Niebelungenlied*, and with which the popular songs of the Servians alone can compare. Still the most genuine traditional poetry must be subject to change and corruption, while continually liable to be transfigured and transfused by foreign elements. The traditional poetry of the Fins does not form an exception. It was affected, more or less profoundly, by successive political conquests; the last, the knavish and brutal Russian conquest, of rather more than fifty years ago; above all, it suffered from the overthrow of Paganism by Christianity. New ideas blended with or effaced the ancient. Yet, it is in the popular songs of the Fins that the features of Finnish mythology must be sought—a mythology which carries us back to the Pagan times. It is true that many tribes in Northern Asia, of the same race as the Fins, remain heathens. And it would seem legitimate by analogy to conclude that the superstitions, phantasies, and practices of those tribes formerly prevailed among the Fins. Still, how notable and energetic is the part which climate plays in superstition. And, shut up in the north, or the boundary of the Arctic world, the Fins could not fail to deviate immensely from their wild and wandering kindred, who had the vastest regions of the earth as their domain. Castrén quotes freely from the Finnish popular poems; but he quickly sees where there is a Christian, a Scandinavian, or a Slavonic race. From his knowledge of the Asiatic tribes, acquired by travel and otherwise, he brings the freshest and most interesting illustrations, but he does not overlook the diversities caused by time and place. Finnish mythology and the related mythologies seem never to have risen much above the deification of the elements; and hence the schamanism—the sorcery—characterising them. Before the greatest objects in nature, before the most terrible phenomena, the schaman—the conjuro—is not supposed to have much power. He trembles like the most ignorant man in the tribe at thunder; and is puzzled and alarmed by an eclipse, though he may pretend to exert an appeasing and atoning empire in the face of the lurid glare. The Finnish mythology is gloomy and vague; it has no beautiful symbolism; but it is wonderfully fertile in peopling the sky, the air, the sea, the earth, and the subterranean realms. All nature is feared, all nature swarms with malignant demons, and cruel, capricious imps; all nature is a fairy-land—but a fairy-land

of darkness; an infinite, omnipotent Caliban looks through the sullen clouds as they open for a moment to close again more leaden than ever. Even the dead—those in life the most beloved—harden into a kind of fiends. The shaman has to deal with them as with foes. Mythologies are always boundlessly instructive, impressive; but sunshine is needed to make a mythology attractive. The Finnish mythology wants this sunshine, and therefore is by no means attractive, though exceedingly curious. If it has not the grandeur of the Scandinavian mythology, neither has it the monstrosity thereof. The more a race is conquering, the less its mythology is varied. Conquerors are naturally led to hero worship, and hero worship inevitably conducts to the recognition of a personal deity as the king of heroes, as the force of forces. But round this naked, stupendous fact, how little of myth, of symbol, can grow! Yet that group of nations, of which the Fins are a residue, and which some have attempted to identify with the ancient Scythians, were driven more and more, as the vanquished, from the centre of Asia to the northern extremities of that country and to Europe. Now, if we are victors over men, we dream that we can be victors to the same extent over nature; but if men subdue us, we dread that nature will be able to subdue us too. The crude, but real, pantheism of the Fins and their brethren is, therefore, easily accounted for. It was the expression of their resignation, we might almost say of their despair. The most comprehensive word employed by the Fins in reference to the Divine, was "Jumala," meaning—first, Heaven; secondly, the God of Heaven; and thirdly, a Divinity in general. With the Chinese, the word "Tien" signifies both Heaven and Heaven's God. Indeed, it can be easily shown, that the use of the same word for Heaven and for the God of Heaven is not rare. But the distinctions of pantheism involve nothing abstract. Pantheism is not necessarily materialistic; sometimes it may be the only mode by which the materialistic can be shunned. It is not to the spiritual, it is to the abstract, that pantheism is opposed. The Infinite, which is commonly represented as a mature and philosophical, is, after all, but an early and infantile conception. Men march from the infinite to the finite, but there is an intermediate point. They behold the infinite simply as the infinite; then they discover that it is a concrete—a vital unity; then, following out, not a speculative, but an instinctive process, they break this unity into myriad parts, each of which is armed with a mysterious, it may be a formidable, life. It would be wrong, however, to say, after the fashion of the Epicureans, that fear alone, or that fear chiefly, first made the gods. In religion there is a dim, strange, sympathy, superior and anterior to all other feelings. If it could be shown, and doubtless it would not be difficult to show, that men worshipped Thunder before anything else, it would not be thereby demonstrated that fear was the primordial agent in giving birth to the gods—that shallow dogma of those from whom the gods have ever been the remotest. In truth, men are for a season contented with expressing, by simple joy, their sympathy with the Divine in the Universe. When Fear comes in, it demands formal, regular adoration; then, presently, in this adoration, joy

claims its share; not till long after does the moral sense intervene; but, when it is once thoroughly aroused, it asserts its rights with immense and irresistible effect. And it is frequently in the rudest religions that it claims the largest authority. It is the civilized man who is often the most truly the savage in reference to the relations between the religious and the moral. A religion is not to be censured for the folly, the fraud, or the crime of its professors; and Christianity cannot be held responsible for the sins of Christians. But we are not aware of any except Christian systems in which a supposed orthodoxy, or the performance of a rite, or a tardy, and it may be a transient, repentance, is pictured as a sufficient atonement for a moral offence.

In the Finnish and the related mythologies there is an admirable conception, along with a strict enforcement of justice, with which even the schaman is not allowed to interfere; for the individual's guilt the individual himself must suffer—both here and hereafter. There is even a touch of the humorous in the punishments inflicted in the infernal abodes. An old woman put water in the milk which she sold to her customers; she is condemned for all eternity to separate the water from the milk by means of seven pitchers, which she fills and empties one after another. A young woman sold butter, in which she concealed stones to increase the weight; for all eternity, around her neck and arms large stones are hung which she cannot stir. Women were employed by neighbours to spin wool or to wind yarn, but they stole what was entrusted to them; each of them is condemned for all eternity to have a ball of yarn in her throat, which she tries in vain to swallow. The superstitions really objectionable are not those which, judged by reason, are absurd, but those which, judged by the moral sense, are degrading. Much is absurd in the Finnish, as in all mythologies; but little which does not strengthen the commands of conscience.

POND LIFE.*

UNDER the green scum of the pond, in the running stream, amongst the green weeds of the river, are worlds of life, unseen to the unassisted human eye. One stagnant pool contains more living beings than we can learn the history of in a lifetime. Of these unseen marvels of animated existence, Mr. Slack's book treats, but the unlearned student will desire a microscope to see what Mr. Slack describes, while the student with a microscope wants such books as our author's to teach him what he sees. Nearer and nearer to the first principles of existence does that magic instrument bring us, and, after years of familiarity with its use, and the objects it

* *Marvels of Pond Life; or, a Year's Microscopic Recreations among the Polypæ, Infusoria, Rotifera, Water-bears, and Polyzoa.* By HENRY J. SLACK, F.G.S.

ordinarily displays, we ever and anon rise from its enchanting views spell-bound with wonder and admiration. The more definite books of scientific description and investigations sought after by the votary to microscopic science are, as all such books in every science are, dry and unintelligible to the mass. Their construction is not for the many, but for the few. Conciseness of record, or accurate definition of differences, are the points to be obtained, so that the earnest investigation of nature's wonders may find the shortest and directest way to the summit of what has been done; the most condensed epitome, or the most elaborate minuteness of detail of what others have done before him.

The volume before us presents the features of a professor's monthly walk through the fields with his younger students, to whom he explains, as he goes, the familiar objects around. So Mr. Slack goes to his favourite ponds, and displays, in each chapter, some of what, to him and other accomplished naturalists, are familiar marvels of pond life. Marvels they are to those who know them best, who have been intimate with their curious forms in embryo, youth, adulthood, and decay; and marvels, too, they are still more to those who, for the first time, see or learn their marvellously minute and wonderfully elaborate structures. Man and the more complex animals are hidden in an enveloping skin, and all the wondrous machinery of their bodies is covered up, but these tiny beings of our pools and ponds we see through, and watch every organ of their delicate transparent frames at work, we see the food caught by their feelers or tentacles, or wafted by their ever-playing cilia into their mouths; we see it pass into the stomach, and we see when the little creature has passed out of existence, its dead body becomes the prey of hundreds of these still more tiny organisms, that seemingly are generated in its decomposition, that clear away with untiring energy even this very little mass of corruption, and then, their duty done, they themselves pass quietly away, and give place to new scenes of animation.

Without a microscope, or some of the excellent woodcuts with which Mr. Slack's book is illustrated, we cannot dwell at length on any of the creatures, passages in whose life and history our author records. We could write about trees, and mountains, country cottages, and charming scenery, and make ourselves intelligible and amusing, but these quiet forms of microscopic pond life, who shall describe them without the aid of a pencil; who shall understand the most faithful description without the drawing or the microscope before him?

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